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THE PSALMS OF DAVID IN METRE:

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TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES

Of Several PASSAGES of

SACRED SCRIPTURE:

Collected and prepared by

A COMMITTEE appointed by the ſaid GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

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M. DCC. LXXI.

PSALMS OF DAVID,

IN METRE.

PSALM I.

THAT man hath perfect bleſſedneſs
who walketh not aſtray
In counſel of ungodly men,
nor ſtands in ſinners way,
Nor ſitteth in the ſcorner's chair:
2 But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
on his law day and night.
3 He ſhall be like a tree that grows
near planted by a river,
Which in his ſeaſon yields his fruit,
and his leaf fadeth never:
And all he doth ſhall proſper well.
4 The wicked are not ſo:
But like they are unto the chaff
which wind drives to and fro.
5 In judgment therefore ſhall not ſtand
ſuch as ungodly are;
Nor in the aſſembly of the juſt
ſhall wicked men appear.
6 For why? the way of godly men
unto the Lord is known:
Whereas the way of wicked men
ſhall quite be overthrown.

PSAL. II.

WHy rage the heathen? and vain things
why do the people mind?
2 Kings of the earth do ſet themſelves,
and princes are combin'd,
To plot againſt the Lord, and his
Anointed, ſaying thus,
3 Let us aſunder break their bands,
and caſt their cords from us.
4 He that in heaven ſits, ſhall laugh:
the Lord ſhall ſcorn them all.
5 Then ſhall he ſpeak to them in wrath,
in rage he vex them ſhall.
6 Yet notwithſtanding, I have him
to be my King appointed:
And over Sion my holy hill
I have him King anointed.
7 The ſure decree I will declare:
the Lord hath ſaid to me,
Thou art mine only Son, this day
I have begotten thee.
8 Aſk of me, and for heritage
the heathen I'll make thine;
And, for poſſeſſion, I to thee
will give earth's utmoſt line.
9 Thou ſhalt, as with a weighty rod
of iron, break them all;
And as a potter's ſherd thou ſhalt
them daſh in pieces ſmall.
10 Now therefore, kings, be wiſe, be taught,
ye judges of the earth.
11 Serve God in fear, and ſee that ye
join trembling with your mirth.
12 Kiſs ye the Son, leſt in his ire
ye periſh from the way,
If once his wrath begin to burn:
bleſt all that on him ſtay.

PSAL. III.

O Lord, how are my foes increas'd?
againſt me many riſe.
2 Many ſay of my ſoul, For him
in God no ſuccour lies.
3 Yet thou my ſhield and glory art,
th' uplifter of mine head.
4 I cry'd, and from his holy hill
the Lord me anſwer made.
5 I laid me down and ſlept, I wak'd,
for God ſuſtained me.
6 I will not fear though thouſands ten
ſet round againſt me be.
7 Ariſe, O Lord, ſave me, my God;
for thou my foes haſt ſtroke
All on the cheek-bone, and the teeth
of wicked men haſt broke.
8 Salvation doth appertain
unto the Lord alone:
Thy bleſſing, Lord, for evermore
thy people is upon.

PSAL. IV.

GIve ear unto me when I call,
God of my righteouſneſs;
Have mercy, hear my pray'r, thou haſt
enlarg'd me in diſtreſs.
2 O ye the ſons of men, how long
will ye love vanities?
How long my glory turn to ſhame,
and will ye follow lies?
3 But know that for himſelf the Lord
the godly man doth chuſe;
The Lord, when I on him do call,
to hear will not refuſe.
4 Fear, and ſin not, talk with your heart
on bed, and ſilent be.

5 Off'rings preſent of righteouſneſs,
and in the Lord truſt ye.
6 O who will ſhew us any good?
is that which many ſay:
But of thy countenance the light,
Lord, lift on us alway.
7 Upon my heart beſtow'd by thee
more gladneſs I have found,
Than they, ev'n they, when corn and wine
did moſt with them abound.
8 I will both lay me down in peace,
and quiet ſleep will take:
Becauſe thou only me to dwell
in ſafety, Lord, doſt make.

PSAL. V.

GIve ear unto my words, O Lord,
my meditation weigh.
2 Hear my loud cry, my King, my God,
for I to thee will pray.
3 Lord, thou ſhalt early hear my voice;
I early will direct
My pray'r to thee, and looking up
an anſwer will expect.
4 For thou art not a God that doth
in wickedneſs delight:
Neither ſhall evil dwell with thee;
5 Nor fools ſtand in thy ſight:
All that ill doers are thou hat'ſt,
6 Cutt'ſt off that liars be:
The bloody and deceitful man
abhorred is by thee.
7 But I into thy houſe will come
in thine abundant grace:
And I will worſhip in thy fear
towards thy holy place.
8 Becauſe of thoſe mine enemies,
Lord, in thy righteouſneſs
Do thou me lead; do thou thy way
make ſtraight before my face.
9 For in their mouth there is no truth,
their inward part is ill;
Their throat's an open ſepulchre,
their tongue doth flatter ſtill.
10 O God, deſtroy them, let them be
by their own counſel quell'd:
Them for their many ſins caſt out,
for they 'gainſt thee rebell'd.
11 But let all joy that truſt in thee,
and ſtill make ſhouting noiſe;
For them thou ſav'ſt: let all that love
thy name in thee rejoice.
12 For, Lord, unto the righteous man
thou wilt thy bleſſing yield;
With favour thou wilt compaſs him
about, as with a ſhield.

PSAL. VI.

LOrd, in thy wrath rebuke me not,
Nor in thy hot rage chaſten me.
2 Lord, pity me, for I am weak:
Heal me, for my bones vexed be.
3 My ſoul is alſo vexed ſore;
But, Lord, how long ſtay wilt thou make?
4 Return, O Lord, my ſoul ſet free:
O ſave me for thy mercy's ſake.
5 Becauſe thoſe that deceaſed are
Of thee ſhall no remembrance have:
And who is he that will to thee
Give praiſes, lying in the grave?
6 I with my groaning weary am:
I alſo, all the night, my bed
Have cauſed for to ſwim; and I
With tears my couch have watered.
7 Mine eye, conſum'd with grief, grows old,
Becauſe of all mine enemies.
8 Hence from me, wicked workers all;
For God hath heard my weeping cries.
9 God hath my ſupplication heard,
My pray'r received graciouſly.
10 Sham'd and ſore vex'd be all my foes,
Sham'd and back turned ſuddenly.

Another of the ſame.

IN thy great indignation,
O Lord, rebuke me not:
Nor on me lay thy chaſt'ning hand
in thy diſpleaſure hot.
2 Lord, I am weak; therefore on me
have mercy, and me ſpare:
Heal me, O Lord, becauſe thou know'ſt
my bones much vexed are.
3 My ſoul is vexed ſore: but, Lord,
how long ſtay wilt thou make?
4 Return, Lord, free my ſoul, and ſave
me for thy mercy's ſake.
5 Becauſe of thee in death there ſhall
no more remembrance be:
Of thoſe that in the grave do lie,
who ſhall give thanks to thee?
6 I with my groaning weary am,
and all the night my bed
I cauſed for to ſwim: with tears
my couch I watered.
7 By reaſon of my vexing grief,
mine eye conſumed is;
It waxeth old, becauſe of all
that be mine enemies.
8 But now depart from me, all ye
that work iniquity:
For why, the Lord hath heard my voice,
when I did mourn and cry.
9 Unto my ſupplication
the Lord did hearing give;
When I to him my prayer make,
the Lord will it receive.
10 Let all be ſham'd and troubled ſore
that en'mies are to me;
Let them turn back, and ſuddenly
aſhamed let them be.

PSAL. VII.

O Lord my God, in thee do I
my confidence repoſe;

Save and deliver me from all
my perſecuting foes.
2 Leſt that the enemy my ſoul
ſhould like a lion tear,
In pieces rending it, while there
is no deliverer.
3 O Lord my God, if it be ſo
that I committed this;
If it be ſo that in my hands
iniquity there is:
4 If I rewarded ill to him
that was at peace with me;
(Yea, ev'n the man that without cauſe
my foe was, I did free:)
5 Then let the foe purſue, and take
my ſoul, and my life thruſt
Down to the earth, and let him lay
mine honour in the duſt.
6 Riſe in thy wrath, Lord, raiſe thyſelf,
for my foes raging be;
And to the judgment which thou haſt
commanded, wake for me.
7 So ſhall th' aſſembly of thy folk
about encompaſs thee:
Thou therefore, for their ſakes, return
unto thy place on high.
8 The Lord he ſhall the people judge:
my judge, JEHOVAH, be,
After my righteouſneſs, and mine
integrity in me.
9 O let the wicked's malice end,
but ſtabliſh ſtedfaſtly
The righteous; for the righteous God
the hearts and reins doth try.
10 In God, who ſaves th' upright in heart,
is my defence and ſtay.
11 God juſt men judgeth, God is wroth
with ill men ev'ry day.
12 If he do not return again,
then he his ſword will whet;
His bow he hath already bent,
and hath it ready ſet.
13 He alſo hath for him prepar'd
the inſtruments of death;
Againſt the perſecutors he
his ſhafts ordained hath.
14 Behold, he with iniquity
doth travail as in birth,
A miſchief he conceived hath,
and falſhood ſhall bring forth.
15 He made a pit, and digg'd it deep,
another there to take;
But he is fall'n into the ditch
which he himſelf did make.
16 Upon his own head his miſchief
ſhall be returned home;
His vi'lent dealing alſo down
on his own pate ſhall come.
17 According to his righteouſneſs
the Lord I'll magnify:
And will ſing praiſe unto the name
of God that is moſt high.

PSAL. VIII.

HOw excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is thy name?
Who haſt thy glory far advanc'd
above the ſtarry frame.
2 From infants and from ſucklings mouth
thou dideſt ſtrength ordain,
For thy foes cauſe, that ſo thou might'ſt
th' avenging foe reſtrain.
3 When I look up unto the heav'ns,
which thine own fingers fram'd;
Unto the moon, and to the ſtars,
which were by thee ordain'd:
4 Then ſay I, What is man, that he
remembred is by thee?
Or what the ſon of man, that thou
ſo kind to him ſhouldſt be?
5 For thou a little lower haſt
him than the angels made,
With glory and with dignity
thou crowned haſt his head.
6 Of thy hand-works thou mad'ſt him lord,
all under's feet didſt lay:
7 All ſheep and oxen; yea, and beaſts
that in the field do ſtray:
8 Fowls of the air, fiſh of the ſea,
all that paſs through the ſame.
9 How excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is thy name!

PSAL. IX.

LOrd, thee I'll praiſe with all my heart,
thy wonders all proclaim.
2 In thee, moſt High, I'll greatly joy,
and ſing unto thy name.
3 When back my foes were turn'd, they fell,
and periſh'd at thy ſight.
4 For thou maintain'dſt my right and cauſe;
on throne ſat'ſt, judging right.
5 The heathen thou rebuked haſt,
the wicked overthrown;
Thou haſt put out their names, that they
may never more be known.
6 O en'my! now deſtructions have
an end perpetual:
Thou cities raz'd, periſh'd with them
is their memorial.
7 God ſhall endure for ay, he doth
for judgment ſet his throne;
8 In righteouſneſs to judge the world,
juſtice to give each one.
9 God alſo will a refuge be
for thoſe that are oppreſt;
A refuge will he be, in times
of trouble, to diſtreſt.
10 And they that know thy name, in thee
their confidence will place:
For thou haſt not forſaken them
that truly ſeek thy face.

11 O ſing ye praiſes to the Lord,
that dwells in Zion hill;
And, all the nations among,
his deeds record ye ſtill.
12 When he inquireth after blood,
he then remembreth them:
The humble folk he not forgets,
that call upon his name.
13 Lord, pity me, behold the grief
which I from foes ſuſtain,
Ev'n thou, who from the gates of death
doſt raiſe me up again:
14 That I, in Sion's daughters gates,
may all thy praiſe advance:
And that I may rejoice always
in thy deliverance.
15 The heathen are ſunk in the pit,
which they themſelves prepar'd:
And in the net which they have hid,
their own feet faſt are ſnar'd.
16 The Lord is by the judgment known
which he himſelf hath wrought:
The ſinners hands do make the ſnares,
wherewith themſelves are caught.
17 They, who are wicked, into hell
each one ſhall turned be;
And all the nations that forget
to ſeek the Lord moſt high.
18 For they that needy are, ſhall not
forgotten be alway;
The expectation of the poor
ſhall not be loſt for ay.
19 Ariſe, Lord, let not man prevail;
judge heathens in thy ſight.
20 That they may know themſelves but men,
the nations, Lord, affright.

PSAL. X.

WHerefore is it, that thou, O Lord,
doſt ſtand from us afar?
And wherefore hideſt thou thyſelf,
when times ſo troublous are?
2 The wicked in his loftineſs
doth perſecute the poor:
In theſe devices they have fram'd,
let them be taken ſure.
3 The wicked of his heart's deſire
doth talk with boaſting great;
He bleſſeth him that's covetous,
whom yet the Lord doth hate.
4 The wicked, through his pride of face,
on God he doth not call;
And in the counſels of his heart
the Lord is not at all.
5 His ways they always grievous are;
thy judgments from his ſight
Removed are: at all his foes
he puffeth with deſpight.
6 Within his heart he thus hath ſaid,
I ſhall not moved be;
And no adverſity at all
ſhall ever come to me.
7 His mouth with curſing, fraud, deceit,
is fill'd abundantly:
And underneath his tongue there is
miſchief and vanity.
8 He cloſely ſits in villages:
he ſlays the innocent:
Againſt the poor that paſs him by,
his cruel eyes are bent.
9 He lion-like lurks in his den;
he waits the poor to take:
And when he draws him in his net,
his prey he doth him make.
10 Himſelf he humbleth very low,
he croucheth down withal,
That ſo a multitude of poor
may by his ſtrong ones fall.
11 He thus hath ſaid within his heart,
The Lord hath quite forgot:
He hides his countenance, and he
for ever ſees it not.
12 O Lord, do thou ariſe; O God,
lift up thine hand on high:
Put not the meek afflicted ones
out of thy memory.
13 Why is it that the wicked man
thus doth the Lord deſpiſe?
Becauſe, that God will it require,
he in his heart denies.
14 Thou haſt it ſeen, for their miſchief
and ſpite thou wilt repay:
The poor commits himſelf to thee,
thou art the orphans ſtay.
15 The arm break of the wicked man,
and of the evil one;
Do thou ſeek out his wickedneſs,
until thou findeſt none.
16 The Lord is King through ages all,
ev'n to eternity:
The heathen people from his land
are periſh'd utterly.
17 O Lord, of thoſe that humble are
thou the deſire didſt hear:
Thou wilt prepare their heart, and thou
to hear wilt bend thine ear:
18 To judge the fatherleſs, and thoſe
that are oppreſſed ſore;
That man, that is but ſprung of earth,
may them oppreſs no more.

PSAL. XI.

IN the Lord do put my truſt;
how is it then that ye
Say to my ſoul, Flee as a bird
unto your mountain high?
2 For lo, the wicked bend their bow,
their ſhafts on ſtring they fit,
That thoſe who upright are in heart,
they privily may hit.
3 If the foundations be deſtroy'd,
what hath the righteous done

God in his holy temple is,
in heaven is his throne:
His eyes do see, his eye-lids try
5 mens sons. The just he proves:
But his soul hates the wicked man,
and him that violence loves.
6 Snares, fire and brimstone, furious storms
on sinners he shall rain:
This, as the portion of their cup,
doth unto them pertain.
7 Because the Lord most righteous doth
in righteousness delight,
And with a pleasant countenance
beholdeth the upright.

PSAL. XII.

HElp, Lord, because the godly man
doth daily fade away;
And from among the sons of men
the faithful do decay.
2 Unto his neighbour ev'ry one
doth utter vanity:
They with a double heart do speak,
and lips of flattery.
3 God shall cut off all flatt'ring lips,
tongues that speak proudly thus,
4 We'll with our tongue prevail, our lips
are ours: who's Lord o'er us?
5 For poor oppress, and for the sighs
of needy, rise will I,
Saith God, and him in safety set
from such as him defy.
6 The words of God are words most pure,
they be like silver try'd
In earthen furnace, seven times
that hath been purify'd.
7 Lord, thou shalt them preserve and keep
for ever from this race.
8 On each side walk the wicked, when
vile men are high in place.

PSAL. XIII.

HOw long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
shall it for ever be?
O how long shall it be, that thou
wilt hide thy face from me?
2 How long take counsel in my soul,
still sad in heart, shall I?
How long exalted over me
shall be mine enemy?
3 O Lord my God, consider well,
and answer to me make:
Mine eyes enlighten, lest the sleep
of death me overtake;
4 Lest that mine enemy should say,
Against him I prevail'd;
And those that trouble me rejoice,
when I am mov'd and fail'd.
5 But I have all my confidence
thy mercy set upon;
My heart within me shall rejoice
in thy salvation.
6 I will unto the Lord my God
sing praises cheerfully,
Because he hath his bounty shown
to me abundantly.

PSAL. XIV.

THat there is not a God, the fool
doth in his heart conclude:
They are corrupt, their works are vile,
not one of them doth good.
2 Upon mens sons the Lord from heav'n
did cast his eyes abroad;
To see if any understood,
and did seek after God.
3 They altogether filthy are,
they all aside are gone;
And there is none that doeth good,
yea, sure there is not one.
4 These workers of iniquity,
do they not know at all,
That they my people eat as bread,
and on God do not call?
5 There fear'd they much; for God is with
the whole race of the just.
6 You shame the counsel of the poor,
because God is his trust.
7 Let Isra'l's help from Zion come:
when back the Lord shall bring
His captives, Jacob shall rejoice,
and Israel shall sing.

PSAL. XV.

WIthin thy tabernacle, Lord,
who shall abide with thee?
And in thy high and holy hill
who shall a dweller be?
2 The man that walketh uprightly,
and worketh righteousness,
And, as he thinketh in his heart,
so doth he truth express.
3 Who doth not slander with his tongue,
nor to his friend doth hurt;
Nor yet against his neighbour doth
take up an ill report.
4 In whose eyes vile men are despis'd;
but those that God do fear
He honoureth: and changeth not,
though to his hurt he swear.
5 His coin puts not to usury,
nor take reward will he
Against the guiltless. Who doth thus,
shall never moved be.

PSAL. XVI.

LOrd, keep me: for I trust in thee.
2 To God thus was my speech:
Thou art my Lord, and unto thee
my goodness doth not reach:
3 To saints on earth, to th' excellent,
where my delight's all plac'd.
4 Their sorrows shall be multiply'd,
to other gods that haste:
Of their drink-offerings of blood

I will no off'ring make:
Yea, neither I their very names
up in my lips will take.
5 God is of mine inheritance
and cup the portion:
The lot that fallen is to me,
thou doſt maintain alone.
6 Unto me happily the lines
in pleaſant places fell;
Yea, the inheritance I got,
in beauty doth excel.
7 I bleſs the Lord, becauſe he doth
by counſel me conduct:
And, in the ſeaſons of the night,
my reins do me inſtruct.
8 Before me ſtill the Lord I ſet:
ſith it is ſo that he
Doth ever ſtand at my right hand,
I ſhall not moved be.
9 Becauſe of this my heart is glad,
and joy ſhall be expreſt
Ev'n by my glory: and my fleſh
in confidence ſhall reſt.
10 Becauſe my ſoul in grave to dwell
ſhall not be left by thee;
Nor wilt thou give thine holy One
corruption to ſee.
11 Thou wilt me ſhew the path of life:
of joys there is full ſtore
Before thy face, at thy right hand
are pleaſures evermore.

PSAL. XVII.

LOrd, hear the right, attend my cry,
unto my pray'r give heed,
That doth not in hypocriſy
from feigned lips proceed.
2 And from before thy preſence forth
my ſentence do thou ſend:
Toward theſe things that equal are,
do thou thine eyes intend.
3 Thou prov'dſt mine heart, thou viſit'dſt me
by night, thou didſt me try,
Yet nothing found'ſt; for that my mouth
ſhall not ſin, purpos'd I.
4 As for mens works, I by the word
that from thy lips doth flow,
Did me preſerve out of the paths
wherein deſtroyers go.
5 Hold up my goings, Lord, me guide
in thoſe thy paths divine,
So that my footſteps may not ſlide
out of theſe ways of thine.
6 I called have on thee, O God,
becauſe thou wilt me hear:
That thou mayſt hearken to my ſpeech,
to me incline thine ear.
7 Thy wondrous loving kindneſs ſhow,
thou that by thy right hand
Sav'ſt them that truſt in thee, from theſe
that up againſt them ſtand.
8 As th' apple of thine eye me keep;
in thy wings ſhade me cloſe:
9 From lewd oppreſſors, compaſſing
me round, as deadly foes.
10 In their own fat they are incloſ'd:
their mouth ſpeaks loftily.
11 Our ſteps they compaſt; and to grour
down bowing ſet their eye.
12 He like unto a lion is,
that's greedy of his prey,
Or lion young, which lurking doth
in ſecret places ſtay.
13 Ariſe, and diſappoint my foe,
and caſt him down, O Lord?
My ſoul ſave from the wicked man,
the man which is thy ſword.
14 From men which are thy hand, O Lor
from worldly men me ſave,
Which only in this preſent life
their part and portion have:
Whoſe belly with thy treaſure hid
thou fill'ſt, they children have
In plenty, of their goods the reſt
they to their children leave.
15 But as for me, I thine own face
in righteouſneſs will ſee:
And with thy likeneſs, when I wake
I ſatisfy'd ſhall be.

PSAL. XVIII.

THee will I love, O Lord, my ſtrengt
2 My fortreſs is the Lord,
My rock, and he that doth to me
deliverance afford:
My God, my ſtrength, whom I will truſt
a buckler unto me,
The horn of my ſalvation,
and my high tow'r is he.
3 Upon the Lord, who worthy is
of praiſes, will I cry:
And then ſhall I preſerved be
ſafe from mine enemy.
4 Floods of ill men affrighted me,
death's pangs about me went.
5 Hell's ſorrows me environed:
death's ſnares did me prevent.
6 In my diſtreſs I call'd on God,
cry to my God did I:
He from his temple heard my voice,
to his ears came my cry.
7 Th' earth, as affrighted, then did ſhak
trembling upon it ſeiz'd;
The hills foundations moved were,
becauſe he was diſpleas'd.
8 Up from his noſtrils came a ſmoke,
and from his mouth there came
Devouring fire, and coals by it
were turned into flame.
9 He alſo bowed down the heav'ns,
and thence he did deſcend:
And thickeſt clouds of darkneſs did

under his feet attend.
10 And he upon a cherub rode,
and thereon he did fly:
Yea, on the swift wings of the wind
his flight was from on high.
11 He darkness made his secret place:
about him for his tent,
Dark waters were, and thickest clouds
of th' airy firmament.
12 And at the brightness of that light
which was before his eye,
His thick clouds past away, hailstones
and coals of fire did fly.
13 The Lord God also in the heav'ns
did thunder in his ire:
And there the Highest gave his voice,
hailstones and coals of fire.
14 Yea, he his arrows sent abroad,
and them he scattered;
His lightnings also he shot out,
and them discomfited.
15 The waters channels then were seen,
the world's foundations vast
At thy rebuke discover'd were,
and at thy nostrils blast.
16 And from above the Lord sent down,
and took me from below;
From many waters he me drew,
which would me overflow.
17 He me reliev'd from my strong foes,
and such as did me hate;
Because he saw that they for me
too strong were, and too great.
18 They me prevented in the day
of my calamity:
But even then the Lord himself
a stay was unto me.
19 He to a place, where liberty
and room was, hath me brought:
Because he took delight in me,
he my deliv'rance wrought.
20 According to my righteousness
he did me recompense.
He me repaid according to
my hands pure innocence.
21 For I God's ways kept, from my God
did not turn wickedly.
22 His judgments were before me, I
his laws put not from me.
23 Sincere before him was my heart,
with him upright was I:
And watchfully I kept myself
from mine iniquity.
24 After my righteousness the Lord
hath recompensed me,
After the cleanness of my hands
appearing in his eye.
25 Thou gracious to the gracious art,
to upright men upright.
26 Pure to the pure, froward thou kyth'st
unto the froward wight.
27 For thou wilt the afflicted save,
in grief that low do ly:
But wilt bring down the countenance
of them whose looks are high.
28 The Lord will light my candle so,
that it shall shine full bright:
The Lord my God will also make
my darkness to be light.
29 By thee through troops of men I break,
and them discomfit all:
And, by my God assisting me,
I over-leap a wall.
30 As for God, perfect is his way;
the Lord his word is try'd:
He is a buckler to all those
who do in him confide.
31 Who but the Lord is God? but he
who is a rock and stay?
32 'Tis God that girdeth me with strength
and perfect makes my way.
33 He made my feet swift as the hinds,
set me on my high places.
34 Mine hands to war he taught, mine arms
brake bows of steel in pieces.
35 The shield of thy salvation
thou didst on me bestow:
Thy right hand held me up, and great
thy kindness made me grow.
36 And, in my way, my steps thou hast
enlarged under me:
That I go safely, and my feet
are kept from sliding free.
37 Mine en'mies I pursued have,
and did them overtake:
Nor did I turn again, till I
an end of them did make.
38 I wounded them, they could not rise:
they at my feet did fall.
39 Thou girdedst me with strength for war:
my foes thou brought'st down all.
40 And thou hast giv'n to me the necks
of all mine enemies:
That I might them destroy and slay
who did against me rise.
41 They cried out, but there was none
that would or could them save:
Yea, they did cry unto the Lord,
but he no answer gave.
42 Then I did beat them small as dust
before the wind that flies:
And I did cast them out like dirt
upon the street that lies.
43 Thou mad'st me free from peoples strife,
and heathens head to be:
A people, whom I have not known,
shall service do to me.
44 At hearing they shall me obey,
to me they shall submit.
45 Strangers for fear shall fade away,

who in close places sit.
46 God lives, blest be my Rock; the God
of my health praised be.
47 God doth avenge me, and subdues
the people under me.
48 He saves me from mine enemies:
yea, thou hast lifted me
Above my foes; and from the man
of violence set me free.
49 Therefore to thee will I give thanks
the heathen folk among:
And to thy name, O Lord, I will
sing praises in a song.
50 He great deliv'rance gives his king:
he mercy doth extend
To David, his anointed one,
and his seed without end.

PSAL. XIX.

THe heav'ns God's glory do declare,
the skies his hand-works preach.
2 Day utters speech to day, and night
to night doth knowledge teach.
3 There is no speech, nor tongue, to which
their voice doth not extend.
4 Their line is gone through all the earth,
their words to the world's end.
In them he set the sun a tent,
5 Who bridegroom-like forth goes
From's chamber, as a strong man doth,
to run his race, rejoice.
6 From heav'ns end is his going forth,
circling to th' end again:
And there is nothing from his heat
that hidden doth remain.
7 God's law is perfect, and converts
the soul in sin that lies:
God's testimony is most sure,
and makes the simple wise.
8 The statutes of the Lord are right,
and do rejoice the heart:
The Lord's command is pure, and doth
light to the eyes impart.
9 Unspotted is the fear of God,
and doth endure for ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true,
and righteous altogether.
10 They more than gold, yea, much fine gold,
to be desired are:
Than honey, honey from the comb
that droppeth, sweeter far.
11 Moreover, they thy servant warn
how he his life should frame:
A great reward provided is
for them that keep the same.
12 Who can his errors understand?
O cleanse thou me within
13 From secret faults. Thy servant keep
from all presumptuous sin:
And do not suffer them to have
dominion over me:
Then righteous and innocent
I from much sin shall be.
14 The words which from my mouth proceed
the thoughts sent from my heart,
Accept, O Lord; for thou my strength
and my Redeemer art.

PSAL. XX.

JEhovah hear thee in the day
when trouble he doth send:
And let the name of Jacob's God
thee from all ill defend.
2 O let him help send from above,
out of his sanctuary:
From Sion his own holy hill,
let him give strength to thee.
3 Let him remember all thy gifts,
accept thy sacrifice:
4 Grant thee thine heart's wish, and fulfil
thy thoughts and counsel wise.
5 In thy salvation we will joy;
in our God's name we will
Display our banners: and the Lord
thy prayers all fulfil.
6 Now know I, God his king doth save,
he from his holy heav'n
Will hear him, with the saving strength
by his own right hand giv'n.
7 In chariots some put confidence,
some horses trust upon:
But we remember will the name
of our Lord God alone.
8 We rise, and upright stand, when they
are bowed down, and fall.
9 Deliver, Lord, and let the King
us hear, when we do call.

PSAL. XXI.

THe king in thy great strength, O Lord,
shall very joyful be:
In thy salvation rejoice
how veh'mently shall he?
2 Thou hast bestowed upon him
all that his heart would have,
And thou from him didst not withhold
whate'er his lips did crave.
3 For thou with blessings him prevent'st
of goodness manifold;
And thou hast set upon his head
a crown of purest gold.
4 When he desired life of thee,
thou life to him didst give;
Ev'n such a length of days, that he
for evermore should live.
5 In that salvation wrought by thee,
his glory is made great:
Honour and comely majesty
thou hast upon him set.
6 Because that thou for evermore
most blessed hast him made:
And thou hast with thy countenance
made him exceeding glad.

7 Becauſe the king upon the Lord
his confidence doth lay,
And through the grace of the moſt High
ſhall not be mov'd away.
8 Thine hand ſhall all thoſe men find out
that en'mies are to thee,
Ev'n thy right hand ſhall find out thoſe
of thee that haters be.
9 Like fiery ov'n thou ſhalt them make,
when kindled is thine ire:
God ſhall them ſwallow in his wrath,
devour them ſhall the fire.
10 Their fruit from earth thou ſhalt deſtroy,
their ſeed men from among.
11 For they beyond their might 'gainſt thee
did plot miſchief and wrong.
12 Thou therefore ſhalt make them turn back,
when thou thy ſhafts ſhalt place
Upon thy ſtrings, made ready all
to fly againſt their face.
13 In thy great pow'r and ſtrength, O Lord,
be thou exalted high;
So ſhall we ſing with joyful hearts,
thy power praiſe ſhall we.

PSAL. XXII.

MY God, my God, why haſt thou me
forſaken? why ſo far
Art thou from helping me, and from
my words that roring are?
2 All day, my God, to thee I cry,
yet am not heard by thee;
And in the ſeaſon of the night
I cannot ſilent be.
3 But thou art holy, thou that doſt
inhabit Iſra'l's praiſe.
4 Our fathers hop'd in thee, they hop'd,
and thou didſt them releaſe.
5 When unto thee they ſent their cry,
to them deliv'rance came:
Becauſe they put their truſt in thee,
they were not put to ſhame.
6 But as for me, a worm I am,
and as no man I'm priz'd:
Reproach of men I am, and by
the people am deſpis'd.
7 All that me ſee, laugh me to ſcorn:
ſhoot out the lip do they,
They nod and ſhake their heads at me,
and, mocking, thus do ſay,
8 This man did truſt in God, that he
would free him by his might:
Let him deliver him, ſith he
had in him ſuch delight.
9 But thou art he out of the womb
that didſt me ſafely take:
When I was on my mother's breaſts,
thou me to hope didſt make.
10 And I was caſt upon thy care,
ev'n from the womb 'till now:
And from my mother's belly, Lord,
my God and guide art thou.
11 Be not far off, for grief is near;
and none to help is found.
12 Bulls many compaſs me, ſtrong bulls
of Baſhan me ſurround.
13 Their mouths they open'd wide on me,
upon me gape did they,
Like to a lion ravening,
and roring for his prey.
14 Like water I'm pour'd out, my bones
all out of joint do part:
Amidſt my bowels, as the wax,
ſo melted is my heart.
15 My ſtrength is like a potſherd dry'd:
my tongue it cleaveth faſt
Unto my jaws; and to the duſt
of death thou brought me haſt.
16 For dogs have compaſs'd me about:
the wicked that did meet
In their aſſembly, me inclos'd;
they pierc'd my hands and feet.
17 I all my bones may tell: they do
upon me look and ſtare.
18 Upon my veſture lots they caſt,
and clothes among them ſhare.
19 But be not far, O Lord, my ſtrength;
haſte to give help to me.
20 From ſword my ſoul, from pow'r of dogs
my darling ſet thou free.
21 Out of the roring lion's mouth
do thou me ſhield and ſave:
For from the horns of unicorns
an ear to me thou gave.
22 I will ſhew forth thy name unto
thoſe that my brethren are:
Amidſt the congregation
thy praiſe I will declare.
23 Praiſe ye the Lord, who do him fear;
him glorify, all ye
The ſeed of Jacob; fear him all
that Iſra'l's children be.
24 For he deſpis'd not, nor abhorr'd
th' afflicted's miſery:
Nor from him hid his face, but heard
when he to him did cry.
25 Within the congregation great
my praiſe ſhall be of thee;
My vows before them that him fear
ſhall be perform'd by me.
26 The meek ſhall eat, and ſhall be fill'd;
they alſo praiſe ſhall give
Unto the Lord, that do him ſeek;
your heart ſhall ever live.
27 All ends of th' earth remember ſhall,
and turn the Lord unto:
All kindreds of the nations
to him ſhall homage do:
28 Becauſe the kingdom to the Lord
doth appertain, as his;
Likewiſe among the nations

the governor he is.
29 Earth's fat ones eat, and worſhip ſhall:
all who to duſt deſcend
Shall bow to him, none of them can
his ſoul from death defend.
30 A ſeed ſhall ſervice do to him,
unto the Lord it ſhall
Be for a generation
reck'ned in ages all.
31 They ſhall come, and they ſhall declare
his truth and righteouſneſs
Unto a people yet unborn,
and that he hath done this.

PSAL. XXIII.

THe Lord's my ſhepherd, I'll not want.
2 He makes me down to ly
In paſtures green: he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.
3 My ſoul he doth reſtore again;
and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteouſneſs,
ev'n for his own name's ſake.
4 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
and ſtaff me comfort ſtill.
5 My table thou haſt furniſhed,
in preſence of my foes:
My head thou doſt with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.
6 Goodneſs and mercy all my life
ſhall ſurely follow me:
And in God's houſe for evermore
my dwelling-place ſhall be.

PSAL. XXIV.

THe earth belongs unto the Lord,
and all that it contains;
The world that is inhabited,
and all that there remains.
2 For the foundations thereof
he on the ſeas did lay,
And he hath it eſtabliſhed
upon the floods to ſtay.
3 Who is the man that ſhall aſcend
into the hill of God?
Or, who within his holy place
ſhall have a firm abode?
4 Whoſe hands are clean, whoſe heart is pure,
and unto vanity
Who hath not lifted up his ſoul,
nor ſworn deceitfully.
5 He from th' Eternal ſhall receive
the bleſſing him upon.
And righteouſneſs ev'n from the God
of his ſalvation.
6 This is the generation
that after him enquire,
O Jacob, who do ſeek thy face
with their whole hearts deſire.
7 Ye gates, lift up your heads on high,
ye doors that laſt for ay,
Be lifted up, that ſo the King
of glory enter may.
8 But who of glory is the King?
the mighty Lord is this;
Ev'n that ſame Lord, that great in might
and ſtrong in battle is.
9 Ye gates, lift up your heads, ye doors,
doors that do laſt for ay,
Be lifted up, that ſo the King
of glory enter may.
10 But who is he that is the King
of glory? who is this?
The Lord of hoſts, and none but he
the King of glory is.

PSAL. XXV.

TO thee I lift my ſoul:
2 O Lord, I truſt in thee:
My God, let me not be aſham'd,
nor foes triumph o'er me.
3 Let none that wait on thee
be put to ſhame at all;
But thoſe that without cauſe tranſgreſs,
let ſhame upon them fall.
4 Shew me thy ways, O Lord;
thy paths, O teach thou me:
5 And do thou lead me in thy truth,
therein my teacher be:
For thou art God that doſt
to me ſalvation ſend,
And I upon thee all the day
expecting do attend.
6 Thy tender mercies, Lord,
I pray thee to remember,
And loving kindneſſes; for they
have been of old for ever.
7 My ſins and faults of youth
do thou, O Lord, forget;
After thy mercy think on me,
and for thy goodneſs great.
8 God good and upright is:
the way he'll ſinners ſhow.
9 The meek in judgment he will guide,
and make his path to know.
10 The whole paths of the Lord
are truth and mercy ſure,
To thoſe that do his cov'nant keep,
and teſtimonies pure.
11 Now for thine own name's ſake,
O Lord, I thee intreat
To pardon mine iniquity;
for it is very great.
12 What man is he that fears
the Lord, and doth him ſerve?
Him ſhall he teach the way that he
ſhall chuſe, and ſtill obſerve.
13 His ſoul ſhall dwell at eaſe,
and his poſterity
Shall flouriſh ſtill, and of the earth
inheritors ſhall be.

14 With thoſe that fear him is
the ſecret of the Lord:
The knowledge of his covenant
he will to them afford.
15 Mine eyes upon the Lord
continually are ſet:
For he it is that ſhall bring forth
my feet out of the net.
16 Turn unto me thy face,
and to me mercy ſhow:
Becauſe that I am deſolate,
and am brought very low.
17 My heart's griefs are increas'd:
me from diſtreſs relieve.
18 See mine affliction and my pain,
and all my ſins forgive.
19 Conſider thou my foes,
becauſe they many are,
And it a cruel hatred is,
which they againſt me bear.
20 O do thou keep my ſoul,
do thou deliver me:
And let me never be aſham'd,
becauſe I truſt in thee.
21 Let uprightneſs and truth
keep me, who thee attend.
22 Redemption, Lord, to Iſrael
from all his troubles ſend.

Another of the ſame.

TO thee I lift my ſoul, O Lord:
2 My God, I truſt in thee:
Let me not be aſham'd; let not
my foes triumph o'er me.
3 Yea, let thou none aſhamed be
that do on thee attend;
Aſhamed let them be, O Lord,
who without cauſe offend.
4 Thy ways, Lord, ſhew; teach me thy paths.
5 Lead me in truth, teach me:
For of my ſafety thou art God,
all day I wait on thee.
6 Thy mercies, that moſt tender are,
do thou, O Lord, remember,
And loving kindneſſes; for they
have been of old for ever.
7 Let not the errors of my youth,
nor ſins remembred be:
In mercy, for thy goodneſs ſake,
O Lord, remember me.
8 The Lord is good and gracious,
he upright is alſo:
He therefore ſinners will inſtruct
in ways that they ſhould go.
9 The meek and lowly he will guide
in judgment juſt alway:
To meek and poor afflicted ones
he'll clearly teach his way.
10 The whole paths of the Lord our God
are truth and mercy ſure,
To ſuch as keep his covenant,
and teſtimonies pure.
11 Now for thine own name's ſake, O Lord
I humbly thee intreat
To pardon mine iniquity;
for it is very great.
12 What man fears God? him ſhall he teach
the way that he ſhall chuſe.
13 His ſoul ſhall dwell at eaſe, his ſeed
the earth, as heirs, ſhall uſe.
14 The ſecret of the Lord is with
ſuch as do fear his name;
And he his holy covenant
will manifeſt to them.
15 Towards the Lord my waiting eyes
continually are ſet:
For he it is that ſhall bring forth
my feet out of the net
16 O turn thee unto me, O God,
have mercy me upon:
Becauſe I ſolitary am,
and in affliction.
17 Enlarg'd the griefs are of mine heart:
me from diſtreſs relieve.
18 See mine affliction and my pain,
and all my ſins forgive.
19 Conſider thou mine enemies,
becauſe they many are,
And it a cruel hatred is
which they againſt me bear.
20 O do thou keep my ſoul, O God,
do thou deliver me:
Let me not be aſham'd; for I
do put my truſt in thee.
21 O let integrity and truth
keep me, who thee attend.
22 Redemption, Lord, to Iſrael
from all his troubles ſend.

PSAL. XXVI.

JUdge me, O Lord, for I have walk'd
in mine integrity:
I truſted alſo in the Lord;
ſlide therefore ſhall not I.
2 Examine me, and do me prove;
try heart and reins, O God.
3 For thy love is before mine eyes,
thy truth's paths I have trode.
4 With perſons vain I have not ſat,
nor with diſſemblers gone.
5 Th' aſſembly of ill men I hate:
to ſit with ſuch I ſhun.
6 Mine hands in innocence, O Lord,
I'll waſh and purify:
So to thine holy altar go,
and compaſs it will I.
7 That I, with voice of thankſgiving,
may publiſh and declare,
And tell of all thy mighty works
that great and wondrous are.
8 The habitation of thy houſe,
Lord, I have loved well;

Yea, in that place I do delight
where doth thine honour dwell.
9 With ſinners gather not my ſoul,
and ſuch as blood would ſpill:
10 Whoſe hands miſchievous plots, right hand
corrupting bribes do fill.
11 But as for me, I will walk on
in mine integrity:
Do thou redeem me, and, O Lord,
be merciful to me.
12 My foot upon an even place
doth ſtand with ſtedfaſtneſs:
Within the congregations
th' Eternal I will bleſs.

PSAL. XXVII.

THe Lord's my light and ſaving health,
who ſhall make me diſmaid?
My life's ſtrength is the Lord, of whom
then ſhall I be afraid?
2 When as mine enemies and foes,
moſt wicked perſons all,
To eat my fleſh againſt me roſe,
they ſtumbled and did fall.
3 Againſt me though an hoſt encamp,
my heart yet fearleſs is:
Though war againſt me riſe, I will
be confident in this.
4 One thing I of the Lord deſir'd,
and will ſeek to obtain,
That all days of my life I may
within God's houſe remain.
That I the beauty of the Lord
behold may and admire,
And that I in his holy place
may rev'rently enquire.
5 For he, in his pavilion, ſhall
me hide in evil days:
In ſecret of his tent me hide,
and on a rock me raiſe.
6 And now, ev'n at this preſent time,
mine head ſhall lifted be
Above all thoſe that are my foes,
and round encompaſs me:
Therefore unto his tabernacle
I'll ſacrifices bring
Of joyfulneſs, I'll ſing, yea, I
to God will praiſes ſing.
7 O Lord, give ear unto my voice,
when I do cry to thee:
Upon me alſo mercy have,
and do thou anſwer me.
8 When thou didſt ſay, Seek ye my face;
then unto thee reply
Thus did my heart, Above all things
thy face, Lord, ſeek will I.
9 Far from me hide thou not thy face,
put not away from thee
Thy ſervant in thy wrath: thou haſt
an helper been to me.
O God of my ſalvation,
leave me not, nor forſake.
10 Though me my parents both ſhould leave,
the Lord will me up take.
11 O Lord, inſtruct me in thy way,
to me a leader be
In a plain path, becauſe of thoſe
that hatred bear to me.
12 Give me not to mine en'mies will;
for witneſſes, that lie,
Againſt me riſen are, and ſuch
as breathe out cruelty.
13 I fainted had, unleſs that I
believed had to ſee
The Lord's own goodneſs in the land
of them that living be.
14 Wait on the Lord, and be thou ſtrong,
and he ſhall ſtrength afford
Unto thine heart; yea, do thou wait,
I ſay, upon the Lord.

PSAL. XXVIII.

TO thee I'll cry, O Lord, my rock,
hold not thy peace to me;
Leſt like thoſe that to pit deſcend
I by thy ſilence be.
2 The voice hear of my humble pray'rs,
when unto thee I cry:
When to thy holy oracle
I lift mine hands on high.
3 With ill men draw me not away,
that work iniquity,
That ſpeak peace to their friends, while in
their hearts doth miſchief lie.
4 Give them according to their deeds,
and ills endeavoured:
And as their handy-works deſerve,
to them be rendered.
5 God ſhall not build, but them deſtroy,
who would not underſtand
The Lord's own works, nor did regard
the doing of his hand.
6 For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
for graciouſly he heard
The voice of my petitions,
and prayers did regard.
7 The Lord's my ſtrength and ſhield, my heart
upon him did rely;
And I am helped: hence my heart
doth joy exceedingly,
And with my ſong I will him praiſe.
8 Their ſtrength is God alone:
He alſo is the ſaving ſtrength
of his anointed one.
9 O thine own people do thou ſave,
bleſs thine inheritance:
Them alſo do thou feed, and them
for evermore advance.

PSAL. XXIX.

GIve ye unto the Lord, ye ſons
that of the mighty be;
All ſtrength and glory to the Lord

with cheerfulneſs give ye.
2 Unto the Lord the glory give,
that to his name is due;
And in the beauty of holineſs,
unto Jehovah bow.
3 The Lord's voice on the waters is:
the God of majeſty
Doth thunder, and on multitudes
of waters ſitteth he.
4 A pow'rful voice it is, that comes
out from the Lord moſt high;
The voice of that great Lord is full
of glorious majeſty.
5 The voice of the Eternal doth
aſunder cedars tear:
Yea, God the Lord doth cedars break
that Lebanon doth bear.
6 He makes them like a calf to ſkip,
ev'n that great Lebanon,
And like to a young unicorn
the mountain Sirion.
7 God's voice divides the flames of fire:
8 The deſert it doth ſhake:
The Lord doth make the wilderneſs
of Kadeſh all to quake.
9 God's voice doth make the hinds to calve,
it makes the foreſts bare:
And in his temple ev'ry one
his glory doth declare.
10 The Lord ſits on the floods: the Lord
ſits King, and ever ſhall.
11 The Lord will give his people ſtrength,
and with peace bleſs them all.

PSAL. XXX.

LOrd, I will thee extol; for thou
haſt lifted me on high,
And over me thou to rejoice
mad'ſt not mine enemy.
2 O thou who art the Lord my God,
I in diſtreſs to thee
With loud cries lifted up my voice,
and thou haſt healed me.
3 O Lord, my ſoul thou haſt brought up,
and reſcu'd from the grave:
That I to pit ſhould not go down,
alive thou didſt me ſave.
4 O ye that are his holy ones,
ſing praiſe unto the Lord;
And give unto him thanks, when you
his holineſs record.
5 For, but a moment laſts his wrath,
life in his favour lies:
Weeping may for a night endure,
at morn doth joy ariſe.
6 In my proſperity, I ſaid,
that nothing ſhall me move.
7 O Lord, thou haſt my mountain made
to ſtand ſtrong by thy love:
But when that thou, O gracious God,
didſt hide thy face from me,
Then quickly was my proſp'rous ſtate
turn'd into miſery.
8 Wherefore unto the Lord my cry
I cauſed to aſcend:
My humble ſupplication
I to the Lord did ſend.
9 What profit is there in my blood,
when I go down to pit?
Shall unto thee the duſt give praiſe?
thy truth declare ſhall it?
10 Hear, Lord, have mercy, help me, Lord:
11 Thou turned haſt my ſadneſs
To dancing; yea, my ſackcloth loos'd,
and girded me with gladneſs:
12 That ſing thy praiſe my glory may,
and never ſilent be:
O Lord my God, for evermore
I will give thanks to thee.

PSAL. XXXI.

IN thee, O Lord, I put my truſt,
ſham'd let me never be:
According to thy righteouſneſs,
do thou deliver me.
2 Bow down thine ear to me, with ſpeed
ſend me deliverance:
To ſave me, my ſtrong rock be thou,
and my houſe of defence.
3 Becauſe thou art my rock, and thee
I for my fortreſs take:
Therefore do thou me lead and guide,
ev'n for thine own name's ſake.
4 And ſith thou art my ſtrength, therefore
pull me out of the net,
Which they in ſubtilty for me
ſo privily have ſet.
5 Into thine hands I do commit
my ſp'rit; for thou art he,
O thou JEHOVAH, God of truth,
that haſt redeemed me.
6 Thoſe that do lying vanities
regard, I have abhorr'd:
But as for me, my confidence
is fixed on the Lord.
7 I'll in thy mercy gladly joy:
for thou my miſeries
Conſider'd haſt; thou haſt my ſoul
known in adverſities:
8 And thou haſt not incloſed me
within the en'mies hand;
And by thee have my feet been made
in a large room to ſtand.
9 O Lord, upon me mercy have;
for trouble is on me:
Mine eye, my belly, and my ſoul
with grief conſumed be.
10 Becauſe my life with grief is ſpent,
my years with ſighs and groans:
My ſtrength doth fail; and for my ſin
conſumed are my bones.
11 I was a ſcorn to all my foes,

and to my friends a fear:
And specially reproach'd of those
that were my neighbours near:
When they me saw, they from me fled.
12 Ev'n so I am forgot,
As men are out of mind when dead:
I'm like a broken pot.
13 For slanders I of many heard,
fear compast me, while they
Against me did consult and plot
to take my life away.
14 But as for me, O Lord, my trust
upon thee I did lay:
And I to thee, Thou art my God,
did confidently say.
15 My times are wholly in thine hand:
do thou deliver me
From their hands that mine enemies
and persecutors be.
16 Thy countenance to shine do thou
upon thy servant make:
Unto me give salvation,
for thy great mercies sake.
17 Let me not be asham'd, O Lord,
for on thee call'd I have:
Let wicked men be sham'd, let them
be silent in the grave.
18 To silence put the lying lips,
that grievous things do say,
And hard reports, in pride and scorn,
on righteous men do lay.
19 How great's the goodness thou for them
that fear thee keep'st in store;
And wrought'st for them that trust in thee,
the sons of men before!
20 In secret of thy presence, thou
shalt hide them from man's pride;
From strife of tongues, thou closely shalt,
as in a tent them hide.
21 All praise and thanks be to the Lord;
for he hath magnify'd
His wondrous love to me, within
a city fortify'd.
22 For from thine eyes cut off I am,
(I in my haste had said:)
My voice yet heard'st thou, when to thee
with cries my mone I made.
23 O love the Lord, all ye his saints;
because the Lord doth guard
The faithful, and he plenteously
proud doers doth reward.
24 Be of good courage, and he strength
unto your hearts shall send,
All ye whose hope and confidence
doth on the Lord depend.

PSAL. XXXII.

O Blessed is the man, to whom
is freely pardoned
All the transgression he hath done,
whose sin is covered.
2 Blest is the man, to whom the Lord
imputeth not his sin,
And in whose sp'rit there is no guile,
nor fraud is found therein.
3 When as I did refrain my speech,
and silent was my tongue;
My bones then waxed old, because
I roared all day long.
4 For, upon me both day and night
thine hand did heavy lie;
So that my moisture turned is
in summer's drought thereby.
5 I thereupon have unto thee
my sin acknowledged,
And likewise mine iniquity
I have not covered:
I will confess unto the Lord
my trespasses, said I;
And of my sin thou freely didst
forgive th' iniquity.
6 For this shall ev'ry godly one
his prayer make to thee:
In such a time he shall thee seek,
as found thou mayest be.
Surely, when floods of waters great
do swell up to the brim,
They shall not overwhelm his soul,
nor once come near to him.
7 Thou art my hiding-place, thou shalt
from trouble keep me free:
Thou, with songs of deliverance,
about shalt compass me.
8 I will instruct thee, and thee teach
the way that thou shalt go:
And with mine eye upon thee set,
I will direction show.
9 Then be not like the horse or mule,
which do not understand;
Whose mouth, lest they come near to thee,
a bridle must command.
10 Unto the man that wicked is,
his sorrows shall abound;
But him that trusteth in the Lord
mercy shall compass round,
11 Ye righteous, in the Lord be glad,
in him do ye rejoice:
All ye that upright are in heart,
for joy lift up your voice.

PSAL. XXXIII.

YE righteous, in the Lord rejoice;
it comely is, and right,
That upright men, with thankful voice,
should praise the Lord of might.
2 Praise God with harp, and unto him
sing with the psaltery,
Upon a ten-string'd instrument
make ye sweet melody.
3 A new song to him sing, and play
with loud noise skilfully.
4 For right is God's word; all his works

are done in verity.
5 To judgment and to righteousness
a love he beareth still:
The loving kindness of the Lord
the earth throughout doth fill.
6 The heavens by the word of God
did their beginning take;
And, by the breathing of his mouth,
he all their hosts did make.
7 The waters of the seas he brings
together as an heap:
And, in store-houses, as it were,
he layeth up the depth.
8 Let earth, and all that live therein,
with rev'rence fear the Lord:
Let all the world's inhabitants
dread him with one accord.
9 For he did speak the word, and done
it was without delay;
Established it firmly stood
whatever he did say.
10 God doth the counsel bring to nought
which heathen folk do take;
And what the people do devise,
of none effect doth make.
11 O! but the counsel of the Lord
doth stand for ever sure;
And of his heart the purposes
from age to age endure.
12 That nation blessed is, whose God
JEHOVAH is; and those
A blessed people are, whom for
his heritage he chose.
13 The Lord from heaven sees and beholds
all sons of men full well.
14 He views all from his dwelling-place
that in the earth do dwell.
15 He forms their hearts alike, and all
their doings he observes.
16 Great hosts save not a king, much strength
no mighty man preserves.
17 An horse for preservation
is a deceitful thing;
And, by the greatness of his strength,
can no deliv'rance bring.
18 Behold, on those that do him fear
the Lord doth set his eye;
Ev'n those who on his mercy do
with confidence rely:
19 From death to free their soul, in dearth
life unto them to yield.
20 Our soul doth wait upon the Lord,
he is our help and shield.
21 Sith in his holy name we trust,
our heart shall joyful be.
22 Lord, let thy mercy be on us,
as we do hope in thee.

PSAL. XXXIV.

GOd will I bless all times; his praise
my mouth shall still express.
2 My soul shall boast in God: the meek
shall hear with joyfulness.
3 Extol the Lord with me, let us
exalt his name together.
4 I sought the Lord, he heard, and did
me from all fears deliver.
5 They look'd to him, and light'ned were:
not shamed were their faces.
6 This poor man cry'd, God heard, and sav'd
him from all his distresses.
7 The angel of the Lord encamps,
and round encompasseth
All those about that do him fear,
and them delivereth.
8 O taste and see that God is good:
who trusts in him is blest.
9 Fear God, his saints: none that him fear
shall be with want oppress.
10 The lions young may hungry be,
and they may lack their food:
But they that truly seek the Lord
shall not lack any good.
11 O children, hither do ye come,
and unto me give ear:
I shall you teach to understand
how ye the Lord should fear.
12 What man is he that life desires,
to see good would live long?
13 Thy lips refrain from speaking guile,
and from ill words thy tongue.
14 Depart from ill, do good: seek peace,
pursue it earnestly.
15 God's eyes are on the just; his ears
are open to their cry.
16 The face of God is set against
those that do wickedly,
That he may quite out from the earth
cut off their memory.
17 The righteous cry unto the Lord,
he unto them gives ear;
And they out of their troubles all
by him deliver'd are.
18 The Lord is ever nigh to them
that be of broken sp'rit:
To them he safety doth afford
that are in heart contrite.
19 The troubles that afflict the just,
in number many be:
But yet at length out of them all
the Lord doth set him free.
20 He carefully his bones doth keep,
whatever doth befal;
That not so much as one of them
can broken be at all.
21 Ill shall the wicked slay; laid waste
shall be who hate the just.
22 The Lord redeems his servants soul,
none perish that him trust.

PSAL. XXXV.

PLead, Lord, with those that plead, & fight

with thoſe that fight with me.
2 Of ſhield and buckler take thou hold,
ſtand up mine help to be.
3 Draw alſo out the ſpear, and do
againſt them ſtop the way,
That me purſue: unto my ſoul,
I'm thy ſalvation, ſay.
4 Let them confouded be, and ſham'd,
that for my ſoul have ſought:
Who plot my hurt, turn'd back be they,
and to confuſion brought.
5 Let them be like unto the chaff
that flies before the wind,
And let the angel of the Lord
purſue them hard behind.
6 With darkneſs cover thou their way,
and let it ſlipp'ry prove,
And let the angel of the Lord
purſue them from above.
7 For, without cauſe, have they for me
their net hid in a pit;
They alſo have, without a cauſe,
for my ſoul digged it.
8 Let ruin ſeize him unawares;
his net he hid withal
Himſelf let catch; and in the ſame
deſtruction let him fall.
9 My ſoul in God ſhall joy; and glad
in his ſalvation be.
10 And all my bones ſhall ſay, O Lord,
who is like unto thee;
Which doſt the poor ſet free from him
that is for him too ſtrong;
The poor and needy from the man
that ſpoils and does him wrong?
11 Falſe witneſſes roſe; to my charge
things I not knew they laid.
12 They, to the ſpoiling of my ſoul,
me ill for good repaid.
13 But as for me, when they were ſick,
in ſackcloth ſad I mourn'd:
My humbled ſoul did faſt, my pray'r
into my boſom turn'd.
14 Myſelf I did behave, as he
had been my friend or brother:
I heavily bow'd down, as one
that mourneth for his mother.
15 But in my trouble they rejoic'd,
gath'ring themſelves together:
Yea, abjects vile together did
themſelves againſt me gather;
I knew it not, they did me tear,
and quiet would not be.
16 With mocking hypocrites, at feaſts
they gnaſht their teeth at me.
17 How long, Lord, look'ſt thou on? from
deſtructions they intend (thoſe
reſcue my ſoul, from lions young
my darling do defend.
18 I will give thanks to thee, O Lord,
within th' aſſembly great:
And, where much people gather'd are,
thy praiſes forth will ſet.
19 Let not my wrongful enemies
proudly rejoice o'er me:
Nor, who me hate without a cauſe,
let them wink with the eye.
20 For peace they do not ſpeak at all:
but crafty plots prepare
Againſt all thoſe within the land
that meek and quiet are.
21 With mouths ſet wide, they 'gainſt me ſaid,
Ha, ha, our eye doth ſee.
22 Lord, thou haſt ſeen, hold not thy peace:
Lord, be not far from me.
23 Stir up thyſelf; wake, that thou may'ſt
judgment to me afford,
Ev'n to my cauſe, O thou that art
my only God and Lord.
24 O Lord my God, do thou me judge
after thy righteouſneſs;
And let them not their joy 'gainſt me
triumphantly expreſs.
25 Nor let them ſay within their hearts,
Ah, we would have it thus;
Nor ſuffer them to ſay, that he
is ſwallow'd up by us.
26 Sham'd and confounded be they all
that at my hurt are glad:
Let thoſe againſt me that do boaſt,
with ſhame and ſcorn be clad.
27 Let them that love my righteous cauſe
be glad, ſhout, and not ceaſe
To ſay, The Lord be magnify'd,
who loves his ſervants peace.
28 Thy righteouſneſs ſhall alſo be
declared by my tongue;
The praiſes that belong to thee
ſpeak ſhall it all day long.

PSAL. XXXVI.

THe wicked man's tranſgreſſion
within my heart thus ſays,
Undoubtedly the fear of God
is not before his eyes.
2 Becauſe himſelf he flattereth
in his own blinded eye,
Until the hatefulneſs be found
of his iniquity.
3 Words from his mouth proceeding are,
fraud and iniquity.
He to be wiſe, and to do good,
hath left off utterly.
4 He miſchief, lying on his bed,
moſt cunningly doth plot;
He ſets himſelf in ways not good,
ill he abhorreth not.
5 Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heav'ns;
thy truth doth reach the clouds.
6 Thy juſtice is like mountains great;
thy judgments deep as floods:

Lord, thou preſerveſt man and beaſt.
7 How precious is thy grace!
Therefore in ſhadow of thy wings
men's ſons their truſt ſhall place.
8 They with the fatneſs of thy houſe
ſhall be well ſatisfy'd;
From rivers of thy pleaſures thou
wilt drink to them provide.
9 Becauſe of life the fountain pure
remains alone with thee:
And in that pureſt light of thine
we clearly light ſhall ſee.
10 Thy loving kindneſs unto them
continue that thee know
And ſtill on men upright in heart
thy righteouſneſs beſtow.
11 Let not the foot of cruel pride
come, and againſt me ſtand:
And let me not removed be,
Lord, by the wicked's hand.
12 There fall'n are they, and ruined,
that work iniquities:
Caſt down they are, and never ſhall
be able to ariſe.

PSAL. XXXVII.

FOr evil doers fret thou not
thyſelf unquietly,
Nor do thou envy bear to thoſe
that work iniquity.
2 For, even like unto the graſs,
ſoon be cut down ſhall they:
And, like the green and tender herb,
they wither ſhall away.
3 Set thou thy truſt upon the Lord,
and be thou doing good;
And ſo thou in the land ſhalt dwell,
and verily have food.
4 Delight thyſelf in God, he'll give
thine heart's deſire to thee.
5 Thy way to God commit, him truſt;
it bring to paſs ſhall he:
6 And, like unto the light, he ſhall
thy righteouſneſs diſplay;
And he thy judgments ſhall bring forth
like noon-tide of the day.
7 Reſt in the Lord, and patiently
wait for him: do not fret
For him, who, proſp'ring in his way,
ſucceſs in ſin doth get.
8 Do thou from anger ceaſe, and wrath
ſee thou forſake alſo:
Fret not thyſelf in any wiſe,
that evil thou ſhouldſt do.
9 For thoſe that evil-doers are,
ſhall be cut off and fall:
But thoſe that wait upon the Lord,
the earth inherit ſhall.
10 For yet a little while, and then
the wicked ſhall not be;
His place thou ſhalt conſider well,
but it thou ſhalt not ſee.
11 But by inheritance the earth
the meek ones ſhall poſſeſs:
They alſo ſhall delight themſelves
in an abundant peace.
12 The wicked plots againſt the juſt,
and at him whets his teeth.
13 The Lord ſhall laugh at him, becauſe
his day he coming ſeeth.
14 The wicked have drawn out the ſword,
and bent their bow, to ſlay
The poor and needy, and to kill
men of an upright way.
15 But their own ſword which they have
ſhall enter their own heart; (drawn,
Their bows which they have bent ſhall break,
and into pieces part.
16 A little that a juſt man hath,
is more and better far,
Than is the wealth of many ſuch
as lewd and wicked are.
17 For ſinners arms ſhall broken be;
but God the juſt ſuſtains.
18 God knows the juſt man's days, and ſtill
their heritage remains.
19 They ſhall not be aſham'd, when they
the evil time do ſee;
And when the days of famine are,
they ſatisfy'd ſhall be.
20 But wicked men, and foes of God,
as fat of lambs decay;
They ſhall conſume, yea, into ſmoke
they ſhall conſume away.
21 The wicked borrows, but the ſame
again he doth not pay;
Whereas the righteous mercy ſhows,
and gives his own away.
22 For ſuch as bleſſed be of him,
the earth inherit ſhall;
And they that curſed are of him,
ſhall be deſtroyed all.
23 A good man's footſteps by the Lord
are ordered aright:
And in the way wherein he walks,
he greatly doth delight.
24 Although he fall, yet ſhall he not
be caſt down utterly:
Becauſe the Lord with his own hand
upholds him mightily.
25 I have been young, and now am old;
yet have I never ſeen
The juſt man left, nor that his ſeed
for bread have beggars been.
26 He's ever merciful, and lends:
his ſeed is bleſt therefore.
27 Depart from evil, and do good:
and dwell for evermore.
28 For God loves judgment, and his ſaints
leaves not in any caſe,
They are kept ever: but cut off

shall be the sinners race.
29 The just inherit shall the land,
and ever in it dwell.
30 The just man's mouth doth wisdom speak;
his tongue doth judgment tell.
31 In's heart the law is of his God,
his steps slide not away.
32 The wicked man doth watch the just,
and seeketh him to slay.
33 Yet him the Lord will not forsake,
nor leave him in his hands,
The righteous will he not condemn,
when he in judgment stands.
34 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way;
and thee exalt shall he,
Th' earth to inherit: when cut off
the wicked thou shalt see.
35 I saw the wicked great in pow'r,
spread like a green bay-tree.
36 He past, yea, was not: him I sought,
but found he could not be.
37 Mark thou the perfect, and behold
the man of uprightness:
Because that surely of this man
the latter end is peace.
38 But those men that transgressors are
shall be destroy'd together,
The latter end of wicked men
shall be cut off for ever.
39 But the salvation of the just
is from the Lord above;
He, in the time of their distress,
their stay and strength doth prove.
40 The Lord shall help, and them deliver:
he shall them free and save
From wicked men, because in him
their confidence they have.

PSAL. XXXVIII.

IN thy great indignation,
O Lord rebuke me not;
Nor on me lay thy chastning hand,
in thy displeasure hot.
2 For in me fast thine arrows stick,
thine hand doth press me sore.
3 And in my flesh there is no health,
nor soundness any more.
This grief I have, because thy wrath
is forth against me gone:
And in my bones there is no rest
for sin that I have done.
4 Because gone up above mine head
my great transgressions be:
And, as a weighty burden, they
too heavy are for me.
5 My wounds do stink, and are corrupt:
my folly makes it so.
6 I troubled am, and much bow'd down;
all day I mourning go.
7 For a disease that lothsome is,
so fills my loins with pain,
That in my weak and weary flesh
no soundness doth remain.
8 So feeble and infirm am I,
and broken am so sore;
That, through disquiet of my heart,
I have been made to rore.
9 O Lord, all that I do desire
is still before thine eye:
And of my heart the secret groans
not hidden are from thee.
10 My heart doth pant incessantly,
my strength doth quite decay:
As for mine eyes, their wonted light
is from me gone away.
11 My lovers and my friends do stand
at distance from my sore:
And those do stand aloof that were
kinsmen, and kind before.
12 Yea, they that seek my life, lay snares:
who seek to do me wrong
Speak things mischievous, and deceits
imagine all day long.
13 But, as one deaf, that heareth not,
I suffer'd all to pass:
I as a dumb man did become,
whose mouth not open'd was:
14 As one that hears not, in whose mouth
are no reproofs at all.
15 For, Lord, I hope in thee; my God,
thou'lt hear me when I call.
16 For I said, Hear me, lest they should
rejoice o'er me with pride:
And o'er me magnify themselves,
when as my foot doth slide.
17 For I am near to halt, my grief
is still before mine eye.
18 For I'll declare my sin, and grieve
for mine iniquity.
19 But yet mine en'mies lively are,
and strong are they beside:
And they that hate me wrongfully,
are greatly multiply'd.
20 And they for good that render ill,
as en'mies me withstood:
Yea, ev'n for this, because that I
do follow what is good.
21 Forsake me not, O Lord: my God,
far from me never be.
22 O Lord, thou my salvation art,
haste to give help to me.

PSAL. XXXIX.

I Said, I will look to my ways,
lest with my tongue I sin:
In sight of wicked men my mouth
with bridle I'll keep in.
2 With silence I as dumb became,
I did myself restrain
From speaking good; but then the more
increased was my pain.
3 My heart within me waxed hot,

and, while I mufing was,
The fire did burn: and from my tongue
these words I did let pass.
4 Mine end, and measure of my days,
O Lord, unto me show
What is the same: that I thereby
my frailty well may know.
5 Lo, thou my days an hand-breadth mad'st,
mine age is in thine eye
As nothing: sure each man at best
is wholly vanity.
6 Sure each man walks in a vain show,
they vex themselves in vain:
He heaps up wealth, and doth not know
to whom it shall pertain.
7 And now, O Lord, what wait I for?
my hope is fix'd on thee.
8 Free me from all my trespasses,
the fools scorn make not me.
9 Dumb was I, op'ning not my mouth,
because this work was thine.
10 Thy stroke take from me: by the blow
of thine hand I do pine.
11 When with rebukes thou dost correct
man for iniquity,
Thou wastes his beauty like a moth:
sure each man's vanity.
12 Attend my cry, Lord, at my tears,
and pray'rs not silent be:
I sojourn as my fathers all,
and stranger am with thee.
13 O spare thou me, that I my strength
recover may again,
Before from hence I do depart,
and here no more remain.

PSAL. XL.

I Waited for the Lord my God,
and patiently did bear;
At length to me he did incline
my voice and cry to hear.
2 He took me from a fearful pit,
and from the miry clay,
And on a rock he set my feet,
establishing my way.
3 He put a new song in my mouth,
our God to magnify:
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
and on the Lord rely.
4 O blessed is the man whose trust
upon the Lord relies:
Respecting not the proud, nor such
as turn aside to lies.
5 O Lord my God, full many are
the wonders thou hast done;
Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far
above all thoughts are gone:
In order none can reckon them
to thee: if them declare,
And speak of them I would, they more
than can be numbred are.
6 No sacrifice, nor offering
didst thou at all desire,
Mine ears thou bor'd: sin-offering thou
and burnt didst not require.
7 Then to the Lord these were my words,
I come, behold and see:
Within the volume of thy book
it written is of me:
8 To do thy will I take delight,
O thou my God that art;
Yea, that most holy law of thine
I have within my heart.
9 Within the congregation great
I righteousness did preach:
Lo, thou dost know, O Lord, that I
refrained not my speech.
10 I never did within my heart
conceal thy righteousness:
I thy salvation have declar'd,
and shown thy faithfulness:
Thy kindness, which most loving is,
concealed have not I,
Nor from the congregation great
have hid thy verity.
11 Thy tender mercies, Lord, from me
O do thou not restrain:
Thy loving kindness, and thy truth,
let them me still maintain.
12 For ills past reck'ning compass me,
and mine iniquities
Such hold upon me taken have,
I cannot lift mine eyes:
They more than hairs are on mine head,
thence is my heart dismay'd.
13 Be pleased, Lord, to rescue me:
Lord, hasten to mine aid.
14 Sham'd and confounded be they all
that seek my soul to kill:
Yea, let them backward driven be,
and sham'd that wish me ill.
15 For a reward of this their shame,
confounded let them be,
That in this manner scoffing say,
Aha, aha, to me.
16 In thee let all be glad, and joy,
who seeking thee abide:
Who thy salvation love, say still,
the Lord be magnify'd.
17 I'm poor and needy, yet the Lord
of me a care doth take:
Thou art my help and Saviour;
my God, no tarrying make.

PSAL. XLI.

BLessed is he that wisely doth
the poor man's case consider;
For when the time of trouble is,
the Lord will him deliver.
2 God will him keep; yea, save alive:
on earth he blest shall live;
And to his enemies desire

thou wilt him not up give.
3 God will give strength, when he on bed
of languishing doth mourn:
And, in his sickness sore, O Lord,
thou all his bed wilt turn.
4 I said, O Lord, do thou extend
thy mercy unto me;
O do thou heal my soul, for why?
I have offended thee.
5 Those that to me are enemies
of me do evil say,
When shall he die, that so his name
may perish quite away?
6 To see me if he comes, he speaks
vain words: but then his heart
Heaps mischief to it, which he tells
when forth he doth depart.
7 My haters, jointly whispering,
'gainst me my hurt devise.
8 Mischief, say they, cleaves fast to him;
he ly'th, and shall not rise.
9 Yea, ev'n mine own familiar friend,
on whom I did rely,
Who ate my bread, ev'n he his heel
against me lifteth high.
10 But, Lord, be merciful to me,
and up again me raise,
That I may justly them requite
according to their ways.
11 By this I know that certainly
I favour'd am by thee:
Because my hateful enemy
triumphs not over me.
12 But as for me, thou me uphold'st
in mine integrity:
And me before thy countenance
thou sett'st continually.
13 The Lord, the God of Israel,
be blest for ever then,
From age to age eternally.
Amen, yea, and amen.

PSAL. XLII.

LIke as the hart for water-brooks
in thirst doth pant and bray;
So pants my longing soul, O God,
that come to thee I may.
2 My soul for God, the living God,
doth thirst; when shall I near
Unto thy countenance approach,
and in God's sight appear?
3 My tears have unto me been meat,
both in the night and day,
While unto me continually,
Where is thy God? they say.
4 My soul is poured out in me,
when this I think upon;
Because that with the multitude
I heretofore had gone:
With them into God's house I went,
with voice of joy and praise;
Yea, with the multitude that kept
the solemn holy days.
5 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
why in me so dismay'd?
Trust God, for I shall praise him yet,
his count'nance is mine aid.
6 My God, my soul's cast down in me:
thee therefore mind I will
From Jordan's land, the Hermonites,
and even from Mizar-hill.
7 At the noise of thy water-spouts
deep unto deep doth call:
Thy breaking waves pass over me,
yea, and thy billows all.
8 His loving kindness yet the Lord
command will in the day;
His song's with me by night; to God,
by whom I live, I'll pray.
9 And I will say to God, my rock,
Why me forgett'st thou so?
Why, for my foes oppression,
thus mourning do I go?
10 'Tis as a sword within my bones,
when my foes me upbraid:
Ev'n when by them, Where is thy God?
'tis daily to me said.
11 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
why, thus with grief oppress,
Art thou disquieted in me?
in God still hope and rest:
For yet I know I shall him praise,
who graciously to me
The health is of my countenance;
yea, mine own God is he.

PSAL. XLIII.

JUdge me, O God, and plead my cause
against th' ungodly nation:
From the unjust and crafty man,
O be thou my salvation.
2 For thou the God art of my strength,
why thrusts thou me thee fro?
For th' enemies oppression
why do I mourning go?
3 O send thy light forth and thy truth;
let them be guides to me,
And bring me to thine holy hill,
ev'n where thy dwellings be.
4 Then will I to God's altar go,
to God my chiefest joy:
Yea, God, my God, thy name to praise
my harp I will employ.
5 Why art thou then cast down, my soul?
what should discourage thee?
And why, with vexing thoughts, art thou
disquieted in me?
Still trust in God, for him to praise
good cause I yet shall have:
He of my count'nance is the health,
my God that doth me save.

PSAL.

PSAL. XLIV.

O God, we with our ears have heard,
our fathers have us told,
What works thou in their days had'ſt done,
ev'n in the days of old.
Thy hand did drive the heathen out,
and plant them in their place;
Thou did'ſt afflict the nations,
but them thou didſt increaſe.
For neither got their ſword the land,
nor did their arm them ſave:
But thy right hand, arm, countenance;
for thou them favour gave.
Thou art my King: for Jacob, Lord,
deliv'rances command.
Through thee we ſhall puſh down our foes,
that do againſt us ſtand.
We, through thy name, ſhall tread down
that ris'n againſt us have. (thoſe
For in my bow I ſhall not truſt,
nor ſhall my ſword me ſave.
But from our foes thou haſt us ſav'd,
our haters put to ſhame.
In God we all the day do boaſt,
and ever praiſe thy name.
But now we are caſt off by thee,
and us thou putt'ſt to ſhame:
And, when our armies do go forth,
thou go'ſt not with the ſame.
Thou mak'ſt us from the enemy
faint-hearted to turn back:
And they who hate us, for themſelves
our ſpoils away do take.
Like ſheep for meat thou gaveſt us:
'mong heathen caſt we be.
Thou didſt for nought thy people ſell;
their price enrich'd not thee.
Thou mak'ſt us a reproach to be
unto our neighbours near;
A derilion, and a ſcorn to them
that round about us are.
A by-word alſo thou doſt us
among the heathen make:
The people, in contempt and ſpite,
at us their heads do ſhake.
Before me my confuſion
continually abides;
And of my baſhful countenance
the ſhame me ever hides.
For voice of him that doth reproach,
and ſpeaketh blaſphemy;
By reaſon of th' avenging foe,
and cruel enemy.
All this is come on us: yet we
have not forgotten thee;
Nor falſely in thy covenant
behav'd ourſelves have we.
Back from thy way our heart not turn'd;
our ſteps no ſtaying made.
Though us thou brak'ſt in Dragons place,
and cov'redſt with death's ſhade.
If we God's name forgot, or ſtretch'd
to a ſtrange god our hands:
Shall not God ſearch this out? for he
hearts ſecrets underſtands.
Yea, for thy ſake we're kill'd all day,
counted as ſlaughter-ſheep.
Riſe, Lord, caſt us not ever off;
awake, why doſt thou ſleep?
O wherefore hideſt thou thy face?
forgett'ſt our caſe diſtreſt,
And our oppreſſion? For our ſoul
is to the duſt down preſt:
Our belly alſo on the earth,
faſt cleaving hold doth take.
Riſe for our help, and us redeem,
ev'n for thy mercies ſake.

PSAL. XLV.

MY heart brings forth a godly thing;
my works that I indite
Concern the King: my tongue's a pen
of one that ſwift doth write.
Thou fairer art than ſons of men:
into thy lips is ſtore
Of grace infus'd; God therefore thee
hath bleſt for evermore.
O thou that art the mighty One,
thy ſword gird on thy thigh:
Ev'n with thy glory excellent,
and with thy majeſty.
For meekneſs, truth, and righteouſneſs,
in ſtate ride proſp'rouſly;
And thy right hand ſhall thee inſtruct,
in things that fearful be.
Thine arrows ſharply pierce the hearts
of th' en'mies of the King;
And under thy ſubjection
the people down to bring.
For ever and for ever is,
O God, thy throne of might:
The ſceptre of thy kingdom is
a ſceptre that is right.
Thou loveſt right, and hateſt ill;
for God, thy God moſt high,
Above thy fellows hath with th' oil,
of joy anointed thee.
Of aloes, myrrh, and caſſia,
all ſmell thy garments had:
Out of the iv'ry palaces,
whereby they made thee glad.
Among thy women honourable
kings daughters were at hand:
Upon thy right hand did the queen
in gold of Ophir ſtand.
O daughter, hearken and regard,
and do thine ear incline;
Likewiſe forget thy father's houſe,
and people that are thine.
Then of the King deſir'd ſhall be
thy beauty veh'mently:

Becauſe he is the Lord, do thou
him worſhip rev'rently.
12 The daughter there of Tyre ſhall be,
with gifts and off'rings great:
Thoſe of the people that are rich,
thy favour ſhall intreat.
13 Behold, the daughter of the king
all glorious is within;
And with embroideries of gold
her garments wrought have been.
14 She ſhall be brought unto the King,
in robes with needle wrought:
Her fellow-virgins following,
ſhall unto thee be brought.
15 They ſhall be brought with gladneſs great
and mirth on ev'ry ſide,
Into the palace of the King,
and there they ſhall abide.
16 Inſtead of theſe thy fathers dear,
thy children thou may'ſt take,
And in all places of the earth
them noble princes make.
17 Thy name remembred I will make
through ages all to be:
The people therefore evermore
ſhall praiſes give to thee.

Another of the ſame.

MY heart inditing is
good matter in a ſong:
I ſpeak the things that I have made,
which to the King belong:
My tongue ſhall be as quick
his honour to indite,
As is the pen of any ſcribe
that uſeth faſt to write.
2 Thou'rt faireſt of all men,
grace in thy lips doth flow:
And therefore bleſſings evermore
on thee doth God beſtow.
3 Thy ſword gird on thy thigh,
thou that art moſt of might:
Appear in dreadful majeſty,
and in thy glory bright.
4 For meekneſs, truth, and right,
ride proſp'rouſly in ſtate:
And thy right hand ſhall teach to thee
things terrible and great.
5 Thy ſhaft ſhall pierce their hearts
that foes are to the King,
Whereby into ſubjection
the people thou ſhalt bring.
6 Thy royal ſeat, O Lord,
for ever ſhall remain:
The ſceptre of thy kingdom doth
all righteouſneſs maintain.
7 Thou lov'ſt right, and hat'ſt ill:
for God, thy God moſt high,
Above thy fellows hath with th' oil
of joy anointed thee.
8 Of myrrh and ſpices ſweet
a ſmell thy garments had:
Out of the iv'ry palaces,
whereby they made thee glad.
9 And in thy glorious train,
kings daughters waiting ſtand:
And thy fair queen, in Ophir-gold,
doth ſtand at thy right hand.
10 O daughter, take good heed,
incline, and give good ear;
Thou muſt forget thy kindred all
and father's houſe moſt dear.
11 Thy beauty to the King
ſhall then delightful be:
And do thou humbly worſhip him,
becauſe thy Lord is he.
12 The daughter then of Tyre
there with a gift ſhall be,
And all the wealthy of the land
ſhall make their ſuit to thee.
13 The daughter of the king
all glorious is within;
And with embroideries of gold,
her garments wrought have been.
14 She cometh to the King
in robes with needle wrought:
The virgins that do follow her
ſhall unto thee be brought.
15 They ſhall be brought with joy,
and mirth on ev'ry ſide,
Into the palace of the King,
and there they ſhall abide.
16 And in thy father's ſtead,
thy children thou may'ſt take,
And, in all places of the earth,
them noble princes make.
17 I will ſhew forth thy name
to generations all:
Therefore the people evermore
to thee give praiſes ſhall.

PSAL. XLVI.

GOd is our refuge and our ſtrength,
in ſtraits a preſent aid.
2 Therefore, although the earth remove,
we will not be afraid:
Though hills amidſt the ſea be caſt,
3 Though waters roring make,
And troubled be; yea, though the hills
by ſwelling ſeas do ſhake.
4 A river is, whoſe ſtreams do glad
the city of our God:
The holy place, wherein the Lord
moſt high hath his abode.
5 God in the midſt of her doth dwell:
nothing ſhall her remove;
The Lord to her an helper will,
and that right early, prove.
6 The heathen rag'd tumultuouſly,
the kingdoms moved were:
The Lord God uttered his voice,
the earth did melt for fear.

The Lord of hosts upon our side
doth constantly remain:
The God of Jacob's our refuge,
us safely to maintain.
Come, and behold what wondrous works
have by the Lord been wrought:
Come, see what desolations
he on the earth hath brought.
Unto the ends of all the earth
wars into peace he turns:
The bow he breaks, the spear he cuts,
in fire the chariot burns.
Be still, and know that I am God:
among the heathen I
Will be exalted, I on earth
will be exalted high.
The Lord, who is the Lord of hosts,
is still upon our side:
The God of Jacob our refuge
for ever will abide.

PSAL. XLVII.

All people, clap your hands, to God
with voice of triumph shout;
For dreadful is the Lord most high,
great King the earth throughout.
The heathen people under us
he surely shall subdue:
And he shall make the nations
under our feet to bow.
The lot of our inheritance
chuse out for us shall he,
Of Jacob whom he loved well,
ev'n the excellency.
God is with shouts gone up, the Lord
with trumpets sounding high.
Sing praise to God, sing praise, sing praise,
praise to our King sing ye.
For God is King of all the earth,
with knowledge praise express.
God rules the nations, God sits on
his throne of holiness.
The princes of the people are
assembled willingly;
Ev'n of the God of Abraham
they who the people be.
For why? the shields that do defend
the earth, are only his:
They to the Lord belong; yea, he
exalted greatly is.

PSAL. XLVIII.

Great is the Lord, and greatly he
is to be praised still
Within the city of our God,
upon his holy hill.
Mount Zion stands most beautiful,
the joy of all the land;
The city of the mighty King
on her north-side doth stand.
The Lord within her palaces
is for a refuge known.
For lo, the kings that gather'd were
together by have gone.
But when they did behold the same,
they wond'ring would not stay:
But, being troubled at the sight,
they thence did haste away.
Great terror there took hold on them,
they were possest with fear,
Their grief came like a woman's pain,
when she a child doth bear.
Thou Tarshish ships with east wind break'st:
As we have heard it told;
So in the city of the Lord
our eyes did it behold:
In our God's city, which his hand
for ever stablish will.
We of thy loving kindness thought,
Lord, in thy temple still,
O Lord, according to thy name,
through all the earth's thy praise:
And thy right hand, O Lord, is full
of righteousness always.
Because thy judgments are made known,
let Zion-mount rejoice;
Of Judah let the daughters all
send forth a cheerful voice.
Walk about Zion, and go round:
the high tow'rs thereof tell.
Consider ye her palaces,
and mark her bulwarks well;
That ye may tell posterity.
For this God doth abide
Our God for evermore, he will
ev'n unto death us guide.

PSAL. XLIX.

Hear this, all people, and give ear,
all in the world that dwell:
Both low and high, both rich and poor.
My mouth shall wisdom tell,
My heart shall knowledge meditate.
I will incline mine ear
To parables, and on the harp
my sayings dark declare.
Amidst those days that evil be,
why should I, fearing, doubt?
When of my heels th' iniquity
shall compass me about.
Whoe'er they be that in their wealth
their confidence do pitch,
And boast themselves, because they are
become exceeding rich:
Yet none of these his brother can
redeem by any way;
Nor can he unto God for him
sufficient ransom pay.
(Their souls redemption precious is,
and it can never be)
That still he should for ever live,
and not corruption see.
For why? he seeth that wise men die,

and brutish fools also
Do perish, and their wealth, when dead,
to others they let go.
11 Their inward thought is, that their house
and dwelling-places shall
Stand through all ages; they their lands
by their own names do call.
12 But yet in honour shall not man
abide continually:
But, passing hence, may be compar'd
unto the beasts that die.
13 Thus, brutish folly plainly is
their wisdom, and their way;
Yet their posterity approve
what they do fondly say.
14 Like sheep they in the grave are laid,
and death shall them devour;
And, in the morning, upright men
shall over them have pow'r;
Their beauty, from their dwelling, shall
consume within the grave.
15 But from hell's hand God will me free,
for he shall me receive.
16 Be thou not then afraid, when one
enriched thou dost see,
Nor when the glory of his house
advanced is on high.
17 For he shall carry nothing hence,
when death his days doth end:
Nor shall his glory after him
into the grave descend.
18 Although he his own soul did bless,
whilst he on earth did live:
(And when thou to thyself dost well,
men will thee praises give)
19 He to his fathers race shall go,
they never shall see light.
20 Man honour'd, wanting knowledge, is
like beasts that perish quite.

PSAL. L.

THe mighty God, the Lord
hath spoken, and did call
The earth from rising of the sun,
to where he hath his fall.
2 From out of Zion-hill,
which of excellency
And beauty the perfection is,
God shined gloriously.
3 Our God shall surely come,
keep silence shall not he:
Before him fire shall waste, great storms
shall round about him be.
4 Unto the heavens clear,
he from above shall call,
And to the earth likewise, that he
may judge his people all.
5 Together let my saints
unto me gather'd be,
Those that by sacrifice have made
a covenant with me.
6 And then the heavens shall
his righteousness declare:
Because the Lord himself is he
by whom men judged are.
7 My people Isra'l hear,
speak will I from on high,
Against thee I will testify,
God, ev'n thy God am I.
8 I, for thy sacrifice,
no blame will on thee lay,
Nor for burnt off'rings, which to me
thou off'redst ev'ry day.
9 I'll take no calf, nor goats,
from house or fold of thine.
10 For beasts of forests, cattle all
on thousand hills, are mine.
11 The fowls on mountains high,
are all to me well known,
Wild beasts, which in the field do lie,
ev'n they are all mine own.
12 Then, if I hungry were,
I would not tell it thee;
Because the world, and fulness all
thereof belongs to me.
13 Will I eat flesh of bulls?
or goats blood drink will I?
14 Thanks offer thou to God, and pay
thy vows to the most High.
15 And call upon me, when
in trouble thou shalt be;
I will deliver thee, and thou
my name shalt glorify.
16 But to the wicked man
God saith, My laws and truth
Shouldst thou declare? how dar'st thou take
my cov'nant in thy mouth?
17 Sith thou instruction hat'st,
which should thy ways direct;
And, sith my words behind thy back
thou cast'st, and dost reject.
18 When thou a thief didst see,
with him thou didst consent;
And with the vile adulterers
partaker on thou went.
19 Thou giv'st thy mouth to ill,
thy tongue deceit doth frame,
20 Thou sitt'st and 'gainst thy brother speak'st,
thy mother's son to shame.
21 Because I silence kept,
while thou these things hast wrought;
That I was altogether like
thyself hath been thy thought:
Yet I will thee reprove,
and set before thine eyes
In order ranked thy misdeeds,
and thine iniquities.
22 Now, ye that God forget,
this carefully consider;
Lest I in pieces tear you all,
and none can you deliver.

23 Whoſo doth offer praiſe,
me glorifies: and I
Will ſhew him God's ſalvation,
that orders right his ways.

Another of the ſame.

THe mighty God the Lord hath ſpoke,
and call'd the earth upon,
Ev'n from the riſing of the ſun
unto his going down.
2 From out of Zion his own hill,
where the perfection high
Of beauty is, from thence the Lord
hath ſhined glorioufly.
3 Our God ſhall come, and ſhall no more
be ſilent, but ſpeak out:
Before him fire ſhall waſte, great ſtorms
ſhall compaſs him about.
4 He to the heavens from above,
and to the earth below,
Shall call, that he his judgments may
before his people ſhow.
5 Let all my ſaints together be
unto me gathered:
Thoſe that by ſacrifice with me
a covenant have made.
6 And then the heavens ſhall declare
his righteouſneſs abroad:
Becauſe the Lord himſelf doth come,
none elſe is judge but God.
7 Hear, O my people, and I'll ſpeak;
O Iſrael by name,
Againſt thee I will teſtify:
God, ev'n thy God I am.
8 I, for thy ſacrifices few,
reprove thee never will;
Nor for burnt-off'rings to have been
before me off'red ſtill.
9 I'll take no bullock, nor he-goats,
from houſe nor folds of thine.
10 For beaſts of foreſts, cattle all
on thouſand hills, are mine.
11 The fowls are all to me well known,
that mountains high do yield:
And I do challenge as mine own
the wild beaſts of the field.
12 If I were hungry, I would not
to thee for need complain;
For earth, and all its fulneſs, doth
to me of right pertain.
13 That I, to eat the fleſh of bulls,
take pleaſure, doſt thou think?
Or that I need, to quench my thirſt,
the blood of goats to drink?
14 Nay, rather unto me thy God
thankſgiving offer thou;
To the moſt High perform thy word,
and fully pay thy vow.
15 And, in the day of trouble great,
ſee that thou call on me;
I will deliver thee, and thou
my name ſhalt glorify.
16 But God unto the wicked ſaith,
Why ſhouldſt thou mention make
Of my commands? how dar'ſt thou in
thy mouth my cov'nant take?
17 Sith it is ſo, that thou doſt hate
all good inſtruction;
And ſith thou caſt'ſt behind thy back,
and ſlight'ſt my words each one.
18 When thou a thief did'ſt ſee, then ſtraight
thou join'dſt with him in ſin,
And with the vile adulterers
thou haſt partaker been.
19 Thy mouth to evil thou doſt give,
thy tongue deceit doth frame.
20 Thou ſitt'ſt, and 'gainſt thy brother ſpeak'ſt,
thy mother's ſon to ſhame.
21 Theſe things thou wickedly haſt done,
and I have ſilent been;
Thou thought'ſt that I was like thyſelf,
and did approve thy ſin:
But I will ſharply thee reprove,
and I will order right
Thy ſins and thy tranſgreſſions,
in preſence of thy ſight.
22 Conſider this, and be afraid,
ye that forget the Lord,
Leſt I in pieces tear you all,
when none can help afford.
23 Who off'reth praiſe, me glorifies:
I will ſhew God's ſalvation
To him that ordereth aright
his life and converſation.

PSAL. LI.

AFter thy loving kindneſs, Lord,
have mercy upon me:
For thy compaſſions great, blot out
all mine iniquity.
2 Me cleanſe from ſin, and throughly waſh
from mine iniquity:
3 For my tranſgreſſions I confeſs;
my ſin I ever ſee.
4 'Gainſt thee, thee only have I ſinn'd,
in thy ſight done this ill,
That, when thou ſpeak'ſt, thou mayſt be juſt,
and clear in judging ſtill.
5 Behold, I in iniquity
was form'd the womb within:
My mother alſo me conceiv'd
in guiltineſs and ſin.
6 Behold, thou in the inward parts
with truth delighted art;
And wiſdom thou ſhalt make me know
within the hidden part.
7 Do thou with hyſſop ſprinkle me,
I ſhall be cleanſed ſo;
Yea, waſh thou me, and then I ſhall
be whiter than the ſnow.
8 Of gladneſs and of joyfulneſs
make me to hear the voice;

That ſo theſe very bones which thou
haſt broken may rejoice.
9 All mine iniquities blot out,
thy face hide from my ſin.
10 Create a clean heart, Lord, renew
a right ſp'rit me within.
11 Caſt me not from thy ſight, nor take
thy holy ſp'rit away.
12 Reſtore me thy ſalvation's joy;
with thy free ſp'rit me ſtay.
13 Then will I teach thy ways unto
thoſe that tranſgreſſors be;
And thoſe that ſinners are, ſhall then
be turned unto thee.
14 O God, of my ſalvation God,
me from blood-guiltineſs
Set free: then ſhall my tongue aloud
ſing of thy righteouſneſs.
15 My cloſed lips, O Lord, by thee
let them be opened;
Then ſhall thy praiſes by my mouth
abroad be publiſhed.
16 For thou deſir'ſt not ſacrifice,
elſe would I give it thee;
Nor wilt thou with burnt-offering
at all delighted be.
17 A broken ſpirit is to God
a pleaſing ſacrifice:
A broken and a contrite heart,
Lord, thou wilt not deſpiſe.
18 Shew kindneſs, and do good, O Lord,
to Zion thine own hill:
The walls of thy Jeruſalem
build up of thy good will.
19 Then righteous off'rings ſhall thee pleaſe,
and off'rings burnt, which they,
With whole burnt-off'rings, and with calves
ſhall on thine altar lay.

PSAL. LII.

WHy doſt thou boaſt, O mighty man,
of miſchief and of ill?
The goodneſs of almighty God
endureth ever ſtill.
2 Thy tongue miſchievous calumnies
deviſeth ſubtilly;
Like to a raſor, ſharp to cut,
working deceitfully.
3 Ill more than good, and more than truth
thou loveſt to ſpeak wrong:
4 Thou loveſt all devouring words,
O thou deceitful tongue.
5 So God ſhall thee deſtroy for ay,
remove thee, pluck thee out
Quite from thy houſe, out of the land
of life he ſhall thee root.
6 The righteous ſhall it ſee, and fear,
and laugh at him they ſhall.
7 Lo, this the man is, that did not
make God his ſtrength at all:
But he, in his abundant wealth,
his confidence did place;
And he took ſtrength unto himſelf
from his own wickedneſs.
8 But I am in the houſe of God
like to an olive green:
My confidence for ever hath
upon God's mercy been.
9 And I for ever will thee praiſe,
becauſe thou haſt done this:
I on thy name will wait, for good
before thy ſaints it is.

PSAL. LIII.

THat there is not a God, the fool
doth in his heart conclude;
They are corrupt, their works are vile,
not one of them doth good.
2 The Lord upon the ſons of men
from heav'n did caſt his eyes,
To ſee if any one there was
that ſought God, and was wiſe.
3 They altogether filthy are,
they all are backward gone;
And there is none that doeth good,
no not ſo much as one.
4 Theſe workers of iniquity,
do they not know at all,
That they my people eat as bread,
and on God do not call?
5 Ev'n there they were afraid, and ſtood
with trembling all diſmay'd;
Whereas there was no cauſe at all
why they ſhould be afraid:
For God his bones that thee beſieg'd
hath ſcatter'd all abroad;
Thou haſt confounded them, for they
deſpiſed are of God.
6 Let Iſra'l's help from Zion come!
when back the Lord ſhall bring
His captives, Jacob ſhall rejoice,
and Iſrael ſhall ſing.

PSAL. LIV.

SAve me, O God, by thy great name,
and judge me by thy ſtrength:
2 My prayer hear, O God; give ear
unto my words at length.
3 For they that ſtrangers are to me
do up againſt me riſe;
Oppreſſors ſeek my ſoul, and God
ſet not before their eyes.
4 The Lord my God my helper is,
lo, therefore I am bold:
He taketh part with ev'ry one
that doth my ſoul uphold.
5 Unto mine enemies he ſhall
miſchief and ill repay:
O for thy truth's ſake cut them off
and ſweep them clean away.
6 I will a ſacrifice to thee
give with free willingneſs:
Thy name, O Lord, becauſe 'tis good,

with praise I will confess.
7 For he hath me delivered
from all adversities:
And his desire mine eye hath seen
upon mine enemies.

PSAL. LV.

LOrd, hear my pray'r: hide not thyself
from my intreating voice.
2 Attend and hear me: in my plaint
I mourn and make a noise.
3 Because of th' en'mies voice, and for
lewd mens oppression great:
On me they cast iniquity,
and they in wrath me hate.
4 Sore pain'd within me is my heart:
death's terrors on me fall.
5 On me comes trembling, fear, and dread
o'erwhelmed me withal.
6 O that I like a dove had wings!
said I; then would I fly
Far hence, that I might find a place
where I in rest might be.
7 Lo, then far off I wander would,
and in the desert stay:
8 From windy storm, and tempest I
would haste to 'scape away.
9 O Lord, on them destruction bring,
and do their tongues divide:
For in the city violence
and strife I have espy'd.
10 They day and night upon the walls
do go about it round:
There mischief is, and sorrow there
in midst of it is found.
11 Abundant wickedness there is
within her inward part:
And from her streets deceitfulness
and guile do not depart.
12 He was no foe that me reproach'd,
then that endure I could;
Nor hater that did 'gainst me boast,
from him me hide I would.
13 But thou, man, whom mine equal, guide,
and mine acquaintance wast.
14 We join'd sweet counsels, to God's house
in company we past.
15 Let death upon them seize, and down
let them go quick to hell;
For wickedness doth much abound
among them where they dwell.
16 I'll call on God: God will me save.
17 I'll pray, and make a noise,
At ev'ning, morning, and at noon;
and he shall hear my voice.
18 He hath my soul delivered,
that it in peace might be,
From battle that against me was,
for many were with me.
19 The Lord shall hear and them afflict
of old who hath abode:
Because they never changes have,
therefore they fear not God.
20 'Gainst those that were at peace with him
he hath put forth his hand:
The covenant that he had made,
by breaking he profan'd.
21 More smooth than butter were his words,
while in his heart was war;
His speeches were more soft than oil,
and yet drawn swords they are.
22 Cast thou thy burden on the Lord,
and he shall thee sustain;
Yea, he shall cause the righteous man
unmoved to remain.
23 But thou, O Lord my God, those men
in justice shall o'erthrow,
And in destruction's dungeon dark
at last shalt lay them low:
The bloody and deceitful men
shall not live half their days;
But upon thee with confidence
I will depend always.

PSAL. LVI.

SHew mercy, Lord, to me: for man
would swallow me outright;
He me oppresseth, while he doth
against me daily fight.
2 They daily would me swallow up,
that hate me spitefully;
For they be many that do fight
against me, O most High.
3 When I'm afraid, I'll trust in thee:
4 In God I'll praise his word:
I will not fear what flesh can do,
my trust is in the Lord. (thoughts
5 Each day they wrest my words, their
'gainst me are all for ill.
6 They meet, they lurk, they mark my steps,
waiting my soul to kill.
7 But shall they by iniquity
escape thy judgments so?
O God, with indignation down
do thou the people throw.
8 My wandrings all, what they have been
thou know'st, their number took;
Into thy bottle put my tears:
are they not in thy book?
9 My foes shall, when I cry, turn back,
I know't, God is for me.
10 In God his word I'll praise: his word
in God shall praised be.
11 In God I trust, I will not fear
what man can do to me.
12 Thy vows upon me are, O God:
I'll render praise to thee.
13 Wilt thou not, who from death me sav'd,
my feet from falls keep free,
To walk before God in the light
of those that living be?

PSAL.

PSAL. LVII.

BE merciful to me, O God,
thy mercy unto me
Do thou extend, becauſe my ſoul
doth put her truſt in thee:
Yea, in the ſhadow of thy wings
my refuge I will place,
Until theſe ſad calamities
do wholly overpaſs.

2 My cry I will cauſe to aſcend
unto the Lord moſt High;
To God, who doth all things for me
perform moſt perfectly.
3 From heav'n he ſhall ſend down, and me
from his reproach defend
That would devour me: God his truth
and mercy forth ſhall ſend.
4 My ſoul among fierce lions is,
I firebrands live among,
Mens ſons, whoſe teeth are ſpears and darts,
a ſharp ſword is their tongue.
5 Be thou exalted very high
above the heav'ns, O God;
Let thou thy glory be advanc'd
o'er all the earth abroad.
6 My ſoul's bow'd down: for they a net
have laid, my ſteps to ſnare:
Into the pit, which they have digg'd
for me, they fallen are.
7 My heart is fixt, my heart is fixt,
O God, I'll ſing and praiſe.
8 My glory, wake; wake, pſalt'ry, harp:
my ſelf I'll early raiſe.
9 I'll praiſe thee 'mong the people, Lord;
'mong nations ſing will I:
10 For great to heav'n thy mercy is,
thy truth is to the ſky.
11 O Lord, exalted be thy name,
above the heav'ns to ſtand:
Do thou thy glory far advance
above both ſea and land.

PSAL. LVIII.

DO ye, O congregation,
indeed ſpeak righteouſneſs?
O ye that are the ſons of men,
judge ye with uprightneſs?
2 Yea, ev'n within your very hearts
ye wickedneſs have done;
And ye the vi'lence of your hands
do weigh the earth upon.
3 The wicked men eſtranged are
ev'n from the very womb;
They, ſpeaking lies, do ſtray, as ſoon
as to the world they come.
4 Unto a ſerpent's poiſon like
their poiſon doth appear;
Yea, they are like the adder deaf,
that cloſely ſtops her ear:
5 That ſo ſhe might not hear the voice
of one that charm her would,
No not though he moſt cunning were,
and charm moſt wiſely could.
6 Their teeth, O God, within their mouth
break thou in pieces ſmall;
The great teeth break thou out, O Lord,
of theſe young lions all.
7 Let them like waters melt away,
which downward ſtill do flow:
In pieces cut his arrows all,
when he ſhall bend his bow.
8 Like to a ſnail that melts away,
let each of them be gone;
Like woman's birth untimely, that
they never ſee the ſun.
9 He ſhall them take away, before
your pots the thorn can find,
Both living, and in fury great,
as with a ſtormy wind.
10 The righteous when he vengeance ſees,
he ſhall be joyful then;
The righteous one ſhall waſh his feet
in blood of wicked men.
11 So men ſhall ſay, The righteous man
reward ſhall never miſs;
And verily upon the earth
a God to judge there is.

PSAL. LIX.

MY God, deliver me from thoſe
that are mine enemies:
And do thou me defend from thoſe
that up againſt me riſe.
2 Do thou deliver me from them
that work iniquity,
And give me ſafety from the men
of bloody cruelty.
3 For lo, they for my ſoul lay wait;
the mighty do combine
Againſt me, Lord, not for my fault,
nor any ſin of mine.
4 They run, and without fault in me
themſelves do ready make:
Awake to meet me with thy help,
and do thou notice take.
5 Awake therefore, Lord God of hoſts,
thou God of Iſrael,
To viſit heathen all: ſpare none
that wickedly rebel.
6 At ev'ning they go to and fro:
they make great noiſe and ſound
Like to a dog, and often walk
about the city round.
7 Behold, they belch out with their mouth:
and in their lips are ſwords;
For they do ſay thus, Who is he
that now doth hear our words?
8 But thou, O Lord, ſhalt laugh at them,
and all the heathen mock.
9 While he's in pow'r I'll wait on thee:
for God is my high rock.
10 He of my mercy that is God,

betimes shall me prevent:
Upon mine en'mies God shall let
me see mine heart's content.
11 Them slay not, lest my folk forget:
but scatter them abroad
By thy strong pow'r; and bring them down,
O thou our shield and God.
12 For their mouth's sin, and for the words
that from their lips do fly.
Let them be taken in their pride;
because they curse and lie.
13 In wrath consume them, them consume,
that so they may not be:
And, that in Jacob God doth rule,
to th' earth's ends let them see.
14 At ev'ning let thou them return,
making great noise and sound
Like to a dog, and often walk
about the city round.
15 And let them wander up and down,
in seeking food to eat;
And let them grudge, when they shall not
be satisfied with meat.
16 But of thy pow'r I'll sing aloud,
at morn thy mercy praise:
For thou to me my refuge wast,
and tow'r in troublous days.
17 O God, that art my strength, I will
sing praises unto thee;
For God is my defence, a God
of mercy unto me.

PSAL. LX.

O Lord, thou hast rejected us,
and scatter'd us abroad,
Thou justly hast displeased been;
return to us, O God.
2 The earth to tremble thou hast made;
therein didst breaches make:
Do thou thereof the breaches heal,
because the land doth shake.
3 Unto thy people thou hard things
hast shew'd, and on them sent;
And thou hast caused us to drink
wine of astonishment.
4 And yet a banner thou hast giv'n
to them who thee do fear:
That it by them, because of truth,
displayed may appear.
5 That thy beloved people may
deliver'd be from thrall,
Save with the pow'r of thy right hand,
and hear me when I call.
6 God in his holiness hath spoke,
Herein I will take pleasure:
Shechem I will divide, and forth
will Succoth's valley measure.
7 Gilead I claim as mine by right,
Manasseh mine shall be;
Ephra'm is of mine head the strength,
Judah gives laws for me.
8 Moab's my washing pot, my shoe
I'll over Edom throw;
And over Palestina's land
I will in triumph go.
9 O who is he will bring me to
the city fortify'd?
O who is he that to the land
Of Edom will me guide?
10 O God, which hadest us cast off,
this thing wilt thou not do?
Ev'n thou, O God, which didest not
forth with our armies go.
11 Help us from trouble: for the help
is vain which man supplies.
12 Through God we'll do great acts: he shall
tread down our enemies.

PSAL. LXI.

O God, give ear unto my cry,
unto my pray'r attend.
2 From th' utmost corner of the land
my cry to thee I'll send,
What time my heart is overwhelm'd
and in perplexity:
Do thou me lead unto the rock
that higher is than I.
3 For thou hast for my refuge been
a shelter by thy pow'r;
And, for defence against my foes,
thou hast been a strong tow'r.
4 Within thy tabernacle I
for ever will abide:
And under covert of thy wings,
with confidence me hide.
5 For thou the vows that I did make,
O Lord my God, did'st hear:
Thou hast giv'n me the heritage
of those thy name that fear.
6 A life prolong'd for many days
thou to the king wilt give:
Like many generations be
the years which he shall live.
7 He in God's presence his abode
for evermore shall have:
O do thou truth and mercy both
prepare, that may him save.
8 And so will I perpetually
sing praise unto thy name;
That, having made my vows, I may
each day perform the same.

PSAL. LXII.

MY soul with expectation
depends on God indeed:
My strength and my salvation doth
from him alone proceed.
2 He only my salvation is,
and my strong rock is he:
He only is my sure defence;
much mov'd I shall not be.
3 How long will ye against a man
plot mischief? ye shall all

Be slain; ye as a tott'ring fence
shall be, and bowing wall.
4 They only plot to cast him down
from his excellency;
They joy in lies: with mouth they bless,
but they curse inwardly.
5 My soul, wait thou with patience
upon thy God alone:
On him dependeth all my hope
and expectation.
6 He only my salvation is,
and my strong Rock is he:
He only is my sure defence:
I shall not moved be.
7 In God my glory placed is,
and my salvation sure:
In God the rock is of my strength
my refuge most secure.
8 Ye people, place your confidence
in him continually:
Before him pour ye out your heart:
God is our refuge high.
9 Surely mean men are vanity,
and great men are a lie:
In balance laid, they wholly are
more light than vanity.
10 Trust ye not in oppression,
in robb'ry be not vain;
On wealth set not your hearts, when as
increased is your gain.
11 God hath it spoken once to me,
yea, this I heard again,
That power to Almighty God
alone doth appertain.
12 Yea, mercy also unto thee
belongs, O Lord, alone:
For thou according to his work
rewardest ev'ry one.

PSAL. LXIII.

LOrd, thee my God I'll early seek:
my soul doth thirst for thee,
My flesh longs in a dry parch'd land
wherein no waters be.
2 That I thy power may behold,
and brightness of thy face,
As I have seen thee heretofore
within thy holy place.
3 Since better is thy love than life,
my lips thee praise shall give.
4 I in thy name will lift mine hands,
and bless thee while I live.
5 Ev'n as with marrow and with fat,
my soul shall filled be;
Then shall my mouth with joyful lips
sing praises unto thee:
6 When I do thee upon my bed
remember with delight,
And when on thee I meditate
in watches of the night.
7 In shadow of thy wings I'll joy,
for thou mine help hast been.
8 My soul thee follows hard; and me
thy right hand doth sustain.
9 Who seek my soul to spill, shall sink
down to earth's lowest room.
10 They by the sword shall be cut off,
and foxes prey become,
11 Yet shall the king in God rejoice,
and each one glory shall
That swear by him: but stopt shall be
the mouth of liars all.

PSAL. LXIV.

WHen I to thee my prayer make,
Lord, to my voice give ear;
My life save from the enemy,
of whom I stand in fear.
2 Me from their secret counsel hide
who do live wickedly;
From insurrection of those men
that work iniquity.
3 Who do their tongues with malice whet,
and make them cut like swords;
In whose bent bows are arrows set,
ev'n sharp and bitter words.
4 That they may at the perfect man
in secret aim their shot:
Yea, suddenly they dare at him
to shoot, and fear it not.
5 In ill encourage they themselves,
and their snares close to lay:
Together conference they have,
Who shall them see? they say.
6 They have search'd out iniquities,
a perfect search they keep:
Of each of them the inward thought
and very heart is deep.
7 God shall an arrow shoot at them,
and wound them suddenly.
8 So their own tongue shall them confound;
all who them see shall flee.
9 And on all men a fear shall fall,
God's work they shall declare;
For they shall wisely notice take
what these his doings are.
10 In God the righteous shall rejoice,
and trust upon his might:
Yea, they shall greatly glory all,
in heart that are upright.

PSAL. LXV.

PRaise waits for thee in Zion, Lor
to thee vows paid shall be.
2 O thou that hearer art of pray'r,
all flesh shall come to thee.
3 Iniquities, I must confess,
prevail against me do:
But as for our transgressions,
them purge away shalt thou.
4 Blest is the man whom thou dost chuse,
and mak'st approach to thee,
That he within thy courts, O Lord,

may ſtill a dweller be:
We ſurely ſhall be ſatisfy'd
with thy abundant grace,
And with the goodneſs of thy houſe,
ev'n of thy holy place.
5 O God of our ſalvation,
thou in thy righteouſneſs
By fearful works unto our pray'rs
thine anſwer doſt expreſs:
Therefore the ends of all the earth,
and thoſe afar that be
Upon the ſea, their confidence,
O Lord, will place in thee.
6 Who, being girt with pow'r, ſets faſt,
by his great ſtrength, the hills.
7 Who noiſe of ſeas, noiſe of their waves,
and peoples tumult ſtills.
8 Thoſe in the utmoſt parts that dwell
are at thy ſigns afraid:
Th' out-goings of the morn and ev'n
by thee are joyful made.
9 The earth thou viſit'ſt, wat'ring it,
thou mak'ſt it rich to grow
With God's full flood; thou corn prepar'ſt,
when thou provid'ſt it ſo.
10 Her riggs thou wat'reſt plenteouſly,
her furrows ſettleſt:
With ſhow'rs thou doſt her mollify,
her ſpring by thee is bleſt.
11 So thou the year moſt lib'rally
doſt with thy goodneſs crown;
And all thy paths abundantly
on us drop fatneſs down.
12 They drop upon the paſtures wide,
that do in deſerts ly:
The little hills on ev'ry ſide
rejoice right pleaſantly.
13 With flocks the paſtures clothed be,
the vales with corn are clad:
And now they ſhoot and ſing to thee,
for thou haſt made them glad.

PSAL. LXVI.

ALl lands, to God in joyful ſounds
aloft your voices raiſe.
2 Sing forth the honour of his name,
and glorious make his praiſe.
3 Say unto God, How terrible
in all thy works art thou?
Through thy great pow'r thy foes to thee
ſhall be conſtrain'd to bow.
4 All on the earth ſhall worſhip thee,
they ſhall thy praiſe proclaim
In ſongs: they ſhall ſing cheerfully
unto thy holy name.
5 Come, and the works that God hath wrought
with admiration ſee:
In's working to the ſons of men
moſt terrible is he
6 Into dry land the ſea he turn'd
and they a paſſage had,
Ev'n marching through the flood on foot,
there we in him were glad.
7 He ruleth ever by his pow'r,
his eyes the nations ſee:
O let not the rebellious ones
lift up themſelves on high.
8 Ye people, bleſs our God: aloud
the voice ſpeak of his praiſe.
9 Our ſoul in life who ſafe preſerves,
our feet from ſliding ſtays.
10 For thou, O God, didſt prove, and try us, Lord,
as men do ſilver try:
11 Brought'ſt us into the net, and mad'ſt
bands on our loins to ly.
12 Thou hadſt caus'd men ride o'er our heads,
and though that we did paſs
Through fire and water, yet thou brought'ſt
us to a wealthy place.
13 I'll bring burnt-off'rings to thy houſe;
to thee my vows I'll pay,
14 Which my lips utter'd, my mouth ſpake
when trouble on me lay:
15 Burnt-ſacrifices of fat rams
with incenſe I will bring;
Of bullocks and of goats I will
preſent an offering.
16 All that fear God, come, hear, I'll tell
what he did for my ſoul.
17 I with my mouth unto him cry'd,
my tongue did him extol.
18 If in my heart I ſin regard,
the Lord me will not hear:
19 But ſurely God me heard, and to
my prayer's voice gave ear.
20 O Let the Lord, our gracious God,
for ever bleſſed be,
Who turned not my pray'r from him,
nor yet his grace from me.

PSAL. LXVII.

LOrd, bleſs and pity us,
ſhine on us with thy face:
2 That th' earth thy way, and nations all
may know thy ſaving grace.
3 Let people praiſe thee, Lord,
let people all thee praiſe.
4 O let the nations be glad,
in ſongs their voices raiſe:
Thou'lt juſtly people judge,
on earth rule nations all.
5 Let people praiſe thee, Lord; let them
praiſe thee, both great and ſmall.
6 The earth her fruit ſhall yield,
our God ſhall bleſſing ſend.
7 God ſhall us bleſs, men ſhall him fear
unto earth's utmoſt end.

Another of the ſame.

LOrd, unto us be merciful,
do thou us alſo bleſs:
And graciouſly cauſe ſhine on us
the brightneſs of thy face,

2 That so thy way upon the earth
to all men may be known,
Also among the nations all
thy saving health be shown.
3 O let the people praise thee, Lord,
let people all thee praise.
4 O let the nations be glad,
and sing for joy always:
For rightly thou shalt people judge,
and nations rule on earth.
5 Let people praise thee, Lord; let all
the folk praise thee with mirth.
6 Then shall the earth yield her increase;
God, our God bless us shall.
7 God shall us bless, and of the earth
the ends shall fear him all.

PSAL. LXVIII.

LEt God arise, and scattered
let all his en'mies be:
And let all those that do him hate,
before his presence flee.
2 As smoke is driven, so drive thou them:
as fire melts wax away,
Before God's face let wicked men
so perish and decay.
3 But let the righteous be glad:
let them before God's sight
Be very joyful; yea, let them
rejoice with all their might.
4 To God sing, to his name sing praise:
extol him with your voice,
That rides on heav'n by his name JAH,
before his face rejoice.
5 Because the Lord a father is
unto the fatherless:
God is the widow's judge, within
his place of holiness.
6 God doth the solitary set
in fam'lies, and from bands
The chain'd doth free; but rebels do
inhabit parched lands.
7 O God, what time thou did'st go forth
before thy people's face;
And when through the great wilderness
thy glorious marching was:
8 Then at God's presence shook the earth,
Then drops from heaven fell;
This Sinai shook before the Lord,
the God of Israel.
9 O God, thou to thine heritage
didst send a plenteous rain,
Whereby thou, when it weary was,
didst it refresh again.
10 Thy congregation then did make
their habitation there:
Of thine own goodness for the poor,
O God, thou didst prepare.
11 The Lord himself did give the word,
the word abroad did spread;
Great was the company of them
the same who published.
12 Kings of great armies foiled were,
and forc'd to flee away;
And women, who remain'd at home,
did distribute the prey.
13 Though ye have ly'n among the pots,
like doves ye shall appear,
Whose wings with silver, and with gold
whose feathers cover'd are.
14 When there th'Almighty scatter'd kings,
like Salmon's snow, 'twas white.
15 God's hill is like to Bashan hill,
like Bashan hill for height.
16 Why do ye leap, ye mountains high?
this is the hill where God
Desires to dwell; yea, God in it
for ay will make abode.
17 God's chariots twenty thousand are,
thousands of angels strong;
In's holy place God is, as in
mount Sinai, them among.
18 Thou hast, O Lord, most glorious
ascended up on high;
And in triumph victorious led
captive captivity:
Thou hast received gifts for men,
for such as did rebel;
Yea, ev'n for them; that God the Lord
in midst of them might dwell.
19 Blest be the Lord, who is to us
of our salvation God,
Who daily with his benefits
us plenteously doth load.
20 He of salvation is the God,
who is our God most strong;
And, unto God the Lord from death
the issues do belong.
21 But surely God shall wound the head
of those that are his foes:
The hairy scalp of him that still
on in his trespass goes.
22 God said, My people I will bring
again from Bashan hill;
Yea, from the sea's devouring deeps
them bring again I will.
23 That in the blood of enemies
thy foot imbru'd may be;
And of thy dogs dipt in the same
the tongues thou mayest see.
24 Thy goings they have seen, O God,
the steps of majesty
Of my God and my mighty King,
within the sanctuary.
25 Before went singers, players next
on instruments took way;
And them among the damsels were,
that did on timbrels play.
26 Within the congregations
bless God with one accord;
From Israel's fountain do ye bless,

and praiſe the mighty Lord.
27 With their prince little Benjamin,
princes and counſel there
Of Judah were, there Zebulun's
and Napht'li's princes were. (ſtrong
28 Thy God commands thy ſtrength: make
what thou wrought'ſt for us, Lord.
29 For thy houſe at Jeruſalem,
kings ſhall thee gifts afford.
30 The ſpear-mens hoſt, the multitude
of bulls, which fiercely look,
Thoſe calves which people have forth ſent,
O Lord our God, rebuke,
Till ev'ry one ſubmit himſelf,
and ſilver pieces bring:
The people that delight in war
diſperſe, O God and King.
31 Thoſe that be princes great, ſhall then
come out of Egypt lands,
And Ethiopia to God
ſhall ſoon ſtreteh out her hands,
32 O all ye kingdoms of the earth,
ſing praiſes to this King,
For he is Lord that ruleth all,
unto him praiſes ſing:
33 To him that rides on heav'ns of heav'ns,
which he of old did ſound;
Lo, he ſends out his voice, a voice
in might that doth abound.
34 Strength unto God do ye aſcribe;
for his excellency
Is over Iſrael, his ſtrength
is in the clouds moſt high.
35 Thou'rt from thy temple dreadful, Lord,
Iſra'l's own God is he,
Who gives his people ſtrength and pow'r:
O let God bleſſed be.

PSAL. LXIX.

SAve me, O God, becauſe the floods
do ſo environ me,
That ev'n unto my very ſoul
come in the waters be.
2 I downward in deep mire do ſink,
Where ſtanding there is none:
I am into deep waters come,
where floods have o'er me gone.
3 I weary with my crying am,
my throat is alſo dried;
Mine eyes do fail, while for my God
I waiting do abide.
4 Thoſe men that do without a cauſe
bear hatred unto me,
Than are the hairs upon my head
in number more they be.
They that would me deſtroy, and are
mine en'mies wrongfully,
Are mighty: ſo what I took not
to render forc'd was I.
5 Lord, thou my folly know'ſt; my ſins
not cover'd are from thee.
6 Let none that wait on thee be ſham'd,
Lord God of hoſts, for me.
O Lord the God of Iſrael,
let none who ſearch do make,
And ſeek thee, be at any time
confounded for my ſake.
7 For I have borne reproach for thee:
my face is hid with ſhame.
8 To brethren ſtrange, to mother's ſons
an alien I became.
9 Becauſe the zeal did eat me up
which to thine houſe I bare;
And the reproaches caſt at thee,
upon me fallen are.
10 My tears and faſts, t'afflict my ſoul,
were turned to my ſhame.
11 When ſackcloth I did wear, to them
a proverb I became.
12 The men that in the ga te do ſit
againſt me evil ſpeak;
They alſo that vile drunkards were,
of me their ſong did make.
13 But, in an acceptable time,
my pray'r, Lord, is to thee:
In truth of thy ſalvation, Lord,
and mercy great, hear me.
14 Deliver me out of the mire,
from ſinking do me keep;
Free me from thoſe that do me hate,
and from the waters deep.
15 Let not the flood on me prevail,
whoſe water overflows;
Nor deep me ſwallow, nor the pit
her mouth upon me cloſe.
16 Hear me, O Lord, becauſe thy love
and kindneſs is moſt good;
Turn unto me according to
thy mercies multitude.
17 Nor from thy ſervant hide thy face;
I'm troubl'd, ſoon attend.
18 Draw near my ſoul, and it redeem;
me from my foes defend.
19 To thee is my reproach well known,
my ſhame, and my diſgrace:
Thoſe that mine adverſaries be
are all before thy face.
20 Reproach hath broke my heart, I'm full
of grief; I look'd for one
To pity me; but none I found;
comforters found I none.
21 They alſo bitter gall did give
unto me for my meat:
They gave me vinegar to drink,
when as my thirſt was great.
22 Before them let their table prove
a ſnare; and do thou make
Their welfare and proſperity
a trap themſelves to take.
23 Let thou their eyes ſo darkned be,
that ſight may them forſake:

And let their loins be made by thee
continually to shake.
24 Thy fury pour thou out on them,
and indignation;
And let thy wrathful anger, Lord,
fast hold take them upon.
25 All waste and desolate let be
their habitation;
And in their tabernacles all
inhabitants be none.
26 Because him they do persecute,
whom thou didst smite before;
They talk unto the grief of those
whom thou hast wounded sore.
27 Add thou iniquity unto
their former wickedness;
And do not let them come at all
into thy righteousness.
28 Out of the book of life let them
be raz'd and blotted quite;
Among the just and righteous
let not their names be writ.
29 But now become exceeding poor
and sorrowful am I:
By thy salvation, O my God,
let me be set on high.
30 The name of God I with a song
most cheerfully will praise;
And I, in giving thanks to him,
his name shall highly raise.
31 This to the Lord a sacrifice
more gracious shall prove,
Than bullock, ox, or any beast,
that hath both horn and hoof.
32 When this the humble men shall see,
it joy to them shall give:
O all ye that do seek the Lord,
your hearts shall ever live.
33 For God the poor hears, and will not
his prisoners contemn.
34 Let heav'n, and earth, and seas him praise,
and all that move in them.
35 For God will Judah's cities build,
and he will Sion save;
That they may dwell therein, and it
in sure possession have.
36 And they that are his servants seed
inherit shall the same;
So shall they have their dwelling here
that love his blessed name.

PSAL. LXX.

LOrd, haste, me to deliver;
with speed, Lord, succour me.
2 Let them that for my soul do seek,
sham'd and confounded be:
Turn'd back be they, and sham'd,
that in my hurt delight.
3 Turn'd back be they, Ha, ha, that say,
their shaming to requite.
4 In thee let all be glad,
and joy, that seek for thee:
Let them who thy salvation love,
say still, God praised be.
5 I poor and needy am,
come, Lord, and make no stay:
My help thou and deliv'rer art,
O Lord, make no delay.

Another of the same.

MAke haste, O God, me to preserve;
with speed, Lord succour me.
2 Let them that for my soul do seek
sham'd and confounded be:
Let them be turned back, and sham'd,
that in my hurt delight.
3 Turn'd back be they, Ha, ha, that say,
their shaming to requite.
4 O Lord, in thee let all be glad,
and joy, that seek for thee:
Let them who thy salvation love,
say still, God praised be.
5 But I both poor and needy am;
come, Lord, and make no stay:
My help thou and deliv'rer art;
O Lord, make no delay.

PSAL. LXXI.

O Lord, my hope and confidence
is plac'd in thee alone:
Then let thy servant never be
put to confusion.
2 And let me, in thy righteousness,
from thee deliv'rance have;
Cause me escape, incline thine ear
unto me, and me save.
3 Be thou my dwelling-rock, to which
I ever may resort:
Thou gav'st commandment me to save,
for thou'rt my rock and fort.
4 Free me, my God, from wicked hands,
hands cruel and unjust.
5 For thou, O Lord God, art my hope,
and, from my youth, my trust.
6 Thou from the womb didst hold me up:
thou art the same that me
Out of my mother's bowels took;
I ever will praise thee.
7 To many I a wonder am;
but thou'rt my refuge strong.
8 Fill'd let my mouth be with thy praise,
and honour all day long.
9 O do not cast me off, when as
old age doth overtake me;
And, when my strength decayed is,
then do not thou forsake me.
10 For those that are mine enemies,
against me speak with hate:
And they together counsel take,
that for my soul lay wait.
11 They said, God leaves him, him pursue;
and take; none will him save.
12 Be thou not far from me, my God:

thy speedy help I crave.
13 Confound, confume them, that unto
my foul are enemies:
Cloth'd be they with reproach and fhame
that do my hurt devife.
14 But I with expectation
will hope continually;
And yet with praifes more and more
I will thee magnify.
15 Thy juftice and falvation,
my mouth abroad fhall fhow
Ev'n all the day; for I thereof
the numbers do not know.
16 And I will conftantly go on
in ftrength of God the Lord:
And thine own righteoufnefs, ev'n thine
alone, I will record.
17 For even from my youth, O God,
by thee I have been taught;
And hitherto I have declar'd
the wonders thou haft wrought.
18 And now, Lord, leave me not, when I
old and gray-headed grow:
Till to this age thy ftrength and pow'r
to all to come I fhow.
19 And thy moft perfect righteoufnefs,
O Lord, is very high,
Who haft fo great things done: O God,
who is like unto thee?
20 Thou, Lord, who great adverfities,
and fore, to me didft fhow,
Shalt quicken and bring me again
from depths of earth below.
21 My greatnefs and my pow'r thou wilt
increafe, and far extend:
On ev'ry fide againft all grief
thou wilt me comfort fend.
22 Thee, ev'n thy truth, I'll alfo praife,
my God, with pfaltery:
Thou holy one of Ifrael,
with harp I'll fing to thee.
23 My lips fhall much rejoice in thee,
when I thy praifes found;
My foul, which thou redeemed haft,
in joy fhall much abound.
24 My tongue thy juftice fhall proclaim,
continuing all day long:
For they confounded are, and fham'd,
that feek to do me wrong.

PSAL. LXXII.

O Lord, thy judgments give the king,
his fon thy righteoufnefs.
2 With right he fhall thy people judge,
thy poor with uprightnefs.
3 The lofty mountains fhall bring forth
unto the people peace;
Likewife the little hills the fame
fhall do by righteoufnefs.
4 The people's poor ones he fhall judge,
the needy's children fave:
And thofe fhall he in pieces break
who them oppreffed have.
5 They fhall thee fear, while fun and moon
do laft, through ages all.
6 Like rain on mown grafs he fhall drop,
or fhow'rs on earth that fall.
7 The juft fhall flourifh in his days,
and profper in his reign:
He fhall, while doth the moon endure,
abundant peace maintain.
8 His large and great dominion fhall
from fea to fea extend:
It from the river fhall reach forth
unto earth's utmoft end.
9 They in the wildernefs that dwell,
bow down before him muft:
And they that are his enemies
fhall lick the very duft.
10 The kings of Tarifhifh, and the ifles,
to him fhall prefents bring;
And unto him fhall offer gifts
Sheba's and Seba's king.
11 Yea, all the mighty kings on earth
before him down fhall fall:
And all the nations of the world
do fervice to him fhall.
12 For he the needy fhall preferve,
when he to him doth call:
The poor alfo, and him that hath
no help of man at all.
13 The poor man and the indigent
in mercy he fhall fpare;
He fhall preferve alive the fouls
of thofe that needy are.
14 Both from deceit and violence,
their foul he fhall fet free;
And in his fight right precious
and dear their blood fhall be.
15 Yea, he fhall live, and giv'n to him
fhall be of Sheba's gold;
For him ftill fhall they pray, and he
fhall daily be extoll'd.
16 Of corn an handful in the earth
on tops of mountains high,
With profp'rous fruit fhall fhake, like trees
on Lebanon that be.
The city fhall be flourifhing,
her citizens abound
In number fhall, like to the grafs
that grows upon the ground.
17 His name for ever fhall endure,
laft like the fun it fhall:
Men fhall be bleft in him, and bleft
all nations fhall him call.
18 Now bleffed be the Lord our God,
the God of Ifrael;
For he alone doth wondrous works,
in glory that excel.
19 And bleffed be his glorious name
to all eternity;

The whole earth let his glory fill:
Amen, so let it be.

PSAL. LXXIII.

YEt God is good to Israel,
to each pure-hearted one.
2 But as for me, my steps near slipt,
my feet were almost gone.
3 For I envious was, and grudg'd
the foolish folk to see,
When I perceiv'd the wicked sort
enjoy prosperity.
4 For still their strength continueth firm,
their death of bands is free.
5 They are not toil'd as other men,
nor plagu'd as others be.
6 Therefore their pride, like to a chain,
them compasseth about;
And, as a garment, violence
doth cover them throughout.
7 Their eyes stand out with fat, they have
more than their hearts could wish.
8 They are corrupt, their talk of wrong
both lewd and lofty is.
9 They set their mouth against the heav'ns
in their blasphemous talk;
And their reproaching tongue throughout
the earth at large doth walk.
10 His people oftentimes for this
look back, and turn about;
Sith waters of so full a cup
to these are poured out.
11 And thus they say, How can it be
that God these things doth know?
Or, can there in the Highest be
knowledge of things below?
12 Behold, these are the wicked ones,
yet prosper at their will
In worldly things, they do increase
in wealth and riches still.
13 I verily have done in vain
my heart to purify;
To no effect in innocence
washed my hands have I,
14 For daily, and all day throughout,
great plagues I suffer'd have;
Yea, ev'ry morning I of new
did chastisement receive.
15 If in this manner foolishly
to speak I would intend,
Thy childrens generation,
behold, I should offend.
16 When I this thought to know, it was
too hard a thing for me:
17 Till to God's sanctuary I went;
then I their end did see.
18 Assuredly thou didst them set
a slippery place upon:
Them suddenly thou castedst down
into destruction.
19 How, in a moment suddenly
to ruin brought are they!
With fearful terrors utterly
they are consum'd away.
20 Ev'n like unto a dream, when one
from sleeping doth arise;
So thou, O Lord, when thou awak'st,
their image shalt despise.
21 Thus grieved was my heart in me,
and me my reins oppress.
22 So rude was I, and ignorant;
and in thy sight a beast.
23 Nevertheless continually,
O Lord, I am with thee:
Thou dost me hold by my right hand,
and still upholdest me.
24 Thou with thy counsel, while I live,
wilt me conduct and guide;
And to thy glory afterward
receive me to abide.
25 Whom have I in the heavens high,
but thee, O Lord, alone?
And in the earth, whom I desire
besides thee there is none.
26 My flesh and heart doth faint and fail;
but God doth fail me never;
For of my heart God is the strength,
and portion for ever.
27 For lo, they that are far from thee
for ever perish shall:
Them that a-whoring from thee go
thou hast destroyed all.
28 But surely it is good for me,
that I draw near to God:
In God I trust, that all thy works
I may declare abroad.

PSAL. LXXIV.

O God, why hast thou cast us off?
is it for evermore?
Against thy pasture-sheep why doth
thine anger smoke so sore?
2 O call to thy remembrance
thy congregation,
Which thou hast purchased of old,
still think the same upon:
The rod of thine inheritance,
which thou redeemed hast;
This Sion hill, wherein thou hadst
thy dwelling in times past.
3 To these long desolations
thy feet lift, do not tarry;
For all the ills thy foes have done
within thy sanctuary.
4 Amidst thy congregations,
thine enemies do rore;
Their ensigns they set up for signs
of triumph thee before.
5 A man was famous, and was had
in estimation,
According as he lifted up
his axe thick trees upon,

6 But all at once with axes now
and hammers they go to:
And down the carved work thereof,
they break and quite undo.
7 They fired have thy sanctuary,
and have defil'd the same,
By casting down unto the ground
the place where dwelt thy name.
8 Thus said they in their hearts, Let us
destroy them out of hand:
They burnt up all the synagogues
of God within the land:
9 Our signs we do not now behold;
there is not us among
A prophet more, nor any one
that knows the time how long.
10 How long, Lord, shall the enemy
thus in reproach exclaim?
And shall the adversary thus
always blaspheme thy name?
11 Thy hand, ev'n thy right hand of might,
why dost thou thus draw back?
O from thy bosom pluck it out,
for our deliv'rance sake.
12 For certainly God is my King,
ev'n from the times of old,
Working in midst of all the earth
salvation manifold.
13 The sea, by thy great pow'r, to part
asunder thou didst make:
And thou the dragons heads, O Lord,
within the waters brake.
14 The leviathans heads thou brak'st
in pieces, and didst give
Him to be meat unto the folk
in wilderness that live.
15 Thou clav'st the fountain and the flood,
which did with streams abound:
Thou dry'dst the mighty waters up
unto the very ground.
16 Thine only is the day, O Lord,
thine also is the night:
And thou alone prepared hast
the sun and shining light.
17 By thee the borders of the earth
were settled ev'ry where:
The summer and the winter both
by thee created were.
18 That th' enemy reproached hath,
O keep it in record:
And that the foolish people have
blasphem'd thy name, O Lord.
19 Unto the multitude do not
thy turtle's soul deliver:
The congregation of thy poor
do not forget for ever.
20 Unto thy cov'nant have respect:
for earth's dark places be
Full of the habitations
of horrid cruelty.
21 O let not those that be oppress,
return again with shame:
Let those that poor and needy are
give praise unto thy name.
22 Do thou, O God, arise and plead
the cause that is thine own:
Remember how thou art reproach'd
still by the foolish one.
23 Do not forget the voice of those
that are thine enemies.
Of those the tumult ever grows
that do against thee rise.

PSAL. LXXV.

TO thee, O God, do we give thanks,
we do give thanks to thee:
Because thy wondrous works declare
thy great name near to be.
2 I purpose, when I shall receive
the congregation,
That I shall judgment uprightly
render to ev'ry one.
3 Dissolved is the land, with all
that in the same do dwell;
But I the pillars thereof do
bear up and 'stablish well.
4 I to the foolish people said,
Do not deal foolishly;
And unto those that wicked are,
Lift not your horn on high.
5 Lift not your horn on high, nor speak,
6 with stubborn neck. But know,
That nor from east, nor west, nor south,
promotion doth flow.
7 But God is judge: he puts down one,
and sets another up.
8 For in the hand of God most high
of red wine is a cup:
'Tis full of mixture, he pours forth,
and makes the wicked all
Wring out the bitter dregs thereof;
yea, and they drink them shall.
9 But I for ever will declare,
I Jacob's God will praise.
10 All horns of lewd men I'll cut off;
but just mens horns will raise.

PSAL. LXXVI.

IN Judah's land God is well known,
his name's in Isra'l great:
2 In Salem is his tabernacle,
in Sion is his seat.
3 There arrows of the bow he brake,
the shield, the sword, the war.
4 More glorious thou than hills of prey,
more excellent art far.
5 Those that were stout of heart are spoil'd,
they slept their sleep outright:
And none of those their hands did find,
that were the men of might.
6 When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
had forth against them past.

Their horses and their chariots both
were in a dead sleep cast.
7 Thou, Lord, ev'n thou art he that should
be fear'd; and who is he
That may stand up before thy sight,
if once thou angry be? (heard;
8 From heav'n thou judgment caus'd be
the earth was still with fear,
9 When God to judgment rose, to save
all meek on earth that were.
10 Surely the very wrath of man
unto thy praise redounds:
Thou to the remnant of his wrath
wilt set restraining bounds.
11 Vow to the Lord your God, and pay,
all ye that near him be.
Bring gifts and presents unto him;
for to be fear'd is he:
12 By him the sp'rits shall be cut off
of those that princes are:
Unto the kings that are on earth
he fearful doth appear.

PSAL. LXXVII.

UNto the Lord I with my voice,
I unto God did cry
Ev'n with my voice; and unto me
his ear he did apply.
2 I in my trouble sought the Lord:
my sore by night did run,
And ceased not: my grieved soul
did consolation shun.
3 I to remembrance God did call,
yet trouble did remain:
And overwhelm'd my spirit was,
whilst I did sore complain.
4 Mine eyes, debarr'd from rest and sleep,
thou makest still to wake:
My trouble is so great, that I
unable am to speak.
5 The days of old to mind I call'd,
and oft did think upon
The times and ages that are past
full many years agone.
6 By night my song I call to mind,
and commune with my heart,
My sp'rit did carefully inquire
how I might ease my smart.
7 For ever will the Lord cast off,
and gracious be no more?
8 For ever is his mercy gone?
fails his word evermore?
9 Is't true, that to be gracious
the Lord forgotten hath?
And that his tender mercies he
hath shut up in his wrath?
10 Then did I say, that surely this
is mine infirmity:
I'll mind the years of the right hand
of him that is most High.
11 Yea, I remember will the works
performed by the Lord:
The wonders done of old by thee
I surely will record.
12 I also will of all thy works
my meditation make;
And of thy doings to discourse,
great pleasure I will take.
13 O God, thy way most holy is
within thy sanctuary:
And what god is so great in pow'r,
as is our God most high?
14 Thou art the God that wonders dost
by thy right hand most strong;
Thy mighty pow'r thou hast declar'd
the nations among.
15 To thine own people with thine arm
thou didst redemption bring:
To Jacob's sons, and to the tribes
of Joseph that do spring.
16 The waters, Lord, perceived thee,
the waters saw thee well:
And they for fear aside did flee;
the depths on trembling fell.
17 The clouds in water forth were pour'd,
sound loudly did the sky;
And swiftly through the world abroad
thine arrows fierce did fly.
18 Thy thunder's voice alongst the heav'n
a mighty noise did make:
By lightnings lightned was the world,
th' earth tremble did and shake.
19 Thy way is in the sea, and in
the waters great thy path;
Yet are thy footsteps hid, O Lord,
none knowledge thereof hath.
20 Thy people thou didst safely lead
like to a flock of sheep;
By Moses hand and Aaron's thou
didst them conduct and keep.

PSAL. LXXVIII.

ATtend, my people, to my law,
thereto give thou an ear:
The words that from my mouth proceed
attentively do hear.
2 My mouth shall speak a parable,
and sayings dark of old:
3 The same which we have heard, and known,
and us our fathers told.
4 We also will them not conceal
from their posterity:
Them to the generation
to come declare will we:
The praises of the Lord our God,
and his almighty strength,
The wondrous works that he hath done,
we will shew forth at length.
5 His testimony and his law
in Isra'l he did place,
And charg'd our fathers it to show
to their succeeding race.

6 That so the race which was to come
might well them learn and know;
And sons unborn who should arise
might to their sons them show.
7 That they might set their hope in God,
and suffer not to fall
His mighty works out of their mind:
but keep his precepts all.
8 And might not, like their fathers, be
a stiff rebellious race;
A race not right in heart, with God
whose sp'rit not stedfast was.
9 The sons of Ephra'm, who nor bows,
nor other arms did lack,
When as the day of battle was,
they faintly turned back.
10 They brake God's cov'nant and refus'd
in his commands to go.
11 His works and wonders they forgot,
which he to them did show.
12 Things marvellous he brought to pass,
their fathers them beheld,
Within the land of Egypt done,
yea, ev'n in Zoan's field.
13 By him divided was the sea,
he caus'd them through to pass;
And made the waters so to stand,
as like an heap it was.
14 With cloud by day, with light of fire,
all night he did them guide.
15 In desert rocks he clave, and drink
as from great depths supply'd. (floods
16 He from the rock brought streams, like
made waters to run down.
17 Yet sinning more, in desert they
provok'd the highest One.
18 For in their heart they tempted God,
and, speaking with mistrust,
They greedily did meat require
to satisfy their lust.
19 Against the Lord himself they spake;
and murmuring, said thus,
A table in the wilderness,
can God prepare for us?
20 Behold, he smote the rock; and thence
came streams and waters great:
But can he give his people bread? '
and send them flesh to eat?
21 The Lord did hear, and waxed wroth,
so kindled was a flame
'Gainst Jacob, and 'gainst Israel
up indignation came.
22 For they believ'd not God, nor trust
in his salvation had:
23 Though clouds above he did command,
and heav'n's doors open made;
24 And manna rain'd on them, and gave
them corn of heav'n to eat.
25 Man angels food did eat: to them
he to the full sent meat.
26 And in the heaven he did cause
an eastern wind to blow;
And by his power he let out
the southern wind to go.
27 Then flesh as thick as dust he made
to rain down them among;
And feather'd fowls, like as the sand
which ly'th the shore along.
28 At his command amidst their camp
these show'rs of flesh down fell,
All round about the tabernacles,
and tents where they did dwell.
29 So did they eat abundantly,
and had of meat their fill:
For he did give to them what was
their own desire and will.
30 They from their lust had not estrang'd
their heart and their desire:
But while the meat was in their mouth,
which they did so require,
31 God's wrath upon them came, and slew
the fattest of them all:
So that the choice of Israel
o'erthrown by death did fall.
32 Yet notwithstanding of all this,
they sinned still the more:
And though he had great wonders wrought,
believ'd him not therefore.
33 Wherefore their days in vanity
he did consume and waste:
And by his wrath their wretched years
away in trouble past.
34 But when he slew them, then they did
to seek him shew desire:
Yea, they return'd, and after God
right early did inquire.
35 And that the Lord had been their rock,
they did remember then:
Ev'n that the high almighty God
had their Redeemer been.
36 Yet with their mouth they flatter'd him,
and spake but feignedly:
And they unto the God of truth
with their false tongues did lie. (heart
37 For though their words were good, their
with him was not sincere:
Unstedfast and perfidious
they in his cov'nant were.
38 But full of pity, he forgave
their sin, them did not slay:
Nor stirr'd up all his wrath, but oft
his anger turn'd away.
39 For that they were but fading flesh
to mind he did recal;
A wind that passeth soon away,
and not returns at all.
40 How often did they him provoke
within the wilderness?
And in the desert did him grieve
with their rebelliousness?

41 Yea, turning back they tempted God,
and limits ſet upon
Him, who in the midſt of Iſra'l is
the only holy One.
42 They did not call to mind his pow'r,
nor yet the day when he
Deliver'd them out of the hand
of their fierce enemy.
43 Nor how great ſigns in Egypt land
he openly had wrought,
What miracles in Zoan's field
his hand to paſs had brought.
44 How lakes and rivers every where
he turned into blood;
So that no man nor beaſt could drink
of ſtanding lake or flood.
45 He brought among them ſwarms of flies,
which did them ſore annoy;
And divers kinds of filthy frogs
he ſent, them to deſtroy.
46 He to the caterpillar gave
the fruits of all their ſoil:
Their labours he deliver'd up
unto the locuſts ſpoil.
47 Their vines with hail, their ſycomores
he with the froſt did blaſt.
48 Their beaſts to hail he gave, their flocks
hot thunder-bolts did waſte.
49 Fierce burning wrath he on them caſt,
and indignation ſtrong,
And troubles ſore, by ſending forth
ill angels them among.
50 He to his wrath made way, their ſoul
from death he did not ſave;
But over to the peſtilence
the lives of them he gave.
51 In Egypt land the firſt-born all
he ſmote down ev'ry where;
Amongſt the tents of Ham, ev'n theſe
chief of their ſtrength that were.
52 But his own people like to ſheep
thence to go forth he made;
And he amidſt the wilderneſs
them as a flock did lead.
53 And he them ſafely on did lead,
ſo that they did not fear:
Whereas their en'mies by the ſea
quite overwhelmed were.
54 To borders of his ſanctuary
the Lord his people led,
Ev'n to the mount which his right hand
for them had purchaſed.
55 The nations of Canaan,
by his almighty hand
Before their face he did expel
out of their native land;
Which for inheritance to them
by line he did divide,
And made the tribes of Iſrael
within their tents abide.
56 Yet God moſt high they did provoke,
and tempted ever ſtill;
And to obſerve his teſtimonies,
did not incline their will.
57 But like their fathers, turned back,
and dealt unfaithfully:
Aſide they turned, like a bow
that ſhoots deceitfully.
58 For they to anger did provoke
him with their places high;
And with their graven images
mov'd him to jealouſy.
59 When God heard this, he waxed wroth,
and much loth'd Iſra'l then:
60 So Shiloh's tent he left, the tent
which he had plac'd with men:
61 And he his ſtrength delivered
into captivity,
He left his glory in the hand
of his proud enemy.
62 His people alſo he gave o'er
unto the ſword's fierce rage:
So ſore his wrath inflamed was
againſt his heritage.
63 The fire conſum'd their choice young men:
their maids no marriage had.
64 And when their prieſts fell by the ſword,
their wives no mourning made.
65 But then the Lord aroſe, as one
that doth from ſleep awake;
And like a giant that, by wine
refreſh'd, a ſhout doth make.
66 Upon his en'mies hinder parts
he made his ſtroke to fall;
And ſo upon them he did put
a ſhame perpetual.
67 Moreover, he the tabernacle
of Joſeph did refuſe;
The mighty tribe of Ephraim
he would in no wiſe chuſe.
68 But he did chuſe Jehudah's tribe
to be the reſt above;
And of mount Sion he made choice,
which he ſo much did love.
69 And he his ſanctuary built
like to a palace high,
Like to the earth which he did found
to perpetuity.
70 Of David that his ſervant was,
he alſo choice did make;
And even from the folds of ſheep,
was pleaſed him to take:
71 From waiting on the ews with young,
he brought him forth to feed
Iſrael, his inheritance,
his people, Jacob's ſeed.
72 So after the integrity
he of his heart them fed;
And by the good ſkill of his hands,
them wiſely governed.

PSAL. LXXIX.

O God, the heathen enter'd have
thine heritage; by them
Defiled is thy houſe: on heaps
they laid Jeruſalem.
2 The bodies of thy ſervants they
have caſt forth, to be meat
To rav'nous fowls, thy dear ſaints fleſh
they gave to beaſts to eat.
3 Their blood about Jeruſalem
like water they have ſhed:
And there was none to bury them
when they were ſlain and dead.
4 Unto our neighbours a reproach
moſt baſe become are we:
A ſcorn and laughing-ſtock to them
that round about us be.
5 How long, Lord, ſhall thine anger laſt?
wilt thou ſtill keep the ſame?
And ſhall thy fervent jealouſy
burn like unto a flame?
6 On heathens pour thy fury forth,
that have thee never known,
And on thoſe kingdoms which thy name
have never call'd upon.
7 For theſe are they who Jacob have
devoured cruelly,
And they his habitation
have cauſed waſte to ly.
8 Againſt us mind not former ſins:
thy tender mercies ſhow.
Let them prevent us ſpeedily,
for we're brought very low.
9 For thy name's glory, help us, Lord,
who haſt our ſaviour been:
Deliver us for thy name's ſake,
O purge away our ſin.
10 Why ſay the heathen, Where's their God?
let him to them be known;
When thoſe who ſhed thy ſervants blood,
are in our ſight o'erthrown.
11 O let the pris'ners ſighs aſcend
before thy ſight on high:
Preſerve thoſe in thy mighty pow'r
that are deſign'd to die.
12 And to our neighbour's boſom cauſe
it ſev'n-fold rendred be,
Ev'n the reproach wherewith they have,
O Lord, reproached thee.
13 So we thy folk and paſture-ſheep
will give thee thanks always:
And unto generations all
we will ſhew forth thy praiſe.

PSAL. LXXX.

HEar, Iſra'l's ſhepherd, like a flock
thou that doſt Joſeph guide,
Shine forth, O thou that doſt between
the cherubims abide.
2 In Ephraim's and Benjamin's
and in Manaſſeh's ſight,
O come, for our ſalvation
ſtir up thy ſtrength and might.
3 Turn us again, O Lord our God,
and upon us vouchſafe
To make thy countenance to ſhine
and ſo we ſhall be ſafe.
4 O Lord of hoſts, almighty God,
how long ſhall kindled be
Thy wrath againſt the prayer made
by thine own folk to thee?
5 Thou tears of ſorrow giv'ſt to them,
inſtead of bread, to eat;
Yea, tears inſtead of drink thou giv'ſt
to them in meaſure great.
6 Thou makeſt us a ſtrife unto
our neighbours round about:
Our enemies among themſelves
at us do laugh and flout.
7 Turn us again, O God of hoſts,
and upon us vouchſafe
To make thy countenance to ſhine;
and ſo we ſhall be ſafe.
8 A vine from Egypt brought thou haſt,
by thine outſtretched hand:
And thou the heathen out didſt caſt,
to plant it in their land.
9 Before it thou a room didſt make,
where it might grow and ſtand:
Thou cauſedſt it deep root to take,
and it did fill the land.
10 The mountains vail'd were with its ſhade,
as with a covering;
Like goodly cedars were the boughs
which out from it did ſpring.
11 Upon the one hand, to the ſea
her boughs ſhe did out-ſend;
On the other ſide, unto the flood,
her branches did extend.
12 Why haſt thou then thus broken down
and ta'en her hedge away?
So that all paſſengers do pluck,
and make of her a prey.
13 The boar who from the foreſt comes,
doth waſte it at his pleaſure;
The wild beaſt of the field alſo
devours it out of meaſure.
14 O God of hoſts, we thee beſeech,
return now unto thine:
Look down from heav'n in love, behold,
and viſit this thy vine:
15 This vineyard which thine own right hand
hath planted us among;
And that ſame branch which for thyſelf
thou haſt made to be ſtrong.
16 Burnt up it is with flaming fire;
it alſo is cut down:
They utterly are periſhed,
when as thy face doth frown.
17 O let thy hand be ſtill upon
the man of thy right hand,

The son of man, whom for thyself
thou madest strong to stand.
18 So henceforth we will not go back;
nor turn from thee at all:
O do thou quicken us, and we
upon thy name will call.
19 Turn us again, Lord God of hosts,
and upon us vouchsafe
To make thy countenance to shine,
and so we shall be safe.

PSAL. LXXXI.

SIng loud to God, our strength: with joy
to Jacob's God do sing.
2 Take up a psalm, the pleasant harp,
timbrel and psaltery bring.
3 Blow trumpets at new-moon, what day
our feast appointed is:
4 For charge to Isra'l, and a law
of Jacob's God was this.
5 To Joseph this a testimony
he made, when Egypt land
He travell'd through, where speech I heard
I did not understand.
6 His shoulder I from burdens took,
his hands from pots did free.
7 Thou didst in trouble on me call,
and I deliver'd thee:
In secret place of thundering,
I did thee answer make;
And at the streams of Meribah,
of thee a proof did take.
8 O thou my people, give an ear;
I'll testify to thee;
To thee, O Isra'l, if thou wilt
but hearken unto me.
9 In midst of thee there shall not be
any strange god at all:
Nor unto any god unknown
thou bowing down shalt fall.
10 I am the Lord thy God, which did
from Egypt land thee guide:
I'll fill thy mouth abundantly,
do thou it open wide.
11 But yet my people to my voice
would not attentive be;
And ev'n my chosen Israel
he would have none of me.
12 So to the lust of their own hearts,
I them delivered:
And then in counsels of their own
they vainly wandered.
13 O that my people had me heard;
Isra'l my ways had chose!
14 I had their en'mies soon subdu'd;
my hand turn'd on their foes.
15 The haters of the Lord, to him
submission should have feign'd;
But as for them, their time should have
for evermore remain'd.
16 He should have also fed them with
the finest of the wheat:
Of honey from the rock, thy fill
I should have made thee eat.

PSAL. LXXXII.

IN gods assembly God doth stand;
he judgeth gods among;
2 How long, accepting persons vile,
will ye give judgment wrong?
3 Defend the poor and fatherless,
to poor oppress do right.
4 The poor and needy ones set free,
rid them from ill mens might.
5 They know not, nor will understand,
in darkness they walk on:
All the foundations of the earth
out of their course are gone.
6 I said that you are gods, and are
sons of the highest all:
7 But ye shall die like men, and as
one of the princes fall.
8 O God, do thou raise up thyself,
the earth to judgment call:
For thou, as thine inheritance,
shalt take the nations all.

PSAL. LXXXIII.

KEep not, O God, we thee intreat,
O keep not silence now:
Do thou not hold thy peace, O God,
and still no more be thou.
2 For lo, thine enemies a noise
tumultuously have made;
And they that haters are of thee
have lifted up the head.
3 Against thy chosen people they
do crafty counsel take;
And they against thy hidden ones
do consultations make.
4 Come let us cut them off, said they,
from being a nation;
That of the name of Isra'l may
no more be mention.
5 For with joint heart they plot, in league
against thee they combine:
6 The tents of Edom, Ishma'lites,
Moab's and Hagar's line,
7 Gebal, and Ammon, Amalek,
Philistines, those of Tyre,
8 And Assur joined with them, to help
Lot's children they conspire.
9 Do to them as to Midian,
Jabin at Kison strand:
10 And Sis'ra which at Endor fell,
as dung to fat the land.
11 Like Oreb and like Zeeb make
their noblemen to fall:
Like Zeba, and Zalmunna like,
make thou their princes all:
12 Who said, For our possession,
let us God's houses take.
13 My God, them like a wheel, as chaff

before the wind them make.
14 As fire consumes the wood, as flame
doth mountains set on fire;
15 Chase and affright them with the storm
and tempest of thine ire.
16 Their faces fill with shame, O Lord,
that they may seek thy name.
17 Let them confounded be and vex'd,
and perish in their shame.
18 That men may know, that thou, to whom
alone doth appertain
The name JEHOVAH, dost most high
o'er all the earth remain.

PSAL. LXXXIV.

HOw lovely is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of thy grace,
how pleasant, Lord, they be!
2 My thirsty soul longs veh'mently,
yea, faints, thy courts to see:
My very heart and flesh cry out,
O living God, for thee.
3 Behold, the sparrow findeth out
an house wherein to rest;
The swallow also for herself
hath purchased a nest;
Ev'n thine own altars, where she safe
her young ones forth may bring;
O thou Almighty, Lord of hosts,
who art my God and King.
4 Blest are they in thy house that dwell,
they ever give thee praise.
5 Blest is the man whose strength thou art,
in whose heart are thy ways.
6 Who passing thorough Baca's vale,
therein do dig up wells:
Also the rain that falleth down
the pools with water fills.
7 So they from strength unweary'd go
still forward unto strength,
Until in Zion they appear
before the Lord at length.
8 Lord God of hosts, my prayer hear,
O Jacob's God, give ear.
9 See God, our shield, look on the face
of thine anointed dear.
10 For in thy courts one day excells
a thousand; rather in
My God's house will I keep a door,
than dwell in tents of sin.
11 For God the Lord's a sun and shield:
he'll grace and glory give:
And will withold no good from them
that uprightly do live.
12 O thou that art the Lord of hosts,
that man is truly blest,
Who by assured confidence
on thee alone doth rest.

PSAL. LXXXV.

O Lord, thou hast been favourable
to thy beloved land:
Jacob's captivity thou hast
recall'd with mighty hand.
2 Thou pardoned thy people hast
all their iniquities,
Thou all their trespasses and sins
hast cover'd from thine eyes.
3 Thou took'st off all thine ire, and turn'dst
from thy wrath's furiousness.
4 Turn us, God of our health, and cause
thy wrath 'gainst us to cease.
5 Shall thy displeasure thus endure
against us without end?
Wilt thou to generations all
thine anger forth extend?
6 That in thee may thy people joy,
wilt thou not us revive?
7 Shew us thy mercy, Lord, to us
do thy salvation give.
8 I'll hear what God the Lord will speak:
to his folk he'll speak peace,
And to his saints; but let them not
return to foolishness.
9 To them that fear him, surely near
is his salvation;
That glory in our land may have
her habitation.
10 Truth met with mercy, righteousness
and peace kiss'd mutually:
11 Truth springs from earth, and righteous-
ness
looks down from heaven high.
12 Yea, what is good the Lord shall give:
our land shall yield increase.
13 Justice, to set us in his steps,
shall go before his face.

PSAL. LXXXVI.

O Lord, do thou bow down thine ear,
and hear me graciously;
Because I sore afflicted am,
and am in poverty.
2 Because I'm holy, let my soul
by thee preserved be:
O thou my God, thy servant save,
that puts his trust in thee.
3 Sith unto thee I daily cry,
be merciful to me.
4 Rejoice thy servant's soul: for, Lord,
I lift my soul to thee,
5 For thou art gracious, O Lord,
and ready to forgive;
And rich in mercy, all that call
upon thee to relieve.
6 Hear, Lord, my pray'r: unto the voice
of my request attend.
7 In troublous times I'll call on thee,
for thou wilt answer send.
8 Lord, there is none among the gods
that may with thee compare;
And, like the works which thou hast done,
not any work is there.

9 All nations whom thou mad'ſt, ſhall come
and worſhip rev'rently
Before thy face; and they, O Lord,
thy name ſhall glorify.
10 Becauſe thou art exceeding great,
and works by thee are done
Which are to be admir'd; and thou
art God thyſelf alone.
11 Teach me thy way, and in thy truth,
O Lord, then walk will I;
Unite my heart, that I thy name
may fear continually.
12 O Lord my God, with all my heart
to thee I will give praiſe;
And I the glory will aſcribe
unto thy name always.
13 Becauſe thy mercy toward me
in greatneſs doth excel;
And thou deliver'd haſt my ſoul
out from the loweſt hell.
14 O God, the proud againſt me riſe,
and vi'lent men have met,
That for my ſoul have fought; and thee
before them have not ſet.
15 But thou art full of pity, Lord,
a God moſt gracious,
Long-ſuffering, and in thy truth
and mercy pleſteous.
16 O turn to me thy countenance,
and mercy on me have:
Thy ſervant ſtrengthen, and the ſon
of thine own handmaid ſave.
17 Shew me a ſign for good; that they
which do me hate, may ſee,
And be aſham'd, becauſe thou, Lord,
didſt help and comfort me.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

UPon the hills of holineſs
he his foundation ſets.
2 God more than Jacob's dwellings all,
delights in Zion's gates.
3 Things glorious are ſaid of thee,
thou city of the Lord.
4 Rahab and Babel, I to thoſe
that know me, will record:
Behold, ev'n Tyrus, and with it
the land of Paleſtine,
And likewiſe Ethiopia;
this man was born therein.
5 And it of Zion ſhall be ſaid,
This man and that man there
Was born; and he that is moſt High
himſelf ſhall ſtabliſh her.
6 When God the people writes, he'll count
that this man born was there.
7 There be that ſing, and play; and all
my well-ſprings in thee are.

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

LOrd God, my Saviour, day and night
before thee cry'd have I,
2 Before thee let my prayer come;
give ear unto my cry.
3 For troubles great do fill my ſoul:
my life draws nigh the grave.
4 I'm counted with thoſe that go down
to pit, and no ſtrength have.
5 Ev'n free among the dead, like them
that ſlain in grave do ly;
Cut off from thy hand, whom no more
thou haſt in memory.
6 Thou haſt me laid in loweſt pit;
in deeps and darkſome caves.
7 Thy wrath lies hard on me, thou haſt
me preſt with all thy waves.
8 Thou haſt put far from me my friends,
thou mad'ſt them to abhor me:
And I am ſo ſhut up, that I
find no evaſion for me.
9 By reaſon of affliction,
mine eye mourns dolefully:
To thee, Lord, do I call, and ſtretch
my hands continually.
10 Wilt thou ſhew wonders to the dead?
ſhall they riſe, and thee bleſs?
11 Shall in the grave thy love be told?
in death thy faithfulneſs?
12 Shall thy great wonders in the dark,
or ſhall thy rightouſneſs
Be known to any in the land
of deep forgetfulneſs?
13 But Lord, to thee I cry'd, my pray'r
at morn prevent ſhall thee.
14 Why, Lord, doſt thou caſt off my ſoul?
and hid'ſt thy face from me?
15 Diſtreſt am I, and from my youth
I ready am to die;
Thy terrors I have born, and am
diſtracted fearfully.
16 The dreadful fierceneſs of thy wrath
quite over me doth go:
Thy terrors great have cut me off,
they did purſue me ſo.
17 For round about me ev'ry day,
like water they did roul;
And, gathering together, they
have compaſſed my ſoul.
18 My friend thou haſt put far from me,
and him that did me love;
And thoſe that mine acquaintance were
to darkneſs didſt remove.

PSAL. LXXXIX.

GOd's mercies I will ever ſing,
and with my mouth I ſhall
Thy faithfulneſs make to be known
to generations all.
2 For mercy ſhall be built, ſaid I,
for ever to endure:
Thy faithfulneſs, ev'n in the heav'ns,
thou wilt eſtabliſh ſure.
3 I with my choſen one have made

a cov'nant graciously;
And to my servant whom I lov'd,
to David sworn have I,
4 That I thy seed establish shall
for ever to remain;
And will to generations all
thy throne build and maintain.
5 The praises of thy wonders, Lord,
the heavens shall express;
And in the congregation
of saints thy faithfulness.
6 For who in heaven with the Lord
may once himself compare?
Who is like God among the sons
of those that mighty are?
7 Great fear in meeting of the saints
is due unto the Lord;
And he of all about him should
with rev'rence be ador'd.
8 O thou that art the Lord of hosts,
what lord in mightiness
Is like to thee? who compass round
art with thy faithfulness.
9 Ev'n in the raging of the sea
thou over it dost reign:
And when the waves thereof do swell,
thou stillest them again.
10 Rahab in pieces thou didst break,
like one that slaughter'd is:
And with thy mighty arm thou hast
dispers'd thine enemies.
11 The heav'ns are thine, thou for thine own
the earth doth also take:
The world, and fulness of the same,
thy pow'r did found and make.
12 The north and south from thee alone
their first beginning had:
Both Tabor mount and Hermon hill
shall in thy name be glad.
13 Thou hast an arm that's full of pow'r,
thy hand is great in might:
And thy right hand exceedingly
exalted is in height.
14 Justice and judgment of thy throne
are made the dwelling-place:
Mercy, accompany'd with truth,
shall go before thy face.
15 O greatly blest the people are
the joyful sound that know:
In brightness of thy face, O Lord,
they ever on shall go.
16 They in thy name shall all the day
rejoice exceedingly:
And in thy righteousness shall they
exalted be on high.
17 Because the glory of their strength
doth only stand in thee:
And in thy favour shall our horn
and pow'r exalted be.
18 For God is our defence, and he
to us doth safety bring:
The holy One of Israel
is our almighty King.
19 In vision to thy holy One
thou saidst, I help upon
A strong one laid; out of the folk
I rais'd a chosen one.
20 Ev'n David, I have found him out
a servant unto me;
And with my holy oil my king
anointed him to be.
21 With whom my hand shall stablish'd be:
mine arm shall him make strong.
22 On him the foe shall not exact,
nor son of mischief wrong.
23 I will beat down before his face
all his malicious foes:
I will them greatly plague, who do
with hatred him oppose.
24 My mercy, and my faithfulness
with him yet still shall be:
And in my name his horn and pow'r
men shall exalted see.
25 His hand and pow'r shall reach afar,
I'll set it in the sea;
And his right hand established
shall in the rivers be.
26 Thou art my Father, he shall cry
thou art my God alone;
And he shall say, Thou art the rock
of my salvation.
27 I'll make him my first-born; more high
than kings of any land.
28 My love I'll ever keep for him,
my cov'nant fast shall stand.
29 His seed I by my pow'r will make
for ever to endure:
And, as the days of heav'n, his throne
shall stable be and sure.
30 But if his children shall forsake
my laws, and go astray,
And in my judgments shall not walk,
but wander from my way;
31 If they my laws break, and do not
keep my commandements;
32 I'll visit then their faults with rods,
their sins with chastisements.
33 Yet I'll not take my love from him,
nor false my promise make.
34 My cov'nant I'll not break, nor change
what with my mouth I spake.
35 Once by my holiness I sware,
to David I'll not lie.
36 His seed and throne shall as the sun
before me last for ay.
36 It, like the moon, shall ever be
establish'd stedfastly;
And like to that which in the heav'n
doth witness faithfully.
38 But thou, displeased, hast cast off,

thou didſt abhor and lothe;
With him that thine anointed is
thou haſt been very wroth.
39 Thou haſt thy ſervant's covenant
made void, and quite caſt by;
Thou haſt profan'd his crown, while it
caſt on the ground doth ly.
40 Thou all his hedges haſt broke down,
his ſtrong holds down haſt torn.
41 He to all paſſers by a ſpoil,
to neighbours is a ſcorn.
42 Thou haſt ſet up his foes right hand,
mad'ſt all his en'mies glad.
43 Turn'd his ſword's edge, and him to (ſtand
in battle haſt not made.
44 His glory thou haſt made to ceaſe,
his throne to ground down caſt.
45 Shortned his days of youth, and him
with ſhame thou cover'd haſt.
46 How long, Lord, wilt thou hide thyſelf,
for ever in thine ire?
And ſhall thine indignation
burn like unto a fire?
47 Remember, Lord, how ſhort a time
I ſhall on earth remain:
O wherefore is it ſo, that thou
haſt made all men in vain?
48 What man is he that liveth here,
and death ſhall never ſee?
Or from the power of the grave
what man his ſoul ſhall free?
49 Thy former loving kindneſſes,
O Lord, where be they now?
Thoſe which in truth and faithfulneſs
to David ſworn haſt thou.
50 Mind, Lord, thy ſervant's ſad reproach:
how I in boſom bear
The ſcornings of the people all,
who ſtrong and mighty are.
51 Wherewith thy raging enemies
reproach'd, O Lord, think on,
Wherewith they have reproach'd the ſteps
of thine anointed one.
52 All bleſſing to the Lord our God
let be aſcribed then:
For evermore ſo let it be.
Amen, yea, and amen.

PSAL. XC.

LOrd, thou haſt been our dwelling-place
in generations all.
2 Before thou ever hadſt brought forth
the mountains great or ſmall;
Ere ever thou hadſt form'd the earth,
and all the world abroad;
Ev'n thou from everlaſting art
to everlaſting God.
3 Thou doſt unto deſtruction
man that is mortal turn:
And unto them thou ſay'ſt, Again,
ye ſons of men, return.
4 Becauſe a thouſand years appear
no more before thy ſight
Than yeſterday when it is paſt,
or than a watch by night.
5 As with an overflowing flood
thou carry'ſt them away:
They like a ſleep are, like the graſs
that grows at morn are they.
6 At morn it flouriſhes and grows,
cut down at ev'n doth fade.
7 For by thine anger we're conſum'd;
thy wrath makes us afraid.
8 Our ſins thou and iniquities
doſt in thy preſence place,
And ſett'ſt our ſecret faults before
the brightneſs of thy face.
9 For in thine anger all our days
do paſs on to an end;
And, as a tale that hath been told,
ſo we our years do ſpend.
10 Threeſcore and ten years do ſum up
our days and years, we ſee:
Or if, by reaſon of more ſtrength,
in ſome fourſcore they be:
Yet doth the ſtrength of ſuch old men
but grief and labour prove;
For it is ſoon cut off, and we
fly hence and ſoon remove.
11 Who knows the power of thy wrath?
according to thy fear,
12 So is thy wrath: Lord, teach thou us
our end in mind to bear;
And ſo to count our days, that we
our hearts may ſtill apply
To learn thy wiſdom and thy truth,
that we may live thereby.
13 Turn yet again to us, O Lord,
how long thus ſhall it be?
Let it repent thee now for thoſe
that ſervants are to thee.
14 O with thy tender mercies, Lord,
us early ſatisfy;
So we rejoice ſhall all our days,
and ſtill be glad in thee.
15 According as the days have been,
wherein we grief have had,
And years wherein we grief have ſeen,
ſo do thou make us glad.
16 O let thy work and pow'r appear
thy ſervant's face before;
And ſhew unto thy children dear
thy glory evermore.
17 And let the beauty of the Lord
our God be us upon:
Our handy works eſtabliſh thou,
eſtabliſh them each one.

PSAL. XCI.

HE that doth in the ſecret place
of the moſt High reſide,
Under the ſhade of him that is

th' Almighty shall abide.
2 I of the Lord my God will say,
He is my refuge still;
He is my fortress, and my God,
and in him trust I will.
3 Assuredly he shall thee save,
and give deliverance
From subtil fowler's snare, and from
the noisome pestilence.
4 His feathers shall thee hide: thy trust
under his wings shall be:
His faithfulness shall be a shield
and buckler unto thee.
5 Thou shalt not need to be afraid
for terrors of the night;
Nor for the arrow that doth fly
by day, while it is light:
6 Nor for the pestilence, that walks
in darkness secretly;
Nor for destruction, that doth waste
at noon-day openly.
7 A thousand at thy side shall fall,
on thy right hand shall ly
Ten thousand dead, yet unto thee
it shall not once come nigh.
8 Only thou with thine eyes shalt look,
and a beholder be:
And thou therein the just reward
of wicked men shalt see.
9 Because the Lord, who constantly
my refuge is alone,
Ev'n the most High, is made by thee
thy habitation.
10 No plague shall near thy dwelling come,
no ill shall thee befal:
11 For thee to keep in all thy ways
his angels charge he shall.
12 They in their hands shall bear thee up,
still waiting thee upon;
Lest thou at any time shouldst dash
thy foot against a stone.
13 Upon the adder thou shalt tread,
and on the lion strong:
Thy feet on dragons trample shall,
and on the lions young.
14 Because on me he set his love,
I'll save, and set him free:
Because my great name he hath known,
I will him set on high.
15 He'll call on me, I'll answer him;
I will be with him still,
In trouble to deliver him;
and honour him I will.
16 With length of days unto his mind,
I will him satisfy;
I also my salvation
will cause his eyes to see.

PSAL. XCII.

TO render thanks unto the Lord
it is a comely thing,
And to thy name, O thou most High,
due praise aloud to sing.
2 Thy loving kindness to shew forth,
when shines the morning light;
And to declare thy faithfulness
with pleasure ev'ry night.
3 On a ten-stringed instrument,
upon the psaltery;
And on the harp with solemn sound,
and grave sweet melody.
4 For thou, Lord, by thy mighty work,
hast made my heart right glad:
And I will triumph in the works,
which by thine hands were made.
5 How great, Lord, are thy works! each (thought
of thine a deep it is.
6 A brutish man it knoweth not;
fools understand not this.
7 When those that lewd and wicked are
spring quickly up like grass,
And workers of iniquity
do flourish all apace;
It is that they for ever may
destroyed be and slain:
8 But thou, O Lord, art the most High,
for ever to remain.
9 For lo, thine enemies, O Lord,
thine en'mies perish shall:
The workers of iniquity
shall be dispersed all.
10 But thou shalt, like unto the horn
of th' unicorn, exalt
My horn on high: thou with fresh oil
anoint me also shalt.
11 Mine eyes shall also my desire
see on mine enemies:
Mine ears shall of the wicked hear,
that do against me rise.
12 But like the palm-tree flourishing,
shall be the righteous one;
He shall like to the cedar grow
that is in Lebanon.
13 Those that within the house of God
are planted by his grace,
They shall grow up, and flourish all
in our God's holy place.
14 And in old age, when others fade,
they fruit still forth shall bring:
They shall be fat and full of sap,
and ay be flourishing.
15 To shew that upright is the Lord,
he is a rock to me:
And he from all unrighteousness
is altogether free.

PSAL. XCIII.

THE Lord doth reign, and cloth'd is he
with majesty most bright:
His works do shew him cloth'd to be,
and girt about with might.
The world is also stablished,

that it cannot depart.
2 Thy throne is fix'd of old, and thou
from everlasting art.
3 The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
they lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
and made a mighty noise.
4 But yet the Lord, that is on high,
is more of might by far,
Than noise of many waters is,
or great sea-billows are.
5 Thy testimonies ev'ry one,
in faithfulness excell;
And holiness for ever, Lord,
thine house becometh well.

PSAL. XCIV.

O Lord God, unto whom alone
all vengeance doth belong,
O mighty God, who vengeance own'st,
shine forth, avenging wrong.
2 Lift up thyself, thou of the earth
the sov'reign Judge that art,
And unto those that are so proud
a due reward impart.
3 How long, O mighty God, shall they
who lewd and wicked be,
How long shall they who wicked are,
thus triumph haughtily?
4 How long shall things most hard by them
be uttered and told,
And all that work iniquity
to boast themselves be bold?
5 Thy folk they break in pieces, Lord,
thine heritage oppress.
6 The widow they, and stranger slay,
and kill the fatherless.
7 Yet say they, God it shall not see,
nor God of Jacob know.
8 Ye brutish people, understand;
fools, when wise will ye grow?
9 The Lord did plant the ear of man,
and hear then shall not he?
He only form'd the eye, and then
shall he not clearly see?
10 He that the nations doth correct,
shall he not chastise you?
He knowledge unto man doth teach,
and shall himself not know?
11 Man's thoughts to be but vanity,
the Lord doth well discern.
12 Blest is the man thou chastnest, Lord,
and mak'st thy law to learn.
13 That thou mayst give him rest from days
of sad adversity,
Until the pit be digg'd for those
that work iniquity.
14 For sure the Lord will not cast off
those that his people be,
Neither his own inheritance
quit and forsake will he.
15 But judgment unto righteousness
shall yet return again;
And all shall follow after it,
that are right-hearted men.
16 Who will rise up for me, against
those that do wickedly?
Who will stand up for me, 'gainst those
that work iniquity?
17 Unless the Lord had been my help,
when I was sore oppress,
Almost my soul had in the house
of silence been at rest.
18 When I had uttered this word,
(My foot doth slip away;)
Thy mercy held me up, O Lord,
thy goodness did me stay.
19 Amidst the multitude of thoughts,
which in my heart do fight,
My soul, lest it be overcharg'd,
thy comforts do delight.
20 Shall of iniquity the throne
have fellowship with thee,
Which mischief, cunningly contrived,
doth by a law decree?
21 Against the righteous souls they join,
they guiltless blood condemn.
22 But of my refuge God's the Rock,
and my defence from them.
23 On them their own iniquity
the Lord shall bring and lay,
And cut them off in their own sin,
our Lord God shall them slay.

PSAL. XCV.

O Come, let us sing to the Lord;
come, let us ev'ry one
A joyful noise make to the Rock
of our salvation.
2 Let us before his presence come,
with praise and thankful voice:
Let us sing psalms to him with grace,
and make a joyful noise.
3 For God a great God, and great King
above all gods he is.
4 Depths of the earth are in his hand,
the strength of hills is his.
5 To him the spacious sea belongs,
for he the same did make:
The dry land also from his hands
its form at first did take.
6 O come, and let us worship him,
let us bow down withal,
And on our knees before the Lord
our Maker let us fall.
7 For he's our God, the people we
of his own pasture are,
And of his hand the sheep: to-day
if ye his voice will hear,
8 Then harden not your hearts, as in
the provocation,
As in the desart, on the day

of the tentation:
9 When me your fathers tempt'd and prov'd,
and did my working see:
10 Ev'n for the space of forty years
this race hath grieved me:
I said, This people errs in heart,
my ways they do not know.
11 To whom I sware in wrath, that to
my rest they should not go.

PSAL. XCVI.

O Sing a new song to the Lord;
sing, all the earth, to God:
2 To God sing, bless his name, shew still
his saving health abroad.
3 Among the heathen nations
his glory do declare;
And unto all the people show
his works that wondrous are.
4 For great's the Lord, and greatly he
is to be magnify'd:
Yea, worthy to be fear'd is he
above all gods beside.
5 For all the gods are idols dumb
which blinded nations fear;
But our God is the Lord, by whom
the heav'ns created were.
6 Great honour is before his face,
and majesty divine:
Strength is within his holy place,
and there doth beauty shine.
7 Do you ascribe unto the Lord,
of people ev'ry tribe,
Glory do you unto the Lord,
and mighty pow'r ascribe.
8 Give ye the glory to the Lord
that to his name is due:
Come ye into his courts, and bring
an offering with you.
9 In beauty of his holiness
O do the Lord adore:
Likewise let all the earth throughout
tremble his face before.
10 Among the heathen say, God reigns:
the world shall stedfastly
Be fix'd from moving, he shall judge
the people righteously.
11 Let heav'ns be glad before the Lord,
and let the earth rejoice:
Let seas, and all that is therein,
cry out, and make a noise.
12 Let fields rejoice, and ev'ry thing
that springeth of the earth:
Then woods, and ev'ry tree shall sing
with gladness and with mirth
13 Before the Lord; because he comes,
to judge the earth comes he:
He'll judge the world with righteousness,
the people faithfully.

PSAL. XCVII.

GOd reigneth, let the earth be glad,
and isles rejoice each one.
2 Dark clouds him compass, and in right
with judgment dwells his throne.
3 Fire goes before him, and his foes
it burns up round about.
4 His lightnings lighten did the world;
earth saw, and shook throughout.
5 Hills, at the presence of the Lord,
like wax, did melt away:
Ev'n at the presence of the Lord
of all the earth, I say.
6 The heav'ns declare his righteousness,
all men his glory see.
7 All who serve graven images,
confounded let them be.
Who do of idols boast themselves,
let shame upon them fall:
Ye that are called gods, see that
ye do him worship him all.
8 Zion did hear, and joyful was,
glad Judah's daughters were,
They much rejoic'd, O Lord, because
thy judgments did appear.
9 For thou, O Lord, art high above
all things on earth that are:
Above all other gods thou art
exalted very far.
10 Hate ill, all ye that love the Lord:
his saints souls keepeth he,
And from the hands of wicked men
he sets them safe and free.
11 For all those that be righteous
sown is a joyful light,
And gladness sown is for all those
that are in heart upright.
12 Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice,
express your thankfulness,
When ye into your memory
do call his holiness.

PSAL. XCVIII.

O Sing a new song to the Lord,
for wonders he hath done:
His right-hand, and his holy arm,
him victory hath won.
2 The Lord God his salvation
hath caused to be known:
His justice in the heathens sight
he openly hath shown.
3 He mindful of his grace and truth
to Isra'l's house hath been:
And the salvation of our God
all ends of th' earth have seen.
4 Let all the earth unto the Lord
send forth a joyful noise:
Lift up your voice aloud to him,
sing praises, and rejoice.
5 With harp, with harp, and voice of psalms
unto JEHOVAH sing.
6 With trumpets, cornets, gladly sound
before the Lord the King.

7 Let ſeas, and all their fulneſs roar,
the world, and dwellers there.
8 Let floods clap hands, and let the hills
together joy declare
9 Before the Lord: becauſe he comes,
to judge the earth comes he:
He'll judge the world with righteouſneſs,
his folk with equity.

PSAL. XCIX.

TH' eternal Lord doth reign as King,
let all the people quake:
He ſits between the cherubims,
let th' earth be mov'd and ſhake.
2 The Lord in Zion great, and high
above all people is.
3 Thy great and dreadful name (for it
is holy) let them bleſs.
4 The king's ſtrength alſo judgment loves:
thou ſettleſt equity,
Juſt judgment thou doſt execute
in Jacob righteouſly.
5 The Lord our God exalt on high,
and rev'rently do ye
Before his footſtool worſhip him:
the holy One is he.
6 Moſes and Aaron 'mongſt his prieſts,
Samuel with them that call
Upon his name: theſe call'd on God,
and he them anſwer'd all.
7 Within the pillar of the cloud
he unto them did ſpeak:
The teſtimonies he them taught,
and laws, they did not break.
8 Thou anſwer'dſt them, O Lord our God,
thou waſt a God that gave
Pardon to them, though on their deeds
thou wouldeſt vengeance have.
9 Do ye exalt the Lord our God,
and at his holy hill
Do ye him worſhip: for the Lord
our God is holy ſtill.

PSAL. C.

ALl people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with chearful voice.
2 Him ſerve with mirth, his praiſe forth tell:
Come ye before him, and rejoice.
3 Know, that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his ſheep he doth us take.
4 O enter then his gates with praiſe,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praiſe, laud, and bleſs his name always,
For it is ſeemly ſo to do.
5 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever ſure:
His truth at all times firmly ſtood,
And ſhall from age to age endure.

Another of the ſame.

O All ye lands, unto the Lord
make ye a joyful noiſe.
2 Serve God with gladneſs, him before
come with a ſinging voice.
3 Know ye the Lord, that he is God;
not we, but he us made:
We are his people, and the ſheep
within his paſture fed.
4 Enter his gates and courts with praiſe,
to thank him go ye thither:
To him expreſs your thankfulneſs,
and bleſs his name together.
5 Becauſe the Lord our God is good,
his mercy faileth never;
And to all generations
his truth endureth ever.

PSAL. CI.

I Mercy will and judgment ſing,
Lord, I will ſing to thee.
2 With wiſdom, in a perfect way,
ſhall my behaviour be:
O when in kindneſs unto me,
wilt thou be pleas'd to come?
I with a perfect heart will walk
within my houſe at home.
3 I will endure no wicked thing
before mine eyes to be:
I hate their work that turn aſide,
it ſhall not cleave to me.
4 A ſtubborn and a froward heart
depart quite from me ſhall:
A perſon given to wickedneſs
I will not know at all.
5 I'll cut him off that ſlandereth
his neighbour privily:
The haughty heart I will not bear,
nor him that looketh high.
6 Upon the faithful of the land
mine eyes ſhall be, that they
May dwell with me: he ſhall me ſerve
that walks in perfect way.
7 Who of deceit a worker is,
in my houſe ſhall not dwell:
And in my preſence ſhall he not
remain, that lies doth tell.
8 Yea, all the wicked of the land
early deſtroy will I:
All from God's city to cut off,
that work iniquity.

PSAL. CII.

O Lord, unto my pray'r give ear,
my cry let come to thee:
2 And in the day of my diſtreſs,
hide not thy face from me.
Give ear to me; what time I call,
to anſwer me make haſte.
3 For as an hearth my bones are burnt,
my days like ſmoke do waſte.
4 My heart within me ſmitten is,
and it is withered
Like very graſs: ſo that I do

forget to eat my bread.
5 By reaſon of my groaning voice,
my bones cleave to my ſkin:
6 Like pelican in wilderneſs,
forſaken I have been.
I like an owl in deſart am,
that nightly there doth moan.
7 I watch, and like a ſparrow am
on the houſe-top alone.
8 My bitter en'mies all the day
reproaches caſt on me:
And being mad at me, with rage
againſt me ſworn they be.
9 For why, I aſhes eaten have,
like bread, in ſorrows deep:
My drink I alſo mingled have
with tears that I did weep.
10 Thy wrath and indignation
did cauſe this grief and pain;
For thou haſt lifted me on high,
and caſt me down again.
11 My days are like unto a ſhade
which doth declining paſs;
And I am dry'd and withered,
ev'n like unto the graſs.
12 But thou, Lord, everlaſting art,
and thy remembrance ſhall
Continually endure, and be
to generations all.
13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and mercy have
upon thy Zion yet:
The time to favour her is come,
the time that thou haſt ſet.
14 For in her rubbiſh and her ſtones,
thy ſervants pleaſure take;
Yea, they the very duſt thereof
do favour for her ſake.
15 So ſhall the heathen people fear
the Lord's moſt holy name;
And all the kings on earth ſhall dread
thy glory and thy fame.
16 When Zion by the mighty Lord
built up again ſhall be,
In glory then and majeſty
to men appear ſhall he.
17 The prayer of the deſtitute
he ſurely will regard,
Their prayer will he not deſpiſe;
by him it ſhall be heard.
18 For generations yet to come
this ſhall be on record:
So ſhall the people, that ſhall be
created, praiſe the Lord.
19 He from his ſanctuary's height
hath downward caſt his eye:
And from his glorious throne in heav'n,
the Lord the earth did ſpy:
20 That of the mournful priſoner
the groanings he might hear,
To ſet them free that unto death
by men appointed are:
21 That they in Zion may declare
the Lord's moſt holy name,
And publiſh in Jeruſalem
the praiſes of the ſame;
22 When as the people gather ſhall
in troops with one accord,
When kingdoms ſhall aſſembled be
to ſerve the higheſt Lord.
23 My wonted ſtrength and force he hath
abated in the way,
And he my days hath ſhortened:
24 Thus therefore did I ſay,
My God, in mid-time of my days,
take thou me not away:
From age to age eternally
thy years endure and ſtay.
25 The firm foundation of the earth
of old time thou haſt laid:
The heavens alſo are the work
which thine own hands have made.
26 Thou ſhalt for evermore endure,
but they ſhall periſh all:
Yea, ev'ry one of them wax old,
like to a garment, ſhall:
Thou, as a veſture, ſhalt them change,
and they ſhall changed be;
27 But thou the ſame art, and thy years
are to eternity.
28 The children of thy ſervants ſhall
continually endure;
And in thy ſight, O Lord, their ſeed
ſhall be eſtabliſh'd ſure.

Another of the ſame.

LOrd, hear my pray'r, and let my cry
Have ſpeedy acceſs unto thee.
2 In day of my calamity,
O hide not thou thy face from me:
Hear when I call to thee, that day
An anſwer ſpeedily return.
3 My days like ſmoke conſume away,
And, as an hearth, my bones do burn.
4 My heart is wounded very ſore,
And, withered, like graſs doth fade:
I am forgetful grown therefore
To take and eat my daily bread.
5 By reaſon of my ſmart within,
And voice of my moſt grievous groans,
My fleſh conſumed is, my ſkin,
All parch'd, doth cleave unto my bones.
6 The pelican of wilderneſs,
The owl in deſart I do match;
7 And ſparrow-like, companionleſs,
Upon the houſe's top, I watch.
8 I all day long am made a ſcorn;
Reproach'd by my malicious foes:
The madmen are againſt me ſworn,
The men againſt me that aroſe.
9 For I have aſhes eaten up
To me as if they had been bread;

And with my drink, I in my cup
Of bitter tears a mixture made.
10 Becauſe thy wrath was not appeas'd,
And dreadful indignation:
Therefore it was that thou me rais'd,
And thou again didſt caſt me down.
11 My days are like a ſhade alway,
Which doth declining ſwiftly paſs:
And I am withered away
Much like unto the fading graſs.
12 But thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtill endure,
From change and all mutation free,
And, to all generations, ſure
Shall thy remembrance ever be.
13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and mercy yet
Thou to mount Zion ſhalt extend:
Her time for favour which was ſet,
Behold, is now come to an end.
14 Thy ſaints take pleaſure in her ſtones,
Her very duſt to them is dear.
15 All heathen lands and kingly thrones
On earth, thy glorious name ſhall fear.
16 God in his glory ſhall appear,
When Zion he builds and repairs.
17 He ſhall regard and lend his ear
Unto the needy's humble pray'rs:
Th' afflicted's pray'r he will not ſcorn.
18 All times this ſhall be on record,
And generations yet unborn
Shall praiſe and magnify the Lord.
19 He from his holy place look'd down;
The earth he view'd from heav'n on high:
20 To hear the pris'ners mourning groan,
And free them that are doom'd to die;
21 That Zion and Jerus'lem too
His name and praiſe may well record;
22 When people and the kingdoms do
Aſſemble all to praiſe the Lord.
23 My ſtrength he weakned in the way,
My days of life he ſhortened.
24 My God, O take me not away
In mid-time of my days, I ſaid:
Thy years throughout all ages laſt.
25 Of old thou haſt eſtabliſhed
The earth's foundations firm and faſt,
Thy mighty hands the heav'ns have made.
26 They periſh ſhall, as garments do;
But thou ſhalt evermore endure:
As veſtures, thou ſhalt change them ſo;
And they ſhall all be changed ſure.
27 But from all changes thou art free;
Thy endleſs years do laſt for ay.
28 Thy ſervants, and their ſeed who be
Eſtabliſh'd, ſhall before thee ſtay.

PSAL. CIII.

O Thou my ſoul, bleſs God the Lord,
and all that in me is
Be ſtirred up his holy name
to magnify and bleſs.
2 Bleſs, O my ſoul, the Lord thy God,
and not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
he hath beſtow'd on thee.
3 All thine iniquities who doth
moſt graciouſly forgive:
Who thy diſeaſes all and pains
doth heal, and thee relieve.
4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
to death may'ſt not go down:
Who thee with loving kindneſs doth
and tender mercies crown.
5 Who with abundance of good things
doth ſatisfy thy mouth:
So that, ev'n as the eagle's age,
renewed is thy youth.
6 God righteous judgment executes
for all oppreſſed ones.
7 His way to Moſes, he his acts
made known to Iſrael's ſons.
8 The Lord our God is merciful,
and he is gracious,
Long-ſuffering, and ſlow to wrath,
in mercy plenteous.
9 He will not chide continually,
nor keep his anger ſtill.
10 With us he dealt not as we ſinn'd,
nor did requite our ill.
11 For as the heaven in its height
the earth ſurmounteth far;
So great to thoſe that do him fear,
his tender mercies are.
12 As far as eaſt is diſtant from
the weſt; ſo far hath he
From us removed, in his love,
all our iniquity.
13 Such pity as a father hath
unto his children dear;
Like pity ſhews the Lord to ſuch
as worſhip him in fear.
14 For he remembers we are duſt,
and he our frame well knows.
15 Frail man, his days are like the graſs:
as flow'r in field he grows.
16 For over it the wind doth paſs,
and it away is gone;
And of the place where once it was
it ſhall no more be known.
17 But unto them that do him fear
God's mercy never ends
And to their childrens children ſtill
his righteouſneſs extends:
18 To ſuch as keep his covenant,
and mindful are alway
Of his moſt juſt commandements,
that they may them obey.
19 The Lord prepared hath his throne
in heavens firm to ſtand:
And ev'ry thing that being hath,
his kingdom doth command.
20 O ye his angels, that excel

in strength, bless ye the Lord,
Ye who obey what he commands,
and hearken to his word.
21 O bless and magnify the Lord,
ye glorious hosts of his,
Ye ministers that do fulfil
whate'er his pleasure is.
22 O bless the Lord, all ye his works,
wherewith the world is stor'd
In his dominions ev'ry where:
my soul, bless thou the Lord.

PSAL. CIV.

BLess God, my soul; O Lord my God,
thou art exceeding great,
With honour and with majesty
thou clothed art in state.
2 With light, as with a robe, thyself
thou coverest about;
And, like unto a curtain, thou
the heavens stretchest out.
3 Who of his chambers doth the beams
within the waters lay,
Who doth the clouds his chariot make,
on wings of wind make way.
4 Who flaming fire his ministers,
his angels sp'rits doth make.
5 Who earth's foundations did lay,
that it should never shake.
6 Thou didst it cover with the deep,
as with a garment spread:
The waters stood above the hills,
when thou the word but said.
7 But at the voice of thy rebuke,
they fled and would not stay:
They at thy thunder's dreadful voice
did haste them fast away.
8 They by the mountains do ascend,
and by the valley-ground
Descend unto the very place
which thou for them didst found.
9 Thou hast a bound unto them set,
that they may not pass over,
That they do not return again,
the face of earth to cover.
10 He to the valleys sends the springs,
which run among the hills:
11 They to all beasts of field give drink,
wild asses drink their fills.
12 By them the fowls of heav'n shall have
their habitation,
Which do among the branches sing
with delectation.
13 He from his chambers watereth
the hills, when they are dry'd:
With fruit and increase of thy works,
the earth is satisfy'd.
14 For cattle he makes grass to grow,
he makes the herb to spring
For th' use of man, that food to him
he from the earth may bring:
15 And wine, that to the heart of man
doth cheerfulness impart:
Oil that his face makes shine, and bread
that strengtheneth his heart.
16 The trees of God are full of sap,
the cedars that do stand
In Lebanon, which planted were
by his almighty hand.
17 Birds of the air upon their boughs
do chuse their nests to make:
As for the stork, the fir-tree she
doth for her dwelling take.
18 The lofty mountains for wild goats
a place of refuge be:
The conies also to the rocks
do for their safety flee.
19 He sets the moon in heav'n, thereby
the seasons to discern:
From him the sun his certain time
of going down doth learn.
20 Thou darkness mak'st, 'tis night; then (beasts
of forests creep abroad:
21 The lions young roar for their prey,
and seek their meat from God.
22 The sun doth rise, and home they flock,
down in their dens they lie:
23 Man goes to work, his labour he
doth to the ev'ning ply.
24 How manifold, Lord, are thy works!
in wisdom wonderful
Thou ev'ry one of them hast made;
earth's of thy riches full.
25 So is this great and spacious sea,
wherein things creeping are,
Which numbred cannot be; and beasts
both great and small are there.
26 There ships go, there thou mak'st to play
the leviathan great.
27 These all wait on thee, that thou may'st
in due time give them meat.
28 That which thou givest unto them,
they gather for their food;
Thine hand thou open'st lib'rally,
they filled are with good.
29 Thou hid'st thy face, they troubled are,
their breath thou tak'st away;
Then do they die, and to the dust
return again do they.
30 Thy quickning sp'rit thou sendest forth,
then they created be:
And then the earth's decayed face
renewed is by thee.
31 The glory of the mighty Lord
continue shall for ever:
The Lord JEHOVAH shall rejoice
in all his works together.
32 Earth, as affrighted, trembleth all,
if he on it but look:
And if the mountains he but touch,
they presently do smoke.

33 I will ſing to the Lord moſt high,
ſo long as I ſhall live;
And while I being have, I ſhall
to my God praiſes give.
34 Of him my meditation ſhall
ſweet thoughts to me afford;
And, as for me, I will rejoice
in God my only Lord.
35 From earth let ſinners be conſum'd,
let ill men no more be:
O thou, my ſoul, bleſs thou the Lord.
Praiſe to the Lord give ye.

PSAL. CV.

GIve thanks to God, call on his name,
to men his deeds make known.
2 Sing ye to him, ſing pſalms, proclaim
his wondrous works each one.
3 See that ye in his holy name
to glory do accord:
And let the heart of ev'ry one
rejoice, that ſeeks the Lord.
4 The Lord almighty, and his ſtrength,
with ſtedfaſt hearts ſeek ye:
His bleſſed and his gracious face
ſeek ye continually.
5 Think on the works that he hath done
which admiration breed;
His wonders. and the judgments all
which from his mouth proceed;
6 O ye that are of Abr'ham's race,
his ſervant well approv'n;
And ye that Jacob's children are,
whom he chus'd for his own.
7 Becauſe he, and he only, is
the mighty Lord our God;
And his moſt righteous judgments are
in all the earth abroad.
8 His cov'nant he remembred hath,
that it may ever ſtand:
To a thouſand generations
the word he did command.
9 Which covenant he firmly made
with faithful Abraham;
And unto Iſaac, by his oath,
he did renew the ſame:
10 And unto Jacob for a law,
he made it firm and ſure;
A covenant to Iſrael,
which ever ſhould endure.
11 He ſaid, I'll give Canaan's land
for heritage to you:
12 While they were ſtrangers there and few,
in number very few.
13 While yet they went from land to land
without a ſure abode;
And while, through ſundry kingdoms, they
did wander far abroad:
14 Yet notwithſtanding ſuffer'd he
no man to do them wrong:
Yea, for their ſakes, he did reprove
kings, who were great and ſtrong.
15 Thus did he ſay, Touch ye not thoſe
that mine anointed be,
Nor do the prophets any harm
that do pertain to me.
16 He call'd for famine on the land,
he brake the ſtaff of bread.
17 But yet he ſent a man before,
by whom they ſhould be fed:
Ev'n Joſeph, whom unnat'rally
ſell for a ſlave did they;
18 Whoſe feet with fetters they did hurt,
and he in irons lay;
19 Until the time that his word came
to give him liberty:
The word and purpoſe of the Lord
did him in priſon try.
20 Then ſent the king, and did command
that he enlarg'd ſhould be:
He that the people's ruler was,
did ſend to ſet him free.
21 A lord, to rule his family,
he rais'd him as moſt fit;
To him, of all that he poſſeſt,
he did the charge commit:
22 That he might at his pleaſure bind
the princes of the land;
And he might teach his ſenators
wiſdom to underſtand.
23 The people then of Iſrael
down into Egypt came:
And Jacob alſo ſojourned
within the land of Ham.
24 And he did greatly by his pow'r
increaſe his people there;
And ſtronger than their enemies
they by his bleſſing were.
25 Their heart he turned to envy
his folk maliciouſly,
With thoſe that his own ſervants were
to deal in ſubtilty.
26 His ſervant Moſes he did ſend,
Aaron his choſen one.
27 By theſe his ſigns and wonders great
in Ham's land were made known.
28 Darkneſs he ſent, and made it dark;
his word they did obey.
29 He turn'd their waters into blood,
and he their fiſh did ſlay.
30 The land in plenty brought forth frogs
in chambers of their kings.
31 His word all ſorts of flies and lice
in all their borders brings.
32 He hail for rain, and flaming fire
into their land he ſent:
33 And he their vines and fig-trees ſmote,
trees of their coaſts he rent.
34 He ſpake, and caterpillars came,
locuſts did much abound;
35 Which in their land all herbs conſum'd,

and all fruits of their ground.
36 He ſmote all firſt-born in their land,
chief of their ſtrength each one.
37 With gold and ſilver brought them forth,
weak in their tribes were none.
38 Egypt was glad when forth they went,
their fear on them did light:
39 He ſpread a cloud for covering,
and fire to ſhine by night: (bread
40 They aſk'd, and he brought quails; with
of heav'n he fill'd them.
41 He open'd rocks, floods guſh'd, and ran
in deſarts like a ſtream.
42 For on his holy promiſe he
and ſervant Abr'ham thought:
43 With joy his people, his elect
with gladneſs forth he brought:
44 And unto them the pleaſant lands
he of the heathen gave;
That of the people's labour they
inheritance might have:
45 That they his ſtatutes might obſerve
according to his word;
And that they might his laws obey.
Give praiſe unto the Lord.

PSAL. CVI.

GIve praiſe and thanks unto the Lord,
for bountiful is he;
His tender mercy doth endure
unto eternity.
2 God's mighty works who can expreſs,
or ſhew forth all his praiſe?
3 Bleſſed are they that judgment keep,
and juſtly do always.
4 Remember me, Lord, with that love,
which thou to thine doth bear;
With thy ſalvation, O my God,
to viſit me draw near:
5 That I thy choſens good may ſee,
and in their joy rejoice;
And may with thine inheritance
triumph with cheerful voice.
6 We with our fathers ſinned have,
and of iniquity
Too long we have the workers been,
we have done wickedly.
7 The wonders great, which thou, O Lord,
didſt work in Egypt land,
Our fathers, though they ſaw, yet them
they did not underſtand:
And they thy mercies multitude
kept not in memory:
But at the ſea, ev'n the Red-ſea,
provok'd him grievouſly.
8 Nevertheleſs he ſaved them,
ev'n for his own name's ſake:
That ſo he might to be well known
his mighty power make.
9 When he the Red-ſea did rebuke,
then dried up it was:
Through depths, as through the wilderneſs,
he ſafely made them paſs.
10 From hands of thoſe that hated them
he did his people ſave:
And from the en'mies cruel hand
to them redemption gave.
11 The waters overwhelm'd their foes,
not one was left alive.
12 Then they believ'd his word, and praiſe
to him in ſongs did give.
13 But ſoon did they his mighty works
forget unthankfully,
And on his counſel and his will
did not wait patiently:
14 But much did luſt in wilderneſs,
and God in deſart tempt.
15 He gave them what they ſought, but to
their ſoul he leanneſs ſent.
16 And againſt Moſes in the camp,
their envy did appear;
At Aaron they, the ſaint of God,
envious alſo were.
17 Therefore the earth did open wide,
and Dathan did devour,
And all Abiram's company
did cover in that hour.
18 Likewiſe among their company
a fire was kindled then;
And ſo the hot conſuming flame
burnt up theſe wicked men.
19 Upon the hill of Horeb they
an idol-calf did frame,
A molten image they did make,
and worſhipped the ſame.
20 And thus their glory, and their God,
moſt vainly changed they
Into the likeneſs of an ox
that eateth graſs or hay.
21 They did forget the mighty God,
that had their ſaviour been,
By whom ſuch great things brought to paſs
they had in Egypt ſeen.
22 In Ham's land he did wondrous works,
things terrible did he,
When he his mighty hand and arm
ſtretch'd out at the Red-ſea.
23 Then ſaid he, He would them deſtroy,
had not, his wrath to ſtay,
His choſen Moſes ſtood in breach,
that them he ſhould not ſlay.
24 Yea, they deſpis'd the pleaſant land,
believed not his word:
25 But in their tents they murmured,
not hearkning to the Lord.
26 Therefore in deſart them to ſlay
he lifted up his hand;
27 'Mong nations to o'erthrow their ſeed,
and ſcatter in each land.
28 They unto Baal-peor did
themſelves aſſociate;

The sacrifices of the dead
they did profanely eat.
29 Thus by their lewd inventions,
they did provoke his ire;
And then upon them suddenly
the plague brake in as fire.
30 Then Phineas rose and justice did,
and so the plague did cease.
31 That to all ages counted was
to him for righteousness.
32 And at the waters where they strove,
they did him angry make,
In such sort, that it fared ill
with Moses for their sake:
33 Because they there his spirit meek
provoked bitterly,
So that he utter'd with his lips
words unadvisedly.
34 Nor, as the Lord commanded them,
did they the nations slay:
35 But with the heathen mingled were,
and learn'd of them their way.
36 And they their idols serv'd, which did
a snare unto them turn.
37 Their sons and daughters they to dev'ls
in sacrifice did burn.
38 In their own childrens guiltless blood
their hands they did imbrue;
Whom to Canaan's idols they
for sacrifices slew;
So was the land defil'd with blood.
39 They stain'd with their own way,
And with their own inventions,
a-whoring they did stray.
40 Against his people kindled was
the wrath of God therefore;
Insomuch, that he did his own
inheritance abhor.
41 He gave them to the heathens hand;
their foes did them command.
42 Their en'mies them oppress, they were
made subject to their hand.
43 He many times deliver'd them;
but with their counsel so
They him provok'd, that for their sin
they were brought very low.
44 Yet their affliction he beheld,
when he did hear their cry;
45 And he for them his covenant
did call to memory:
After his mercies multitude,
46 He did repent; and made
Them to be pity'd of all those
who did them captive lead.
47 O Lord our God, us save, and gather
the heathen from among,
That we thy holy name may praise
in a triumphant song.
48 Blest be JEHOVAH, Isra'ls God,
to all eternity:
Let all the people say, Amen.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSAL. CVII.

PRaise God, for he is good: for still
his mercies lasting be.
2 Let God's redeem'd say so, whom he
from th' en'mies hand did free:
3 And gather'd them out of the lands,
from north, south, east, and west.
4 They stray'd in deserts pathless way;
no city found to rest.
5 For thirst and hunger in them faints
6 their soul. When straits them press,
They cry unto the Lord, and he
them frees from their distress.
7 Them also in a way to walk
that right is he did guide,
That they might to a city go
wherein they might abide.
8 O that men to the Lord would give
praise, for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the sons of men!
9 For he the soul that longing is
doth fully satisfy.
With goodness he the hungry soul
doth fill abundantly.
10 Such as shut up in darkness deep,
and in death's shade abide,
Whom strongly hath affliction bound,
and irons fast have ty'd.
11 (Because against the words of God
they wrought rebelliously,
And they the counsel did contemn
of him that is most high.)
12 Their heart he did bring down with grief,
they fell, no help could have.
13 In trouble then they cry'd to God,
he them from straits did save.
14 He out of darkness did them bring,
and from death's shade them take:
These bands wherewith they had been bound
asunder quite he brake.
15 O that men to the Lord would give
praise, for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the sons of men!
16 Because the mighty gates of brass
in pieces he did tear,
By him in sunder also cut
the bars of iron were.
17 Fools for their sin and their offence
do sore affliction bear.
18 All kind of meat their soul abhors,
they to death's gates draw near.
19 In grief they cry to God, he saves
them from their miseries.
20 He sends his word, them heals, and them
from their destructions frees.
21 O that men to the Lord would give

praiſe for his goodneſs then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the ſons of men!
22 And let them ſacrifice to him
off'rings of thankfulneſs;
And let them ſhew abroad his works
in ſongs of joyfulneſs.
23 Who go to ſea in ſhips, and in
great waters trading be,
24 Within the deep theſe men God's works
and his great wonders ſee.
25 For he commands, and forth in haſte
the ſtormy tempeſt flies,
Which makes the ſea with rowling waves
aloft to ſwell and riſe.
26 They mount to heav'n, then to the depths
they do go down again;
Their ſoul doth faint and melt away
with trouble and with pain.
27 They reel and ſtagger like one drunk:
at their wits end they be.
28 Then they to God in trouble cry,
who them from ſtraits doth free.
29 The ſtorm is chang'd into a calm,
at his command and will;
So that the waves which rag'd before,
now quiet are and ſtill.
30 Then are they glad, becauſe at reſt
and quiet now they be;
So to the haven he them brings,
which they deſir'd to ſee.
31 O that men to the Lord would give
praiſe for his goodneſs then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the ſons of men!
32 Among the people gathered,
let them exalt his name;
Among aſſembled elders ſpread
his moſt renowned fame.
33 He to dry land turn'd water-ſprings,
and floods to wilderneſs:
34 For ſins of thoſe that dwell therein,
fat land to barrenneſs.
35 The burnt and parched wilderneſs
to water-pools he brings;
The ground that was dry'd up before,
he turns to water-ſprings.
36 And there, for dwelling, he a place
doth to the hungry give:
That they a city may prepare
commodiouſly to live.
37 There ſow they fields, and vineyards plant,
to yield fruits of increaſe.
38 His bleſſing makes them multiply;
lets not their beaſts decreaſe.
39 Again they are diminiſhed,
and very low brought down,
Through ſorrow and affliction,
and great oppreſſion.
40 He upon princes pours contempt,
and cauſeth them to ſtray,
And wander in a wilderneſs,
wherein there is no way.
41 Yet ſetteth he the poor on high
from all his miſeries;
And he, much like unto a flock,
doth make him families.
42 They that are righteous ſhall rejoice,
when they the ſame ſhall ſee;
And, as aſhamed, ſtop her mouth
ſhall all iniquity.
43 Whoſo is wiſe, and will theſe things
obſerve, and them record;
Ev'n they ſhall underſtand the love
and kindneſs of the Lord.

PSAL. CVIII.

MY heart is fixt, Lord, I will ſing,
and with my glory praiſe.
2 Awake up, pſaltery and harp,
myſelf I'll early raiſe.
3 I'll praiſe thee 'mong the people, Lord,
'mong nations ſing will I;
4 For above heav'n thy mercy's great,
thy truth doth reach the ſky.
5 Be thou above the heavens, Lord,
exalted glorioufly:
Thy glory all the earth above
be lifted upon high.
6 That thoſe who thy beloved are,
delivered may be:
O do thou ſave with thy right hand,
and anſwer give to me.
7 God in his holineſs hath ſaid,
Herein I will take pleaſure,
Shechem I will divide, and forth
will Succoth's valley meaſure.
8 Gilead I claim as mine by right;
Manaſſeh mine ſhall be;
Ephra'm is of my head the ſtrength;
Judah gives laws for me.
9 Moab's my waſhing-pot; my ſhoe
I'll over Edom throw.
Over the land of Paleſtine
I will in triumph go.
10 O who is he will bring me to
the city fortify'd?
O who is he that to the land
of Edom will me guide?
11 O God, thou who had'ſt caſt us off,
this thing wilt thou not do?
And wilt not thou, ev'n thou, O God,
forth with our armies go?
12 Do thou from trouble give us help;
for helpleſs is man's aid.
13 Through God we ſhall do valiantly,
our foes he ſhall down tread.

PSAL. CIX.

O Thou the God of all my praiſe,
do thou not hold thy peace:
2 For mouths of wicked men to ſpeak

againſt me do not ceaſe.
The mouths of vile deceitful men
againſt me open'd be;
And with a falſe and lying tongue,
they have accuſed me.
3 They did beſet me round about
with words of hateful ſpight;
And though to them no cauſe I gave,
againſt me they did fight.
4 They for my love became my foes;
but I me ſet to pray.
5 Evil for good, hatred for love
to me they did repay.
6 Set thou the wicked over him,
and upon his right hand
Give thou his greateſt enemy,
ev'n Satan, leave to ſtand.
7 And when by thee he ſhall be judg'd,
let him condemned be;
And let his pray'r be turn'd to ſin
when he ſhall call on thee.
8 Few be his days, and in his room
his charge another take.
9 His children let be fatherleſs,
his wife a widow make;
10 His children let be vagabonds,
and beg continually;
And from their places deſolate
ſeek bread for their ſupply.
11 Let covetous extortioners
catch all he hath away:
Of all for which he labour'd hath
let ſtrangers make a prey.
12 Let there be none to pity him:
let there be none at all
That on his children fatherleſs
will let his mercy fall.
13 Let his poſterity from earth
cut off for ever be,
And in the following age their name
be blotted out by thee.
14 Let God his father's wickedneſs
ſtill to remembrance call:
And never let his mother's ſin
be blotted out at all.
15 But let them all before the Lord
appear continually,
That he may wholly from the earth
cut off their memory:
16 Becauſe he mercy minded not;
but perſecuted ſtill
The poor and needy, that he might
the broken-hearted kill.
17 As he in curſing pleaſure took,
ſo let it to him fall;
As he delighted not to bleſs,
ſo bleſs him not at all.
18 As curſing he like clothes put on,
into his bowels ſo,
Like water, and into his bones,
like oil, down let it go.
19 Like to the garment let it be
which doth himſelf aray,
And for a girdle wherewith he
is girt about alway.
20 From God let this be their reward
that en'mies are to me;
And their reward that ſpeak againſt
my ſoul maliciouſly.
21 But do thou, for thine own name's ſake,
O God, the Lord, for me:
Sith good and ſweet thy mercy is:
from trouble ſet me free.
22 For I am poor and indigent;
afflicted ſore am I:
My heart within me alſo is
wounded exceedingly.
23 I paſs like a declining ſhade;
am like the locuſt toſt.
24 My knees through faſting weakned are,
my fleſh hath fatneſs loſt:
25 I alſo am a vile reproach
unto them made to be;
And they that did upon me look,
did ſhake their heads at me.
26 O do thou help and ſuccour me,
who art my God and Lord;
And, for thy tender mercies ſake,
ſafety to me afford.
27 That thereby they may know that this
is thy almighty hand;
And that thou, Lord, haſt done the ſame,
they may well underſtand.
28 Although they curſe with ſpite; yet, Lord,
bleſs thou with loving voice:
Let them aſham'd be when they riſe;
thy ſervant let rejoice.
29 Let thou mine adverſaries all
with ſhame be clothed over;
And let their own confuſion
them, as a mantle, cover.
30 But as for me, I with my mouth
will greatly praiſe the Lord;
And I among the multitude
his praiſes will record.
31 For he ſhall ſtand at his right hand
who is in poverty,
To ſave him from all thoſe that would
condemn his ſoul to die.

PSAL. CX.

THE LORD did ſay unto my Lord,
Sit thou at my right hand
Until I make thy foes a ſtool
whereon thy feet may ſtand.
2 The Lord ſhall out of Zion ſend
the rod of thy great pow'r:
In midſt of all thine enemies,
be thou the governor.
3 A willing people in thy day
of pow'r ſhall come to thee,

In holy beauties, from morn's womb:
thy youth like dew shall be.
4 The Lord himself hath made an oath,
and will repent him never;
Of th' order of Melchisedek,
thou art a priest for ever.
5 The glorious and mighty Lord,
that sits at thy right hand,
Shall, in his day of wrath, strike through
kings that do him withstand.
6 He shall among the heathen judge;
he shall with bodies dead
The places fill; o'er many lands
he wound shall ev'ry head.
7 The brook that runneth in the way
with drink shall him supply:
And for this cause, in triumph he
shall lift his head on high.

PSAL. CXI.

PRaise ye the Lord: with my whole heart
I will God's praise declare,
Where the assemblies of the just
and congregations are.
2 The whole works of the Lord our God
are great above all measure:
Sought out they are of ev'ry one
that doth therein take pleasure.
3 His work most honourable is,
most glorious and pure,
And his untainted righteousness
for ever doth endure.
4 His works most wonderful he hath
made to be thought upon:
The Lord is gracious, and he is
full of compassion.
5 He giveth meat unto all those
that truly do him fear;
And evermore his covenant
he in his mind will bear.
6 He did the power of his works
unto his people show,
When he the heathen's heritage
upon them did bestow.
7 His handy-works are truth and right;
all his commands are sure:
8 And done in truth and uprightness,
they evermore endure.
9 He sent redemption to his folk;
his covenant for ay
He did command: holy his name
and rev'rend is alway.
10 Wisdom's beginning is God's fear:
good understanding they
Have all, that his commands fulfil:
his praise endures for ay.

PSAL. CXII.

PRaise ye the Lord. The man is blest
that fears the Lord aright;
He who in his commandements
doth greatly take delight.
2 His seed and offspring powerful
shall be the earth upon:
Of upright men blessed shall be
the generation.
3 Riches and wealth shall ever be
within his house in store;
And his unspotted righteousness
endures for evermore.
4 Unto the upright light doth rise,
though he in darkness be:
Compassionate and merciful,
and righteous is he.
5 A good man doth his favour shew,
and doth to others lend:
He with discretion his affairs
will guide unto the end.
6 Surely there is not any thing
that ever shall him move:
The righteous man's memorial
shall everlasting prove.
7 When he shall evil tidings hear,
he shall not be afraid:
His heart is fix'd, his confidence
upon the Lord is stay'd.
8 His heart is firmly stablished;
afraid he shall not be,
Until upon his enemies
he his desire shall see.
9 He hath dispers'd, giv'n to the poor:
his righteousness shall be
To ages all: with honour shall
his horn be raised high.
10 The wicked shall it see, and fret,
his teeth gnash, melt away:
What wicked men do most desire
shall utterly decay.

PSAL. CXIII.

PRaise God: ye servants of the Lord,
O praise, the Lord's name praise.
2 Yea, blessed be the name of God
from this time forth always.
3 From rising sun, to where it sets,
God's name is to be prais'd.
4 Above all nations God is high,
'bove heav'n his glory rais'd.
5 Unto the Lord our God, that dwells
on high, who can compare?
6 Himself that humbleth, things to see
in heav'n and earth that are.
7 He from the dust doth raise the poor,
that very low doth ly;
And from the dunghil lifts the man
oppress'd with poverty.
8 That he may highly him advance,
and with the princes set,
With those that of his people are
the chief, ev'n princes great.
9 The barren woman house to keep
he maketh, and to be
Of sons a mother full of joy.

Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSAL. CXIV.

WHen Isra'l out of Egypt went,
and did his dwelling change;
When Jacob's house went out from those
that were of language strange;
2 He Judah did his sanctuary,
his kingdom Israel make:
3 The sea it saw, and quickly fled,
Jordan was driven back.
4 Like rams the mountains, and like lambs
the hills skipp'd to and fro.
5 O sea, why fledd'st thou? Jordan, back
why wast thou driven so?
6 Ye mountains great, wherefore was it
that ye did skip like rams?
And wherefore was it, little hills,
that ye did leap like lambs?
7 O at the presence of the Lord,
earth, tremble thou for fear,
While as the presence of the God
of Jacob doth appear:
8 Who from the hard and stony rock
did standing water bring,
And by his pow'r did turn the flint
into a water-spring.

PSAL. CXV.

NOt unto us, Lord, not to us,
but do thou glory take
Unto thy name, ev'n for thy truth,
and for thy mercies sake.
2 O wherefore should the heathen say,
Where is their God now gone?
3 But our God in the heavens is,
what pleas'd him he hath done.
4 Their idols silver are and gold,
work of mens hands they be.
5 Mouths have they, but they do not speak;
and eyes, but do not see.
6 Ears have they, but they do not hear;
noses, but savour not:
7 Hands, feet, but handle not, nor walk;
nor speak they through their throat.
8 Like them their makers are, and all
on them their trust that build.
9 O Isra'l, trust thou in the Lord,
he is their help and shield:
10 O Aaron's house, trust in the Lord,
their help and shield is he:
11 Ye that fear God, trust in the Lord,
their help and shield he'll be.
12 The Lord of us hath mindful been,
and he will bless us still,
He will the house of Isra'l bless,
bless Aaron's house he will.
13 Both small and great that fear the Lord,
he will them surely bless.
14 The Lord will you, you and your seed
ay more and more increase.
15 O blessed are ye of the Lord,
who made the earth and heav'n.
16 The heav'n, ev'n heav'ns are God's; but he
earth to mens sons hath giv'n.
17 The dead, nor who to silence go,
God's praise do not record.
18 But henceforth we for ever will
bless God. Praise ye the Lord.

PSAL. CXVI.

I Love the Lord, because my voice
and prayers he did hear.
2 I, while I live, will call on him,
who bow'd to me his ear.
3 Of death the cords and sorrows did
about me compass round,
The pains of hell took hold on me,
I grief and trouble found.
4 Upon the name of God the Lord
then did I call, and say,
Deliver thou my soul, O Lord,
I do thee humbly pray.
5 God merciful and righteous is;
yea, gracious is our Lord:
6 God saves the meek; I was brought low,
he did me help afford.
7 O thou my soul, do thou return
unto thy quiet rest;
For largely, lo, the Lord to thee
his bounty hath express.
8 For my distressed soul from death
deliver'd was by thee:
Thou didst my mourning eyes from tears,
my feet from falling, free.
9 I in the land of those that live
will walk the Lord before.
10 I did believe, therefore I spake:
I was afflicted sore.
11 I said, when I was in my haste,
that all men liars be.
12 What shall I render to the Lord,
for all his gifts to me?
13 I'll of salvation take the cup,
on God's name will I call:
14 I'll pay my vows now to the Lord,
before his people all.
15 Dear in God's sight is his saints death.
16 Thy servant, Lord, am I,
Thy servant sure, thine handmaid's son:
my bands thou didst unty.
17 Thank-offerings I to thee will give,
and on God's name will call.
18 I'll pay my vows now to the Lord,
before his people all:
19 Within the courts of God's own house,
within the midst of thee,
O city of Jerusalem.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSAL. CXVII.

O Give ye praise unto the Lord,
all nations that be:
Likewise, ye people all, accord

his name to magnify.
2 For great to us-ward ever are
his loving kindneſſes:
His truth endures for evermore.
The Lord O do ye bleſs.

PSAL. CXVIII.

O Praiſe the Lord, for he is good:
his mercy laſteth ever.
2 Let thoſe of Iſrael now ſay,
His mercy faileth never.
3 Now let the houſe of Aaron ſay,
His mercy laſteth ever.
4 Let thoſe that fear the Lord now ſay,
His mercy faileth never.
5 I in diſtreſs call'd on the Lord:
the Lord did anſwer me;
He in a large place did me ſet,
from trouble made me free.
6 The mighty Lord is on my ſide,
I will not be afraid;
For any thing that man can do
I ſhall not be diſmay'd.
7 The Lord doth take my part with them
that help to ſuccour me:
Therefore on thoſe that do me hate
I my deſire ſhall ſee.
8 Better it is to truſt in God,
than truſt in man's defence:
9 Better to truſt in God, than make
princes our confidence.
10 The nations, joining all in one,
did compaſs me about:
But in the Lord's moſt holy name
I ſhall them all root out.
11 They compaſs'd me about, I ſay,
they compaſs'd me about:
But in the Lord's moſt holy name
I ſhall them all root out.
12 Like bees, they compaſs'd me about;
like unto thorns that flame,
They quenched are: for them ſhall I
deſtroy in God's own name.
13 Thou ſore haſt thruſt, that I might fall;
but my Lord helped me.
14 God my ſalvation is become,
my ſtrength and ſong is he.
15 In dwellings of the righteous
is heard the melody
Of joy and health: the Lord's right-hand
doth ever valiantly.
16 The right-hand of the mighty Lord
exalted is on high:
The right-hand of the mighty Lord
doth ever valiantly.
17 I ſhall not die, but live, and ſhall
the works of God diſcover.
18 The Lord hath me chaſtiſed ſore,
but not to death giv'n over.
19 O ſet ye open unto me
the gates of righteouſneſs:
Then will I enter into them,
and I the Lord will bleſs.
20 This is the gate of God, by it
the juſt ſhall enter in:
21 Thee will I praiſe; for thou me heardſt,
and haſt my ſafety been.
22 That ſtone is made head corner-ſtone,
which builders did deſpiſe:
23 This is the doing of the Lord,
and wondrous in our eyes.
24 This is the day God made, in it
we'll joy triumphantly.
25 Save now, I pray thee, Lord, I pray,
ſend now proſperity.
26 Bleſſed is he in God's great name
that cometh us to ſave:
We, from the houſe which to the Lord
pertains, you bleſſed have.
27 God is the Lord, who unto us
hath made light to ariſe:
Bind ye unto the altar's horns
with cords the ſacrifice.
28 Thou art my God, I'll thee exalt;
my God, I will thee praiſe.
29 Give thanks to God, for he is good:
his mercy laſts always.

PSAL. CXIX.

ALEPH. *The 1ſt part.*

BLeſſed are they that undefil'd
and ſtraight are in the way;
Who in the Lord's moſt holy law
do walk, and do not ſtray.
2 Bleſſed are they, who to obſerve
his ſtatutes are inclin'd;
And who do ſeek the living God
with their whole heart and mind.
3 Such in his ways do walk, and they
do no iniquity.
4 Thou haſt commanded us to keep
thy precepts carefully.
5 O that thy ſtatutes to obſerve
thou wouldſt my ways direct:
6 Then ſhall I not be ſham'd when I
thy precepts all reſpect.
7 Then with integrity of heart
thee will I praiſe and bleſs,
When I the judgments all have learn'd
of thy pure righteouſneſs.
8 That I will keep thy ſtatutes all
firmly reſolv'd have I:
O do not then, moſt gracious God,
forſake me utterly.

BETH. *The 2d part.*

9 By what means ſhall a young man learn
his way to purify?
If he according to thy word
thereto attentive be.
10 Unfeignedly thee have I ſought
with all my ſoul and heart:
O let me not from the right path

of thy commands depart.
11 Thy word I in my heart have hid,
that I offend not thee.
12 O Lord, thou ever bleſſed art,
thy ſtatutes teach thou me.
13 The judgments of thy mouth, each one
my lips declared have.
14 More joy thy teſtimonies way
than riches all me gave.
15 I will thy holy precepts make
my meditation:
And carefully I'll have reſpect
unto thy ways each one.
16 Upon thy ſtatutes my delight
ſhall conſtantly be ſet:
And by thy grace I never will
thy holy word forget.

GIMEL. *The 3d part.*

17 With me thy ſervant, in thy grace,
deal bountifully, Lord;
That by thy favour I may live,
and duly keep thy word.
18 Open mine eyes, that of thy law
the wonders I may ſee.
19 I am a ſtranger on this earth,
hide not thy laws from me.
20 My ſoul within me breaks, and doth
much fainting ſtill endure,
Through longing, that it hath all times
unto thy judgments pure.
21 Thou haſt rebuk'd the curſed proud,
who from thy precepts ſwerve.
22 Reproach and ſhame remove from me,
for I thy laws obſerve.
23 Againſt me princes ſpake with ſpite,
while they in council ſat;
But I thy ſervant did upon
thy ſtatutes meditate.
24 My comfort, and my heart's delight,
thy teſtimonies be;
And they in all my doubts and fears
are counſellors to me.

DALETH. *The 4th part.*

25 My ſoul to duſt cleaves: quicken me
according to thy word.
26 My ways I ſhew'd, and me thou heardſt:
teach me thy ſtatutes, Lord.
27 The way of thy commandements,
make me aright to know;
So all thy works that wondrous are,
I ſhall to others ſhow.
28 My ſoul doth melt, and drop away
for heavineſs and grief:
To me, according to thy word,
give ſtrength and ſend relief.
29 From me the wicked way of lies
let far removed be;
And graciouſly thy holy law
do thou grant unto me.
30 I choſen have the perfect way
of truth and verity:
Thy judgments that moſt righteous are
before me laid have I.
31 I to thy teſtimonies cleave;
ſhame do not on me caſt.
32 I'll run thy precepts way, when thou
my heart enlarged haſt.

HE. *The 5th part.*

33 Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way
of thy precepts divine;
And to obſerve it to the end,
I ſhall my heart incline.
34 Give underſtanding unto me,
ſo keep thy law ſhall I;
Yea, ev'n with my whole heart, I ſhall
obſerve it carefully.
35 In thy laws path make me to go,
for I delight therein.
36 My heart unto thy teſtimonies,
and not to greed, incline.
37 Turn thou away my ſight and eyes
from viewing vanity:
And in thy good and holy way
be pleas'd to quicken me.
38 Confirm to me thy gracious word,
which I did gladly hear,
Ev'n to thy ſervant, Lord, who is
devoted to thy fear.
39 Turn thou away my fear'd reproach:
for good thy judgments be.
40 Lo, for thy precepts I have long'd:
in thy truth quicken me.

VAU. *The 6th part.*

41 Let thy ſweet mercies alſo come
and viſit me, O Lord,
Ev'n thy benign ſalvation,
according to thy word.
42 So ſhall I have wherewith I may
give him an anſwer juſt
Who ſpitefully reproacheth me;
for in thy word I truſt.
43 The word of truth out of my mouth
take thou not utterly;
For on thy judgments righteous
my hope doth ſtill rely.
44 So ſhall I keep for evermore
thy law continually.
45 And, ſith that I thy precepts ſeek,
I'll walk at liberty.
46 I'll ſpeak thy word to kings, and I
with ſhame ſhall not be mov'd:
47 And will delight myſelf always
in thy laws which I lov'd:
48 To thy commandments which I lov'd,
my hands lift up I will:
And I will alſo meditate
upon thy ſtatutes ſtill.

ZAIN. *The 7th part.*

49 Remember, Lord, thy gracious word
thou to thy ſervant ſpake,

Which, for a ground of my ſure hope,
thou cauſedſt me to take:
50 This word of thine my comfort is
in mine affliction;
For in my ſtraits I am reviv'd
by this thy word alone.
51 The men whoſe hearts with pride are (ſtuff'd,
did greatly me deride;
Yet from thy ſtraight commandements
I have not turn'd aſide.
52 Thy judgments righteous, O Lord,
which thou of old forth gave,
I did remember, and myſelf
by them comforted have.
53 Horror took hold on me, becauſe
ill men thy law forſake,
54 I in my houſe of pilgrimage
thy laws my ſongs do make.
55 Thy name by night, Lord, I did mind,
and I have kept thy law.
56 And this I had, becauſe thy word
I kept, and ſtood in awe.

CHETH. *The 8th part.*

57 Thou my ſure portion art alone,
which I did chuſe, O Lord:
I have reſolv'd, and ſaid, that I
would keep thy holy word.
58 With my whole heart I did intreat
thy face and favour free:
According to thy gracious word
be merciful to me.
59 I thought upon my former ways,
and did my life well try:
And to thy teſtimonies pure
my feet then turned I.
60 I did not ſtay, nor linger long,
as thoſe that ſlothful are;
But haſtily thy laws to keep
myſelf I did prepare.
61 Bands of ill men me robb'd; yet I
thy precepts did not ſlight.
62 I'll riſe at midnight thee to praiſe,
ev'n for thy judgments right.
63 I am companion to all thoſe
who fear and thee obey.
64 O Lord, thy mercy fills the earth:
teach me thy laws, I pray.

TETH. *The 9th part.*

65 Well haſt thou with thy ſervant dealt,
as thou didſt promiſe give.
66 Good judgment me, and knowledge teach;
for I thy word believe.
67 Ere I afflicted was, I ſtray'd;
but now I keep thy word.
68 Both good thou art, and good thou doſt:
teach me thy ſtatutes, Lord.
69 The men that are puff'd up with pride
againſt me forg'd a lie;
Yet thy commandements obſerve
with my whole heart will I.
70 Their hearts thro' worldly eaſe and wealth
as fat as greaſe they be:
But in thy holy law I take
delight continually.
71 It hath been very good for me
that I afflicted was;
That I might well inſtructed be,
and learn thy holy laws.
72 The word that cometh from thy mouth
is better unto me
Than many thouſands, and great ſums
of gold and ſilver be.

JOD. *The 10th part.*

73 Thou mad'ſt and faſhion'dſt me: thy laws
to know, give wiſdom, Lord:
74 So who thee fear ſhall joy to ſee
me truſting in thy word.
75 That very right thy judgments are
I know, and do confeſs,
And that thou haſt afflicted me
in truth and faithfulneſs.
76 O let thy kindneſs merciful,
I pray thee, comfort me,
As to thy ſervant faithfully
was promiſed by thee.
77 And let thy tender mercies come
to me, that I may live:
Becauſe thy holy laws to me
ſweet delectation give.
78 Lord, let the proud aſhamed be:
for they, without a cauſe,
With me perverſely dealt; but I
will muſe upon thy laws.
79 Let ſuch as fear thee, and have known
thy ſtatutes, turn to me.
80 My heart let in thy laws be found,
that ſham'd I never be.

CAPH. *The 11th part.*

81 My ſoul for thy ſalvation faints:
yet I thy word believe.
82 Mine eyes fail for thy word: I ſay,
When wilt thou comfort give?
83 For like a bottle I'm become,
that in the ſmoke is ſet:
I'm black and parch'd with grief; yet I
thy ſtatutes not forget.
84 How many are thy ſervant's days?
when wilt thou execute
Juſt judgment on theſe wicked men
that do me perſecute?
85 The proud have digged pits for me,
which is againſt thy laws.
86 Thy words all faithful are: help me
purſu'd without a cauſe.
87 They ſo conſum'd me, that on earth
my life they ſcarce did leave:
Thy precepts yet forſook I not,
but cloſe to them did cleave.
88 After thy loving kindneſs, Lord,
me quicken and preſerve:

The teſtimony of thy mouth
ſo ſhall I ſtill obſerve.

L A M E D. *The 12th part.*

89 Thy word for ever is, O Lord,
in heaven ſettled faſt:
90 Unto all generations
thy faithfulneſs doth laſt:
The earth thou haſt eſtabliſhed,
and it abides by thee.
91 This day they ſtand, as thou ordain'dſt;
for all thy ſervants be.
92 Unleſs in thy moſt perfect law
my ſoul delights had found,
I ſhould have periſhed, when as
my troubles did abound.
93 Thy precepts I will ne'er forget:
they quick'ning to me brought.
94 Lord, I am thine, O ſave thou me:
thy precepts I have ſought.
95 For me the wicked have laid wait,
me ſeeking to deſtroy:
But I thy teſtimonies true
conſider will with joy.
96 An end of all perfection
here have I ſeen, O God:
But as for thy commandement,
it is exceeding broad.

M E M. *The 13th part.*

97 O how love I thy law! it is
my ſtudy all the day.
98 It makes me wiſer than my foes:
for it doth with me ſtay.
99 Than all my teachers now I have
more underſtanding far:
Becauſe my meditation
thy teſtimonies are.
100 In underſtanding I excel
thoſe that are ancients;
For I endeavoured to keep
all thy commandements.
101 My feet from each ill way I ſtay'd,
that I may keep thy word.
102 I from thy judgments have not ſwerv'd,
for thou haſt taught me, Lord.
103 How ſweet unto my taſte, O Lord,
are all thy words of truth!
Yea, I do find them ſweeter far
than honey to my mouth.
104 I, through thy precepts that are pure,
do underſtanding get:
I therefore ev'ry way that's falſe
with all my heart do hate.

N U N. *The 14th part.*

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
and to my path a light.
106 I ſworn have, and will perform,
to keep thy judgments right.
107 I am with ſore affliction
ev'n overwhelm'd, O Lord,
In mercy raiſe and quicken me,
according to thy word.
108 The free-will off'rings of my mouth
accept, I thee beſeech:
And unto me, thy ſervant, Lord,
thy judgments clearly teach:
109 Though ſtill my ſoul be in my hand,
thy laws I'll not forget:
110 I err'd not from them, though for me
the wicked ſnares did ſet.
111 I of thy teſtimonies have
above all things made choice,
To be my heritage for ay;
for they my heart rejoice.
112 I carefully inclined have
my heart, ſtill to attend;
That I thy ſtatutes may perform
alway unto the end.

S A M E C H. *The 15th part.*

113 I hate the thoughts of vanity,
but love thy law do I.
114 My ſhield and hiding-place thou art:
I on thy word rely.
115 All ye that evil-doers are,
from me depart away;
For the commandments of my God
I purpoſe to obey.
116 According to thy faithful word,
uphold and ſtabliſh me;
That I may live, and of my hope
aſhamed never be.
117 Hold thou me up, ſo ſhall I be
in peace and ſafety ſtill:
And to thy ſtatutes have reſpect
continually I will.
118 Thou tread'ſt down all that love to ſtray,
falſe their deceit doth prove:
119 Lewd men, like droſs, away thou putt'ſt,
therefore thy law I love.
120 For fear of thee my very fleſh
doth tremble, all diſmay'd;
And of thy righteous judgments, Lord,
my ſoul is much afraid.

A I N. *The 16th part.*

121 To all men I have judgment done,
performing juſtice right:
Then let me not be left unto
my fierce oppreſſors might.
122 For good unto thy ſervant, Lord,
thy ſervant's ſurety be:
From the oppreſſion of the proud
do thou deliver me.
123 Mine eyes do fail with looking long
for thy ſalvation,
The word of thy pure righteouſneſs
while I do wait upon.
124 In mercy with thy ſervant deal,
thy laws me teach and ſhow:
125 I am thy ſervant, wiſdom give,
that I thy laws may know.
126 'Tis time thou work, Lord, for they have

made void thy law divine.
127 Therefore thy precepts more I love
than gold; yea, gold moſt fine.
128 Concerning all things thy commands
all right I judge therefore:
And ev'ry falſe and wicked way
I perfectly abhor.

P E. *The 17th part.*

129 Thy ſtatutes, Lord, are wonderful,
my ſoul them keeps with care:
130 The entrance of thy words gives light,
makes wiſe who ſimple are.
131 My mouth I have wide opened,
and panted earneſtly,
While after thy commandements
I long'd exceedingly.
132 Look on me, Lord, and merciful
do thou unto me prove,
As thou art wont to do to thoſe
thy name who truly love.
133 O let my footſteps in thy word
aright ſtill order'd be:
Let no iniquity obtain
dominion over me.
134 From man's oppreſſion ſave thou me;
ſo keep thy laws I will:
135 Thy face make ſhn thy ſervant ſhine;
teach me thy ſtatutes ſtill.
136 Rivers of waters from mine eyes
did run down, when I ſaw
How wicked men run on in ſin,
and do not keep thy law.

T S A D D I. *The 18th part.*

137 O Lord, thou art moſt righteous,
thy judgments are upright:
138 Thy teſtimonies thou command'ſt,
moſt faithful are and right.
139 My zeal hath ev'n conſumed me,
becauſe mine enemies
Thy holy words forgotten have,
and do thy laws deſpiſe.
140 Thy word's moſt pure; therefore on it
thy ſervant's love is ſet.
141 Small, and deſpis'd I am; yet I
thy precepts not forget.
142 Thy righteouſneſs is righteouſneſs,
which ever doth endure:
Thy holy law, Lord, alſo is
the very truth moſt pure.
143 Trouble and anguiſh have me found,
and taken hold on me;
Yet in my trouble, my delight
thy juſt commandments be.
144 Eternal righteouſneſs is in
thy teſtimonies all:
Lord, to me underſtanding give,
and ever live I ſhall.

K O P H. *The 19th part.*

145 With my whole heart I cry'd, Lord, hear:
I will thy word obey.
146 I cry'd to thee, ſave me, and I
will keep thy laws alway.
147 I of the morning did prevent
the dawning, and did cry:
For all mine expectation
did on thy word rely.
148 Mine eyes did timeouſly prevent
the watches of the night,
That in thy word, with careful mind,
then meditate I might.
149 After thy loving kindneſs hear
my voice that calls on thee:
According to thy judgment, Lord,
revive and quicken me.
150 Who follow miſchief they draw nigh;
they from thy law are far:
151 But thou art near, Lord: moſt firm truth
all thy commandments are.
152 As for thy teſtimonies all,
of old this have I try'd,
That thou haſt ſurely founded them
for ever to abide.

R E S H. *The 20th part.*

153 Conſider mine affliction,
in ſafety do me ſet:
Deliver me, O Lord, for I
thy law do not forget.
154 After thy word revive thou me,
ſave me, and plead my cauſe.
155 Salvation is from ſinners far,
for they ſeek not thy laws.
156 O Lord, both great and manifold
thy tender mercies be:
According to thy judgments juſt
revive and quicken me.
157 My perſecutors many are,
and foes that do combine:
Yet from thy teſtimonies pure
my heart doth not decline.
158 I ſaw tranſgreſſors, and was griev'd:
for they keep not thy word.
159 See how I love thy law! as thou
art kind, me quicken, Lord.
160 From the beginning all thy word
hath been moſt true and ſure;
Thy righteous judgments ev'ry one
for evermore endure.

S C H I N. *The 21ſt part.*

161 Princes have perſecuted me,
although no cauſe they ſaw:
But ſtill of thy moſt holy word
my heart doth ſtand in awe.
162 I at thy word rejoice, as one
of ſpoil that finds great ſtore.
163 Thy law I love, but lying all
I hate and do abhor.
164 Sev'n times a day it is my care
to give due praiſe to thee:
Becauſe of all thy judgments, Lord,
which righteous ever be.

165 Great peace have they who love thy law:
offence they ſhall have none.
166 I hop'd for thy ſalvation, Lord,
and thy commands have done.
167 My ſoul thy teſtimonies pure
obſerved carefully;
On them my heart is ſet, and them
I love exceedingly.
168 Thy teſtimonies and thy laws
I kept with ſpecial care:
For all my works, and ways each one,
before thee open are.

TAU. *The 22d part.*

169 O let my earneſt pray'r and cry
come near before thee, Lord;
Give underſtanding unto me,
according to thy word.
170 Let my requeſt before thee come:
after thy word me free.
171 My lips ſhall utter praiſe, when thou
haſt taught thy laws to me.
172 My tongue of thy moſt bleſſed word
ſhall ſpeak, and it confeſs:
Becauſe all thy commandements
are perfect righteouſneſs.
173 Let thy ſtrong hand make help to me:
thy precepts are my choice.
174 I long'd for thy ſalvation, Lord,
and in thy law rejoice.
175 O let my ſoul live, and it ſhall
give praiſes unto thee:
And let thy judgments gracious
be helpful unto me.
176 I like a loſt ſheep went aſtray;
thy ſervant ſeek, and find:
For thy commands I ſuffer'd not
to ſlip out of my mind.

PSAL. CXX.

IN my diſtreſs to God I cry'd,
and he gave ear to me.
2 From lying lips, and guileful tongue,
O Lord, my ſoul ſet free.
3 What ſhall be giv'n thee? or what ſhall
be done to thee, falſe tongue?
4 Ev'n burning coals of juniper,
ſharp arrows of the ſtrong.
5 Wo's me, that I in Meſhech am
a ſojourner ſo long;
That I in tabernacles dwell
to Kedar that belong.
6 My ſoul with him that hateth peace
hath long a dweller been.
7 I am for peace: but when I ſpeak,
for battle they are keen.

PSAL. CXXI.

I To the hills will lift mine eyes,
from whence doth come mine aid.
2 My ſafety cometh from the Lord,
who heav'n and earth hath made.
3 Thy foot he'll not let ſlide, nor will
he ſlumber that thee keeps.
4 Behold, he that keeps Iſrael,
he ſlumbers not, nor ſleeps.
5 The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy ſhade
on thy right hand doth ſtay;
6 The moon by night thee ſhall not ſmite,
nor yet the ſun by day.
7 The Lord ſhall keep thy ſoul, he ſhall
preſerve thee from all ill.
8 Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

PSAL. CXXII.

I Joy'd, when to the houſe of God,
Go up, they ſaid to me.
2 Jeruſalem, within thy gates
our feet ſhall ſtanding be.
3 Jerus'lem as a city is
compactly built together:
4 Unto that place the tribes go up,
the tribes of God go thither:
To Iſra'l's teſtimony, there
to God's name thanks to pay.
5 For thrones of judgment, ev'n the thrones
of David's houſe, there ſtay.
6 Pray that Jeruſalem may have
peace and felicity:
Let them that love thee, and thy peace,
have ſtill proſperity.
7 Therefore I wiſh that peace may ſtill
within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
proſperity retain.
8 Now, for my friends, and brethrens ſakes,
Peace be in thee, I'll ſay.
9 And for the houſe of God our Lord,
I'll ſeek thy good alway.

PSAL. CXXIII.

O Thou that dwelleſt in the heav'ns,
I lift mine eyes to thee.
2 Behold, as ſervants eyes do look
their maſters hand to ſee,
As handmaid's eyes her miſtreſs hand;
ſo do our eyes attend
Upon the Lord our God, until
to us he mercy ſend.
3 O Lord, be gracious to us,
unto us gracious be;
Becauſe repleniſh'd with contempt
exceedingly are we.
4 Our ſoul is fill'd with ſcorn of thoſe
that at their eaſe abide,
And with the inſolent contempt
of thoſe that ſwell in pride.

PSAL. CXXIV.

HAd not the Lord been on our ſide,
may Iſrael now ſay:
2 Had not the Lord been on our ſide,
when men roſe us to ſlay:
3 They had us ſwallow'd quick, when as
their wrath 'gainſt us did flame:

Vaters had cover'd us, our soul
had sunk beneath the stream.
ıen had the waters swelling high,
over our soul made way.
eſt be the Lord, who to their teeth
us gave not for a prey.
ır soul's escaped, as a bird
out of the fowler's snare:
snare asunder broken is,
and we escaped are.
ur sure and all-sufficient help
is in JEHOVAH's name:
ıame who did the heaven create,
and who the earth did frame.

Another of the same.

Ow Israel
may say, and that truly,
ıat the Lord
had not our cause maintain'd:
that the Lord
had not our right sustain'd,
ın cruel men
against us furiously
up in wrath,
to make of us their prey.
ıen certainly
they had devour'd us all,
swallow'd quick,
for ought that we could deem;
was their rage,
as we might well esteem:
ıd as fierce floods
before them all things drown,
ıd they brought
our soul to death quite down.
he raging streams,
with their proud swelling waves,
then our soul
o'erwhelmed in the deep:
ıt bleſt be God,
who doth us safely keep;
hath not giv'n
us for a living prey
› their teeth,
and bloody cruelty.
en as a bird
out of the fowler's snare
pes away,
ſo is our soul set free;
e are their nets,
and thus escaped we.
ıerefore our help
is in the Lord's great name,
› heaven and earth
by his great pow'r did frame.

PSAL. CXXV.

Hey in the Lord that firmly trust,
shall be like Zion hill,
ch at no time can be remov'd,
but standeth ever still.

2 As round about Jerusalem
the mountains stand alway,
The Lord his folk doth compass so
from henceforth and for ay.
3 For ill mens rod upon the lot
of just men shall not ly;
Lest righteous men stretch forth their hands
unto iniquity.
4 Do thou to all those that be good
thy goodness, Lord, impart,
And do thou good to those that are
upright within their heart.
5 But as for such as turn aside
after their crooked way,
God shall lead forth with wicked men:
on Israel peace shall stay.

PSAL. CXXVI.

WHen Zion's bondage God turn'd back,
as men that dream'd were we.
2 Then fill'd with laughter was our mouth,
our tongue with melody:
They 'mong the heathen said, The Lord
great things for them hath wrought.
3 The Lord hath done great things for us,
whence joy to us is brought.
4 As streams of water in the south,
our bondage, Lord, recal.
5 Who sow in tears, a reaping time
of joy enjoy they shall.
6 That man who bearing precious seed,
in going forth doth mourn,
He doubtless, bringing back his sheaves,
rejoicing shall return.

PSAL. CXXVII.

EXcept the Lord do build the house,
the builders lose their pain;
Except the Lord the city keep,
the watchmen watch in vain.
2 'Tis vain for you to rise betimes,
or late from rest to keep,
To feed on sorrow's bread: so gives
he his beloved sleep.
3 Lo, children are God's heritage,
the womb's fruit his reward.
4 The sons of youth as arrows are,
for strong mens hands prepar'd.
5 O happy is the man that hath
his quiver fill'd with those;
They unashamed in the gate
shall speak unto their foes.

PSAL. CXXVIII.

BLest is each one that fears the Lord,
and walketh in his ways.
2 For of thy labour thou shalt eat,
and happy be always.
3 Thy wife shall, as a fruitful vine,
by thy house-sides, be found:
Thy children like to olive-plants
about thy table round.
4 Behold, the man that fears the Lord,

thus bleſſed ſhall he be.
5 The Lord ſhall out of Zion give
his bleſſing unto thee:
Thou ſhalt Jerus'lem's good behold;
whilſt thou on earth doſt dwell.
6 Thou ſhalt thy childrens children ſee,
and peace on Iſrael.

PSAL. CXXIX.

OFt did they vex me from my youth,
may Iſra'l now declare:
2 Oft did they vex me from my youth,
yet not victorious were.
3 The plowers plow'd upon my back,
they long their furrows drew.
4 The righteous Lord did cut the cords
of the ungodly crew.
5 Let Zion's haters all be turn'd
back with confuſion.
6 As graſs on houſes tops be they,
which fades ere it be grown.
7 Whereof enough to fill his hand
the mower cannot find;
Nor can the man his boſom fill,
whoſe work is ſheaves to bind.
8 Neither ſay they who do go by,
God's bleſſing on you reſt:
We, in the name of God the Lord,
do wiſh you to be bleſt.

PSAL. CXXX.

LOrd, from the depths to thee I cry'd,
2 My voice, Lord, do thou hear:
Unto my ſupplications voice
give an attentive ear.
3 Lord, who ſhall ſtand, if thou, O Lord,
ſhouldſt mark iniquity?
4 But yet with thee forgiveneſs is,
that fear'd thou mayeſt be.
5 I wait for God, my ſoul doth wait,
my hope is in his word:
6 More than they that for morning watch,
my ſoul waits for the Lord;
I ſay, more than they that do watch
the morning light to ſee.
7 Let Iſrael hope in the Lord,
for with him mercies be;
And plenteous redemption
is ever found with him.
8 And from all his iniquities
he Iſra'l ſhall redeem.

PSAL. CXXXI.

MY heart not haughty is, O Lord,
mine eyes not lofty be:
Nor do I deal in matters great,
or things too high for me.
2 I ſurely have myſelf behav'd
with quiet ſp'rit and mild,
As child of mother weän'd: my ſoul
is like a weaned child.
3 Upon the Lord let all the hope
of Iſrael rely,
Ev'n from the time that preſent is
unto eternity.

PSAL. CXXXII.

DAvid, and his afflictions all,
Lord, do thou think upon:
2 How unto God he ſware, and vow'd
to Jacob's mighty One.
3 I will not come within my houſe,
nor reſt on bed at all:
4 Nor ſhall mine eyes take any ſleep,
nor eye-lids ſlumber ſhall;
5 Till for the Lord a place I find,
where he may make abode:
A place of habitation
for Jacob's mighty God.
6 Lo, at the place of Ephratah
of it we underſtood:
And we did find it in the fields,
and city of the wood.
7 We'll go into his tabernacles,
and at his footſtool bow:
8 Ariſe, O Lord, into thy reſt,
th' ark of thy ſtrength, and thou.
9 O let thy prieſts be clothed, Lord,
with truth and righteouſneſs:
And let all thoſe that are thy ſaints
ſhout loud for joyfulneſs.
10 For thine own ſervant David's ſake,
do not deny thy grace,
Nor of thine own anointed one
turn thou away the face.
11 The Lord in truth to David ſware,
he will not turn from it,
I of thy body's fruit will make
upon thy throne to ſit.
12 My cov'nant if thy ſons will keep,
and laws to them made known,
Their children then ſhall alſo ſit
for ever on thy throne.
13 For God of Zion hath made choice:
there he deſires to dwell:
14 This is my reſt, here ſtill I'll ſtay,
for I do like it well.
15 Her food I'll greatly bleſs, her poor
with bread will ſatisfy.
16 Her prieſts I'll clothe with health, her
ſhall ſhout forth joyfully. (ſaints
17 And there will I make David's horn
to bud forth pleaſantly.
For him that mine anointed is
a lamp ordain'd have I.
18 As with a garment I will clothe,
with ſhame his en'mies all:
But yet the crown that he doth wear
upon him flouriſh ſhall.

PSAL. CXXXIII.

BEhold, how good a thing it is,
and how becoming well,
Together ſuch as brethren are
in unity to dwell.

2 Like precious ointment on the head,
that down the beard did flow,
Ev'n Aaron's beard, and to the skirts
did of his garment go.
3 As Herman's dew, the dew that doth
on Zion hills descend:
For there the blessing God commands,
life that shall never end.

PSAL. CXXXIV.

BEhold, bless ye the Lord, all ye
that his attendants are,
Ev'n you that in God's temple be,
and praise him nightly there.
2 Your hands within his holy place
lift up, and praise his name.
3 From Zion hill the Lord thee bless,
that heav'n and earth did frame.

PSAL. CXXXV.

PRaise ye the Lord, the Lord's name praise;
his servants, praise ye God,
2 Who stand in God's house, in the courts
of our God make abode.
3 Praise ye the Lord, for he is good,
unto him praises sing:
Sing praises to his name, because
it is a pleasant thing.
4 For Jacob to himself the Lord
did chuse of his good pleasure,
And he hath chosen Israel
for his peculiar treasure.
5 Because I know assuredly
the Lord is very great,
And that our Lord above all gods
in glory hath his seat.
6 What things soever pleas'd the Lord,
that in the heav'n did he,
And in the earth, the seas, and all
the places deep that be.
7 He from the ends of earth doth make
the vapours to ascend,
With rain he lightnings makes, and wind
doth from his treasures send.
8 Egypt's first-born from man to beast
9 who smote. Strange tokens he
On Pharaoh and his servants sent,
Egypt, in midst of thee.
10 He smote great nations, slew great kings:
11 Sihon of Heshbon king,
And Og of Bashan, and to nought
did Canaan's kingdoms bring.
12 And for a wealthy heritage
their pleasant land he gave,
An heritage which Israel
his chosen folk should have.
13 Thy name, O Lord, shall still endure,
and thy memorial
With honour shall continu'd be
to generations all.
14 For why, the righteous God will judge
his people righteously,
Concerning those that do him serve,
himself repent will he.
15 The idols of the nations
of silver are and gold,
And by the hands of men is made
their fashion and mould.
16 Mouths have they, but they do not speak;
eyes, but they do not see;
17 Ears have they, but hear not, and in
their mouths no breathing be.
18 Their makers are like them, so are
all that on them rely.
19 O Isra'l's house, bless God; bless God,
O Aaron's family.
20 O bless the Lord, of Levi's house
ye who his servants are;
And bless the holy name of God,
all ye the Lord that fear.
21 And blessed be the Lord our God,
from Zion's holy hill,
Who dwelleth at Jerusalem.
The Lord O praise ye still.

PSAL. CXXXVI.

GIve thanks to God, for good is he:
for mercy hath he ever.
2 Thanks to the God of gods give ye:
for his grace faileth never.
3 Thanks give the Lord of lords unto:
for mercy hath he ever.
4 Who only wonders great can do:
for his grace faileth never.
5 Who by his wisdom made heav'ns high:
for mercy hath he ever.
6 Who stretch'd the earth above the sea:
for his grace faileth never.
7 To him that made the great lights shine:
for mercy hath he ever.
8 The sun to rule till day decline:
for his grace faileth never.
9 The moon and stars to rule by night:
for mercy hath he ever.
10 Who Egypt's first-born kill'd outright:
for his grace faileth never.
11 And Isra'l brought from Egypt land:
for mercy hath he ever. (hand:
12 With stretch'd-out arm and with strong
for his grace faileth never.
13 By whom the Red sea parted was:
for mercy hath he ever.
14 And through its midst made Isra'l pass:
for his grace faileth never.
15 But Pharaoh and his host did drown:
for mercy hath he ever.
16 Who through the desart led his own:
for his grace faileth never.
17 To him great kings who overthrew:
for he hath mercy ever.
18 Yea, famous kings in battle slew:
for his grace faileth never.
19 Ev'n Sihon king of Amorites:

for he hath mercy ever.
20 And Og the king of Bashanites:
for his grace faileth never.
21 Their land in heritage to have,
(for mercy hath he ever,)
22 His servant Isra'l right he gave:
for his grace faileth never.
23 In our low state who on us thought:
for he hath mercy ever.
24 And from our foes our freedom wrought:
for his grace faileth never.
25 Who doth all flesh with food relieve:
for he hath mercy ever.
26 Thanks to the God of heaven give:
for his grace faileth never.

Another of the same.

PRaise God, for he is kind,
His mercy lasts for ay.
2 Give thanks with heart and mind
To God of gods alway:
For certainly
His mercies dure
Most firm and sure
Eternally.
3 The Lord of lords praise ye,
Whose mercies still endure.
4 Great wonders only he
Doth work by his great pow'r:
For certainly, &c.
5 Which God omnipotent,
By might and wisdom high,
The heav'n and firmament
Did frame, as we may see:
For certainly, &c.
6 To him who did out-stretch
This earth so great and wide,
Above the waters reach,
Making it to abide:
For certainly, &c.
7 Great lights he made to be,
For his grace lasteth ay.
8 Such as the sun we see,
To rule the lightsome day:
For certainly, &c.
9 Also the moon so clear,
Which shineth in our sight,
The stars that do appear
To guide the darksome night:
For certainly, &c.
10 To him that Egypt smote,
Who did his message scorn;
And in his anger hot
Did kill all their first-born.
For certainly, &c.
11 Thence Isra'l out he brought:
For his grace lasteth ever.
12 With a strong hand he wrought,
And stretch'd-out arm deliver:
For certainly, &c.
13 The sea he cut in two:
For his grace lasteth still.
14 And through its midst to go
Made his own Israel:
For certainly, &c.
15 But overwhelm'd and lost
Was proud king Pharaoh,
With all his mighty host,
And chariots there also:
For certainly, &c.
16 To him who pow'rfully
His chosen people led,
Ev'n through the desart dry,
And in that place them fed:
For certainly, &c.
17 To him great kings who smote:
For his grace hath no bound.
18 Who slew, and spared not
Kings famous and renown'd:
For certainly, &c.
19 Sihon th' Amorites king:
For his grace lasteth ever;
20 Og also, who did reign
The land of Bashan over:
For certainly, &c.
21 Their land by lot he gave:
For his grace faileth never:
22 That Isra'l might it have
In heritage for ever:
For certainly, &c.
23 Who hath remembered
Us in our low estate;
24 And us delivered
From foes which did us hate:
For certainly, &c.
25 Who to all flesh gives food:
For his grace faileth never.
26 Give thanks to God most good,
The God of heav'n for ever.
For certainly, &c.

PSAL. CXXXVII.

BY Babel's streams we sat and wept,
when Zion we thought on.
2 In midst thereof we hang'd our harps
the willow-trees upon.
3 For there a song required they
who did us captive bring;
Our spoilers call'd for mirth, and said,
A song of Zion sing.
4 O how the Lord's song shall we sing
within a foreign land?
5 If thee, Jerus'lem, I forget,
skill part from my right hand.
6 My tongue to my mouth's roof let cleave,
if I do thee forget,
Jerusalem, and thee above
my chief joy do not set.
7 Remember Edom's children, Lord,
who in Jerus'lem's day
Ev'n unto its foundation
Raze, raze it quite, did say.

8 O daughter, thou of Babylon,
near to deſtruction:
Bleſt ſhall he be that thee rewards,
as thou to us haſt done.
9 Yea, happy ſurely ſhall he be,
thy tender little ones.
Who ſhall lay hold upon, and them
ſhall daſh againſt the ſtones.

PSAL. CXXXVIII.

THee will I praiſe with all my heart,
I will ſing praiſe to thee
2 Before the gods: And worſhip will
toward thy ſanctuary.
I'll praiſe thy name, ev'n for thy truth,
and kindneſs of thy love:
For thou thy word haſt magnify'd
all thy great name above.
3 Thou didſt me anſwer in the day
when I to thee did cry:
And thou my fainting ſoul with ſtrength
didſt ſtrengthen inwardly.
4 All kings upon the earth that are,
ſhall give thee praiſe, O Lord:
When as they from thy mouth ſhall hear
thy true and faithful word.
5 Yea, in the righteous ways of God,
with gladneſs they ſhall ſing:
For great is the glory of the Lord,
who doth for ever reign.
6 Though God be high, yet he reſpects
all thoſe that lowly be;
Whereas the proud and lofty ones
afar off knoweth he.
7 Though I in midſt of trouble walk,
I life from thee ſhall have: (hand,
'Gainſt my foes wrath thou'lt ſtretch thine
thy right hand ſhall me ſave.
8 Surely that which concerneth me,
The Lord will perfect make:
Lord, ſtill thy mercy laſts, do not
thine own hands works forſake.

PSAL. CXXXIX.

O Lord, thou haſt me ſearch'd and known.
2 Thou know'ſt my ſitting down
And riſing up: yea, all my thoughts
afar to thee are known.
3 My footſteps and my lying down,
thou compaſſeſt always;
Thou alſo moſt entirely art
acquaint with all my ways.
4 For in my tongue, before I ſpeak,
not any word can be,
But altogether, lo, O Lord,
it is well known to thee.
5 Behind, before, thou haſt beſet,
and laid on me thine hand.
6 Such knowledge is too ſtrange for me;
too high to underſtand.
7 From thy Sp'rit whither ſhall I go?
or from thy preſence flee?
8 Aſcend I heav'n, lo thou art there;
there, if in hell I ly.
9 Take I the morning-wings and dwell
in utmoſt parts of ſea;
10 Ev'n there, Lord, ſhall thy hand me lead,
thy right hand hold ſhall me.
11 If I do ſay, that darkneſs ſhall
me cover from thy ſight;
Then ſurely ſhall the very night
about me be as light.
12 Yea, darkneſs hideth not from thee,
but night doth ſhine as day:
To thee the darkneſs and the light
are both alike alway.
13 For thou poſſeſſed haſt my reins,
and thou haſt cover'd me,
When I within my mother's womb
incloſed was by thee.
14 Thee will I praiſe, for fearfully
and ſtrangely made I am;
Thy works are marv'lous, and right well
my ſoul doth know the ſame.
15 My ſubſtance was not hid from thee,
when as in ſecret I
Was made; and in earth's loweſt parts
was wrought moſt curiouſly.
16 Thine eyes my ſubſtance did behold,
yet being unperfect;
And in the volume of thy book
my members all were writ;
Which after in continuance
were faſhion'd ev'ry one,
When as they yet all ſhapeleſs were,
and of them there was none.
17 How precious alſo are thy thoughts,
O gracious God, to me!
And in their ſum how paſſing great
and numberleſs they be!
18 If I ſhould count them, than the ſand
they more in number be:
What time ſoever I awake,
I ever am with thee.
19 Thou, Lord, wilt ſure the wicked ſlay:
hence from me bloody men.
20 Thy foes againſt thee loudly ſpeak,
and take thy name in vain.
21 Do not I hate all thoſe, O Lord,
that hatred bear to thee?
With thoſe that up againſt thee riſe
can I but grieved be?
22 With perfect hatred them I hate;
my foes I do them hold.
23 Search me, O God, and know my heart;
try me, my thoughts unfold:
24 And ſee if any wicked way
there be at all in me:
And in thine everlaſting way,
to me a leader be.

PSAL. CXL.

LOrd, from the ill and froward man

give me deliverance,
And do thou safe preserve me from
the man of violence:
2 Who in their heart mischievous things
are meditating ever;
And they for war assembled are
continually together.
3 Much like unto a serpent's tongue,
their tongues they sharp do make;
And underneath their lips there lies
the poison of a snake.
4 Lord, keep me from the wicked's hands,
from vi'lent men me save;
Who utterly to overthrow
my goings, purpos'd have
5 The proud for me a snare have hid,
and cords, yea, they a net
Have by the way-side for me spread;
they grins have for me set.
6 I said unto the Lord, Thou art
my God: unto the cry
Of all my supplications,
Lord, do thine ear apply.
7 O God, the Lord, who art the strength
of my salvation;
A cov'ring in the day of war
my head thou hast put on.
8 Unto the wicked man, O Lord,
his wishes do not grant;
Nor further thou his ill device,
lest they themselves should vaunt.
9 As for the head and chief of those
about that compass me,
Ev'n by the mischief of their lips
let thou them cover'd be.
10 Let burning coals upon them fall;
them throw in fiery flame,
And in deep pits, that they no more
may rise out of the same.
11 Let not an evil speaker be
on earth established:
Mischief shall hunt the vi'lent man,
till he be ruined.
12 I know God will th' afflicted's cause
maintain, and poor mens right.
13 Surely the just shall praise thy name;
th' upright dwell in thy sight.

PSAL. CXLI.

O Lord, I unto thee do cry,
do thou make haste to me,
And give an ear unto my voice,
when I cry unto thee.
2 As incense let my prayer be
directed in thine eyes;
And the uplifting of my hands,
as th' ev'ning sacrifice.
3 Set, Lord, a watch before my mouth,
keep of my lips the door.
4 My heart incline thou not unto
the ills I should abhor,
To practise wicked works with men
that work iniquity:
And with their delicates my taste
let me not satisfy.
5 Let him that righteous is, me smite;
it shall a kindness be:
Let him reprove; I shall it count
a precious oil to me:
Such smiting shall not break my head;
for yet the time shall fall,
When I in their calamities
to God pray for them shall.
6 When as their judges down shall be
in stony places cast:
Then shall they hear my words, for the
shall sweet be to their taste.
7 About the grave's devouring mouth
our bones are scatter'd round,
As wood, which men do cut and cleave,
lies scatter'd on the ground.
8 But unto thee, O God the Lord,
mine eyes up-lifted be:
My soul do not leave destitute;
my trust is set on thee.
9 Lord, keep me safely from the snare
which they for me prepare,
And from the subtil grins of them
that wicked workers are.
10 Let workers of iniquity
into their own nets fall,
Whilst I do by thine help escape
the dangers of them all.

PSAL CXLII.

I With my voice cry'd to the Lord;
with it made my request:
2 Pour'd out to him my plaint, to him
my trouble I express.
3 When in me was o'erwhelm'd my sp'rit,
then well thou knew'st my way:
Where I did walk, a snare for me
they privily did lay.
4 I look'd on my right hand, and view'd,
but none to know me were:
All refuge failed me, no man
did for my soul take care.
5 I cry'd to thee: I said, Thou art
my refuge, Lord, alone;
And in the land of those that live,
thou art my portion.
6 Because I am brought very low,
attend unto my cry;
Me from my persecutors save,
who stronger are than I.
7 From prison bring my soul, that I
thy name may glorify:
The just shall compass me, when thou
with me deal'st bounteously.

PSAL CXLIII.

LOrd, hear my pray'r, attend my suit:
and in thy faithfulness

Give thou an anſwer unto me,
and in thy righteouſneſs.
2 Thy ſervant alſo bring thou not
in judgment to be try'd;
Becauſe no living man can be
in thy ſight juſtify'd.
3 For th' en'my hath purſu'd my ſoul,
my life to ground down tread;
In darkneſs he hath made me dwell,
as who have long been dead.
4 My ſp'rit is therefore overwhelm'd
in me perplexedly:
Within me is my very heart
amazed wond'rouſly.
5 I call to mind the days of old,
to meditate I uſe
On all thy works: upon the deeds
I of thy hands do muſe.
6 My hands to thee I ſtretch: my ſoul
thirſts as dry land for thee.
7 Haſte, Lord, to hear, my ſpirit fails;
hide not thy face from me,
Leſt like to them I do become,
that go down to the duſt.
8 At morn let me thy kindneſs hear,
for in thee do I truſt:
Teach me the way that I ſhould walk,
I lift my ſoul to thee.
9 Lord, free me from my foes, I flee
to thee to cover me.
10 Becauſe thou art my God, to do
thy will do me inſtruct:
Thy Sp'rit is good, me to the land
of uprightneſs conduct.
11 Revive, and quicken me, O Lord,
ev'n for thine own name's ſake:
And do thou, for thy righteouſneſs,
my ſoul from trouble take.
12 And of thy mercy ſlay my foes;
let all deſtroyed be
That do afflict my ſoul, for I
a ſervant am to thee.

Another of the ſame.

OH, hear my prayer, Lord,
And unto my deſire
To bow thine ear accord,
I humbly thee require:
And in thy faithfulneſs
Unto me anſwer make,
And in thy righteouſneſs
Upon me pity take.
2 In judgment enter not
With me thy ſervant poor:
For why, this well I wot,
No ſinner can endure
The ſight of thee, O God,
If thou his deeds ſhalt try;
He dare make none abode
Himſelf to juſtify.
3 Behold, the cruel foe
Me perſecutes with ſpite,
My ſoul to overthrow:
Yea, he my life down quite
Unto the ground hath ſmote,
And made me dwell full low
In darkneſs, as forgot,
Or men dead long ago.
4 Therefore my ſp'rit much vex'd,
O'erwhelm'd is me within:
My heart right ſore perplex'd,
And deſolate hath been.
5 Yet do I call to mind
What ancient days record;
Thy works of ev'ry kind
I think upon, O Lord.
6 Lo, I do ſtretch my hands
To thee, my help alone;
For thou well underſtands
All my complaint and moan.
My thirſting ſoul deſires
And longeth after thee,
As thirſty ground requires
With rain refreſh'd to be.
7 Lord, let my pray'r prevail,
To anſwer it make ſpeed,
For lo, my ſp'rit doth fail:
Hide not thy face in need,
Leſt I be like to thoſe
That do in darkneſs ſit,
Or him that downward goes
Into the dreadful pit.
8 Becauſe I truſt in thee,
O Lord, cauſe me to hear
Thy loving-kindneſs free,
When morning doth appear:
Cauſe me to know the way
Wherein my path ſhould be,
For why, my ſoul on high
I do lift up to thee.
9 From my fierce enemy
In ſafety do me guide,
Becauſe I flee to thee,
Lord, that thou may'ſt me hide,
10 My God alone art thou,
Teach me thy righteouſneſs:
Thy ſp'rit's good, lead me to
the land of uprightneſs.
11 O Lord, for thy name's ſake,
Be pleas'd to quicken me:
And for thy truth forth take
My ſoul from miſery.
12 And of thy grace, deſtroy
My foes, and put to ſhame
All who my ſoul annoy;
For I thy ſervant am.

PSAL. CXLIV.

OBleſſed ever be the Lord,
who is my ſtrength and might;
Who doth inſtruct my hands to war,
my fingers teach to fight.

2 My goodneſs, fortreſs, my high tow'r,
deliverer, and ſhield,
In whom I truſt: who under me
my people makes to yield.
3 Lord, what is man, that thou of him
doſt ſo much knowledge take?
Or ſon of man, that thou of him
ſo great account doſt make?
4 Man is like vanity: his days,
as ſhadows, paſs away.
5 Lord, bow thy heav'ns, come down, touch (thou
the hills, and ſmoke ſhall they.
6 Caſt forth thy lightnings, ſcatter them:
thine arrows ſhoot, them rout.
7 Thine hand ſend from above, me ſave,
from great depths draw me out;
And from the hand of children ſtrange;
8 Whoſe mouth ſpeaks vanity;
And their right hand is a right hand
that works deceitfully.
9 A new ſong I to thee will ſing,
Lord, on a pſaltery;
I on a ten-ſtring'd inſtrument
will praiſes ſing to thee.
10 Ev'n he it is, that unto kings
ſalvation doth ſend:
Who his own ſervant David doth
from hurtful ſword defend.
11 O free me from ſtrange childrens hands,
whoſe mouth ſpeaks vanity;
And their right hand a right hand is,
that works deceitfully.
12 That as the plants our ſons may be
in youth grown up that are;
Our daughters like to corner-ſtones,
carv'd like a palace fair:
13 That to afford all kind of ſtore,
our garners may be fill'd;
That our ſheep thouſands in our ſtreets
ten thouſands they may yield.
14 That ſtrong our oxen be for work,
that no in-breaking be,
Nor going out, and that our ſtreets
may from complaints be free.
15 Thoſe people bleſſed are, who be
in ſuch a caſe as this:
Yea, bleſſed all thoſe people are,
whoſe God JEHOVAH is.

PSAL. CXLV.

I'Ll thee extol, my God, O King,
I'll bleſs thy name always.
2 Thee will I bleſs each day, and will
thy name for ever praiſe.
3 Great is the Lord, much to be prais'd,
his greatneſs ſearch exceeds.
4 Race unto race ſhall praiſe thy works,
and ſhew thy mighty deeds.
5 Of thy glorious majeſty
the honour will record,
I'll ſpeak of all thy mighty works,
which wond'rous are, O Lord.
6 Men of thine acts the might ſhall ſhow,
thine acts that dreadful are:
And I thy glory to advance,
thy greatneſs will declare.
7 The mem'ry of thy goodneſs great
they largely ſhall expreſs,
With ſongs of praiſe they ſhall extol
thy perfect righteouſneſs.
8 The Lord is very gracious;
in him compaſſions flow;
In mercy he is very great,
and is to anger ſlow.
9 The Lord JEHOVAH unto all
his goodneſs doth declare:
And over all his other works
his tender mercies are.
10 Thee all thy works ſhall praiſe, O Lord,
and thee thy ſaints ſhall bleſs.
11 They ſhall thy kingdom's glory ſhow,
thy pow'r by ſpeech expreſs.
12 To make the ſons of men to know
his acts done mightily,
And of his kingdom th' excellent
and glorious majeſty.
13 Thy kingdom ſhall for ever ſtand;
thy reign through ages all.
14 God raiſeth all that are bow'd down;
upholdeth all that fall.
15 The eyes of all things wait on thee,
the giver of all good,
And thou in time convenient
beſtows on them their food.
16 Thine hand thou open'ſt lib'rally,
and of thy bounty gives
Enough to ſatisfy the need
of ev'ry thing that lives.
17 The Lord is juſt in all his ways;
holy in his works all.
18 God's near to all that call on him,
in truth that on him call.
19 He will accompliſh the deſire
of thoſe that do him fear:
He alſo will deliver them,
and he their cry will hear.
20 The Lord preſerves all who him love,
that nought can them annoy;
But he all thoſe that wicked are
will utterly deſtroy.
21 My mouth the praiſes of the Lord
to publiſh ceaſe ſhall never.
Let all fleſh bleſs his holy name
for ever and for ever.

Another of the ſame.

O Lord, that art my God and King.
Thee will I magnify and praiſe;
I will thee bleſs, and gladly ſing
Unto thy holy name always.
2 Each day I riſe, I will thee bleſs,
And praiſe thy name time without end.

3 Much to be prais'd, and great God is,
His greatnefs none can comprehend.
4 Race fhall thy works praife unto race,
The mighty acts fhow done by thee.
5 I will fpeak of thy glorious grace,
And honour of thy majefty;
Thy wond'rous works I will record.
6 Thy men the might fhall be extoll'd
Of all thy dreadful acts, O Lord:
And I thy greatnefs will unfold.
7 They utter fhall abundantly
The mem'ry of thy goodnefs great,
And fhall fing praifes cheerfully,
Whilft they thy righteoufnefs relate.
8 The Lord our God is gracious,
Compaffionate he is alfo;
In mercy he is plenteous,
But unto wrath and anger flow.
9 Good unto all men is the Lord:
O'er all his works his mercy is.
10 Thy works all praife to thee afford;
Thy faints, O Lord, thy name fhall blefs.
11 The glory of thy kingdom fhow
Shall they, and of thy power tell.
12 That fo mens fons his deeds may know:
His kingdom's grace that doth excel.
13 Thy kingdom hath no end at all;
It doth through ages all remain.
14 The Lord upho'deth all that fall;
The caft-down raifeth up again.
15 The eyes of all things, Lord, attend,
And on thee wait, that here do live:
And thou in feafon due doft fend
Sufficient food them to relieve.
16 Yea, thou thine hand doft open wide,
And ev'ry thing doft fatisfy
That lives, and doth on earth abide,
Of thy great liberality.
17 The Lord is juft in his ways all,
And holy in his works each one.
18 He's near to all that on him call,
Who call in truth on him alone.
19 God will the juft defire fulfil
Of fuch as do him fear and dread;
Their cry regard, and hear he will,
And fave them in the time of need.
20 The Lord preferves all, more and lefs,
That bear to him a loving heart;
But workers all of wickednefs
Deftroy will he and clean fubvert.
21 Therefore my mouth and lips I'll frame
To fpeak the praifes of the Lord:
To magnify his holy name
For ever, let all flefh accord.

PSAL. CXLVI.

PRaife God. The Lord praife, O my foul.
2 I'll praife God while I live:
While I have being, to my God
in fongs I'll praifes give.
3 Truft not in princes, nor man's fon
in whom there is no ftay.
4 His breath departs, to's earth he turns:
that day his thoughts decay.
5 O happy is that man, and bleft,
whom Jacob's God doth aid,
Whofe hope upon the Lord doth reft,
and on his God is ftaid:
6 Who made the earth and heavens high,
who made the fwelling deep,
And all that is within the fame:
who truth doth ever keep.
7 Who righteous judgment executes
for thofe oppreft that be,
Who to the hungry giveth food:
God fets the pris'ners free.
8 The Lord doth give the blind their fight;
the bowed down doth raife:
The Lord doth dearly love all thofe
that walk in upright ways.
9 The ftranger's fhield, the widow's ftay,
the orphan's help is he:
But yet by him the wicked's way
turn'd upfide down fhall be.
10 The Lord fhall reign for evermore,
thy God, O Zion, he
Reigns to all generations.
Praife to the Lord give ye.

PSAL. CXLVII.

PRaife ye the Lord: for it is good
praife to our God to fing;
For it is pleafant, and to praife
it is a comely thing.
2 God doth build up Jerufalem:
and he it is alone
That the difpers'd of Ifrael
doth gather into one.
3 Thofe that are broken in their hearts,
and grieved in their minds,
He healeth, and their painful wounds
he tenderly up-binds.
4 He counts the number of the ftars:
he names them ev'ry one.
5 Great is our Lord, and of great pow'r:
his wifdom fearch can none.
6 The Lord lifts up the meek: and caffs
the wicked to the ground.
7 Sing to the Lord, and give him thanks:
on harp his praifes found.
8 Who covereth the heav'n with clouds,
who for the earth below
Prepareth rain, who maketh grafs
upon the mountains grow.
9 He gives the beaft his food, he feeds
the ravens young that cry.
10 His pleafure not in horfe's ftrength,
nor in man's legs doth ly.
11 But in all thofe that do him fear,
the Lord doth pleafure take,
In thofe that to his mercy do
by hope themfelves betake.

12 The Lord praise, O Jerusalem:
Zion, thy God confess.
13 For thy gates bars he maketh strong:
thy sons in thee doth bless.
14 He in thy borders maketh peace:
with fine wheat filleth thee.
15 He sends forth his command on earth,
his word runs speedily.
16 Hoar frost, like ashes, scatt'reth he;
like wool he snow doth give:
17 Like morsels casteth forth his ice:
who in its cold can live?
18 He sendeth forth his mighty word,
and melteth them again:
His winds he makes to blow, and then
the waters flow amain.
19 The doctrine of his holy word
to Jacob he doth show:
His statutes and his judgments he
gives Israel to know.
20 To any nation never he
such favour did afford;
For they his judgments have not known.
O do ye praise the Lord.

PSAL. CXLVIII.

PRaise God. From heavens praise the Lord,
in heights praise to him be.
2 All ye his angels, praise ye him;
his hosts all, praise him ye.
3 O praise ye him, both sun and moon;
praise him, all stars of light;
4 Ye heav'ns of heav'ns him praise, and floods
above the heav'ns height.
5 Let all the creatures praise the name
of our almighty Lord;
For he commanded, and they were
created by his word.
6 He also, for all times to come,
hath them established sure:
He hath appointed them a law,
which ever shall endure.
7 Praise ye JEHOVAH from the earth,
dragons and ev'ry deep:
8 Fire, hail, snow, vapour, stormy wind,
his word that fully keep.
9 All hills and mountains, fruitful trees,
and all ye cedars high.
10 Beasts, and all cattle, creeping things,
and all ye birds that fly.
11 Kings of the earth, all nations,
princes, earth's judges all:
12 Both young men; yea, and maidens too,
old men, and children small.
13 Let them God's name praise: for his name
alone is excellent:
His glory reacheth far above
the earth and firmament.
14 His people's horn, the praise of all
his saints exalteth he,
E'en Israel's seed, a people near
to him. The Lord praise ye.

Another of the same.

THe Lord of heav'n confess,
on high his glory raise.
2 Him let all angels bless,
Him all his armies praise.
3 Him glorify
Sun, moon, and stars,
4 Ye higher spheres,
And cloudy sky.
5 From God your beings are,
Him therefore famous make:
You all created were,
When he the word but spake.
6 And from that place,
Where fix'd you be
By his decree,
You cannot pass.
7 Praise God from earth below,
Ye dragons, and ye deeps:
8 Fire, hail, clouds, wind, and snow,
Whom in command he keeps.
9 Praise ye his name,
Hills great and small,
Trees low and tall,
10 Beasts wild and tame,
All things that creep or fly:
11 Ye kings, ye vulgar throng,
All princes mean or high:
12 Both men and virgins young,
Ev'n young and old:
13 Exalt his name;
For much his fame
Should be extoll'd.
O let God's name be prais'd
Above both earth and sky:
14 For he his saints hath rais'd,
And set their horn on high;
Ev'n those that be
Of Isra'l's race
Near to his grace.
The Lord praise ye.

PSAL. CXLIX.

PRaise ye the Lord: unto him sing
a new song, and his praise
In the assembly of his saints
in sweet psalms do ye raise.
2 Let Isra'l in his Maker joy
and to him praises sing:
Let all that Zion's children are,
be joyful in their King.
3 O let them unto his great name
give praises in the dance:
Let them with timbrel and with harp
in songs his praise advance.
4 For God doth pleasure take in those
that his own people be:
And he with his salvation
the meek will beautify.
5 And in his glory excellent

let all his saints rejoice:
Let them to him upon their beds
aloud lift up their voice.
6 Let in their mouth aloft be rais'd
the high praise of the Lord,
And let them have in their right hand
a sharp two-edged sword;
7 To execute the vengeance due
upon the heathen all,
And make deserved punishment
upon the people fall;
8 And ev'n with chains, as pris'ners, bind
their kings that them command,
Yea, and with iron fetters strong
the nobles of their land.
9 On them the judgment to perform
found written in his word:
This honour is to all his saints.
O do ye praise the Lord.

PSAL. CL.

PRaise ye the Lord. God's praise within
his sanctuary raise:
And to him in the firmament
of his pow'r give ye praise.
2 Because of all his mighty acts,
with praise him magnify:
O praise him as he doth excel
in glorious majesty.
3 Praise him with trumpets sound; his praise
with psaltery advance:
4 With timbrel, harp, string'd instruments,
and organs in the dance.
5 Praise him on cymbals loud, him praise
on cymbals sounding high.
6 Let each thing breathing praise the Lord.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

END of the PSALMS of DAVID.

TRANSLATIONS

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES

Of Several PASSAGES of

SACRED SCRIPTURE.

Collected and prepared by

A COMMITTEE appointed by the GENERAL ASSEMBLY of the CHURCH of SCOTLAND.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT has been often and earneſtly deſired, by pious and devout perſons, to have our *Pſalmody* enlarged, by joining with the *Pſalms of David* ſome other Scriptural Songs, out of the New Teſtament as well as the Old. The Church of Scotland had this deſign in view not long after the Revolution, and it has been at ſeveral times under their deliberation, as appears by ſeveral acts and recommendations of General Aſſemblies. By Act of Aſſembly 1742, a committee was appointed to collect and prepare tranſlations and paraphraſes of ſacred writ in verſe: This committee having made no report, the Aſſembly 1744 renewed their appointment on them for this purpoſe, and added ſome others to their number. In conſequence of theſe appointments of the Aſſembly, letters were writ, in name of this committee, to the ſeveral preſbyteries, deſiring them to ſend any materials they could furniſh for this pious deſign. Theſe poems, which are now printed, and tranſmitted to preſbyteries, by Act of Aſſembly, are partly collected from the pious and ingenious Dr. *Watts*, and ſome other writers, with ſuch alterations as appeared to fit them more for the preſent purpoſe; and partly furniſhed by miniſters of this church. The uſe for which they were intended, required ſimplicity and plainneſs of compoſition and ſtyle. The committee who prepared them, chiefly aimed at having the ſenſe of Scripture expreſſed in eaſy verſe, ſuch as might be fitted to raiſe devotion, might be intelligible to all, and might riſe above contempt from perſons of better taſte.

The General Aſſembly 1749, did, by their Act, tranſmit theſe tranſlations and paraphraſes to the committee; with inſtructions to conſider the amendments which have been offered by preſbyteries, to admit ſuch as they judge proper and material, and to cauſe print a new impreſſion of the collection ſo amended, in order to its being again tranſmitted to preſbyteries: Accordingly the propoſed amendments have been carefully conſidered and examined by the committee, and many of them admitted into this new impreſſion.

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1. LUKE ii. 8.---15.

WHile humble ſhepherds watch'd their (flocks
in Bethleh'm's fields by night,
An Angel ſent from heav'n appear'd,
and fill'd the fields with light.

2 Fear not, ſaid he; (for ſudden dread
had ſeiz'd their troubled mind:)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you, and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day
is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Chriſt the Lord;
and this ſhall be the ſign:

4 The heav'nly babe you there ſhall find
to human view diſplay'd,
All meanly wrapt in ſwaddling-bands,
and in a manger laid.

5 Thus ſpake the ſeraph; and forthwith
appear'd a ſhining throng
Of angels praiſing God, and thus
addreſs'd their joyful ſong:

6 All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace;
Good-will is ſhown by heav'n to men,
and never more ſhall ceaſe.

2. The SONG of MARY.

LUKE i. 46.---56.

MY ſoul and ſpirit, fill'd with joy,
my God and Saviour praiſe;
Whoſe goodneſs did from poor eſtate
his humble handmaid raiſe.

2 Me bleſs'd of God, the God of pow'r,
all ages ſhall confeſs;
Whoſe name is holy, and whoſe love
his ſaints ſhall ever bleſs.

3 Strength with his arm th' Al'mighty ſhew'd,
the proud he did confound:
He caſt the mighty from their ſeat;
the meek and humble crown'd.

4 The hungry with good things are fill'd;
the rich with hunger pin'd:
He ſent his ſervant Iſra'l help;
and call'd his love to mind:

5 Which to our fathers ancient race
his oath did once enſure;
To Abrah'm and his choſen ſeed,
for ever to endure.

3. The SONG of SIMEON.

LUKE ii. 29.---33.

NOW let thy ſervant die in peace,
from this vain world diſmiſs'd:
I've ſeen thy great ſalvation, Lord;
and haſten to my reſt.

2 Thy long-expected grace, diſclos'd
before the people's view,
Hath prov'd thy love was conſtant ſtill,
and promiſes were true.

3 This is the ſun, whoſe cheering ray
through Gentile darkneſs ſpreads:
Pours glory round thy choſen race,
and bleſſings on their heads.

4. LUKE iv. 18, 19.

HArk, the glad ſound, the Saviour comes!
the Saviour promis'd long:
Let every heart a throne prepare,
and every voice a ſong!

2 On him the Spirit largely ſhed,
exerts its ſacred fire:
Wiſdom and might, and zeal and love,
his holy breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to relieve
in Satan's bondage held:
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
the iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickeſt clouds of vice
to clear the darken'd mind;
And from on high, a ſaving light
to pour upon the blind.

5 He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
the bleeding ſouls to cure;
And, with the treaſures of his grace,
t' enrich the humble poor.

6 His ſilver trumpets publiſh loud
the jub'lee of the Lord:
Our debts are all forgiv'n us now,
our heritage reſtor'd.

7 Our glad hoſannahs, Prince of Peace!
thy welcome ſhall proclaim;
And heav'n's exalted arches ring
with thy beloved name!

5. ISAIAH xliii. 1,---13.

BEhold my ſervant! ſee him riſe,
exalted in my might!
Him have I choſen, and in him
I place ſupreme delight.

2 In rich effuſion on his ſoul,
my Spirit's pow'rs ſhall flow:
He'll to the Gentiles, and the iſles,
my truth and judgment ſhow.

3 Peaceful and calm ſhall be the words
which from his mouth proceed:
The ſmoking flax he ſhall not quench,
nor break the bruiſed reed.

4 The feeble ſpark to flames he'll raiſe;
the weak he'll not deſpiſe;
Judgment he ſhall bring forth to truth,
and make the fallen riſe.

5 His heart ſhall not deſpond nor fail,
nor ought ſhall him diſmay;
Till judgment in the earth he ſet,
and iſlands own his ſway.

6 He who ſpread forth the arch of heav'n,
and hung its orbs on high;
Who form'd the earth, and bade his pow'r
its tribes with breath ſupply;

7 Thus ſpeaks the Lord: Thee have I rais'd;
my Prophet thee inſtall;
In right I've call'd thee, and in ſtrength
I'll ſuccour whom I call.

8 I with the lands eſtabliſh will
a covenant in thee,
To light the Gentiles and the blind,
and ſet the pris'ners free.

9 I am the Lord; and by the name
of great Jehovah known;
Idols ſhall not my glory ſhare,
nor mount into my throne.

10 Lo! former ſcenes predicted once,
conſpicuous riſe to view;
And future events, thus foretold,
ſhall be accompliſh'd too.

11 Sing to the Lord a new-made ſong:
let earth his praiſe reſound:
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
and fill the iſles around!

12 Ye who inhabit deſart wilds,
or peopled cities throng;
With humble Kedar's ſcatter'd tribes

the joyful notes prolong!

13 Let all combin'd with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise;
Till in earth's utmost bounds remote,
the islands sound his praise!

6. ISAIAH liii.

HOw few receive with lively faith,
the truths which we impart?
How few have felt the pow'r divine
reveal'd within their heart?

2 The Saviour comes!---no outward pomp
bespeaks the Saviour nigh:
No earthly beauty shines in him,
to draw the carnal eye.

3 As, in dry soil, a tender plant
weak and neglected grows;
So, in this cold and barren world,
that sacred root arose.

4 Rejected and despis'd of men;
behold a man of wo!
Grief was his close companion still,
through all his life below.

5 Yet these were ours, these griefs he felt;
ours were the woes he bore:
Pangs not his own, his spotless soul
with bitter anguish tore.

6 We held him as accurs'd by heav'n,
an outcast from his God;
Whilst for our sins he groan'd, he bled,
beneath his Father's rod.

7 That sacred blood hath wash'd our souls
from sin's polluted stain;
His stripes have heal'd us, and his death
reviv'd our souls again.

8 The blind apostate race of men,
like sheep had gone astray:
And the transgressions of us all
the Lord on him did lay.

9 Wrong'd and oppress'd, how meekly he,
in patient silence, stood;
Mute as the peaceful harmless lamb,
when brought to shed its blood!

10 Who can his generation tell?
from prison see him led;
With impious shew of law condemn'd
and number'd with the dead.

11 Laid low in dust with sinners he;
the rich a grave supply'd:
Pure was his life, untain'd by sin;
and as he liv'd he dy'd.

12 Yet God again his head shall raise,
though thus he brought him low:
This sacred off'ring once complete,
shall finish all his wo.

13 For, saith the Lord, my pleasure then
shall prosper in his hand:
His shall a num'rous issue be,
and still his honour stand.

14 His soul, rejoicing, shall behold
the purchase of his pain:
And thousand guilty souls redeem'd
shall bless Messiah's reign.

15 He with the great shall share the spoil,
and baffle all his foes:
Tho' rank'd with sinners here he fell,
a conqueror he rose.

16 He dy'd to bear the guilt of men;
that sin might be forgiv'n:
He lives to bless them, and defend,
and plead their cause in heav'n.

7. PHILIP. ii. 6,---12.

YOu who the name of Jesus bear,
his holy footsteps trace;
On his bright pattern form your mind,
and be what Jesus was.

2 Who tho' the form of God he bore,
his nature tho' the same;
Nor deem'd it robbery in himself
to equal God supreme:

3 That greatness he for us abas'd;
for us that glory veil'd:
In human likeness God did dwell,
his majesty conceal'd.

4 Nor only man the God appears
but stoops a servant low;
Submits to death, nay, to the cross,
in all its shame and wo.

5 Hence God with high rewards hath crown'd
this gen'rous love to men;
Supreme hath set him o'er his works,
and highly rais'd his name;

6 That at his name with sacred awe,
each humble knee should bow,
Of hosts immortal in the skies,
and nations spread below;

7 That pow'rs of hell before his feet
might fall and own his sway,
And, to his Father's praise, each tongue
his boundless rule display.

8. HEB. iv. 14, 15, 16.

JEsus, the Son of God, who once
for us his life resign'd,
Hath enter'd heav'n, our great high priest,
and never-dying friend.

2 Thro' life, thro' death, let us to him
with constancy adhere:
Faith shall supply new strength, and hope
shall banish every fear.

3 For not to human weakness harsh
is our high priest above;
With tenderness his heart o'erflows,
his bowels melt with love.

4 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
he knows our feeble frame;

He knows what ſore temptations are,
for he has felt the ſame.

5 But ſpotleſs, innocent, and pure
the great Redeemer ſtood;
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
and did reſiſt to blood.

6 He, in the days of feeble fleſh,
pour'd out his cries and tears;
And, tho' exalted, feels afreſh
what every member bears.

7 Then let us to the throne of grace,
with holy boldneſs come;
There to pour forth our hearts, and there
make all our ſorrows known.

8 That we may find propitious aids
of mercy and of grace,
To guard us in the evil hour,
and help us in diſtreſs.

9. REV. v. 6,---14.

BEhold the glories of the Lamb,
amidſt his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
and ſongs before unknown.

2 Let elders worſhip at his feet;
the church adore around;
With vials full of odours ſweet,
and harps of ſweeter ſound.

3 Thoſe are the prayers of the ſaints,
and theſe the hymns they raiſe:
Jeſus is kind to our complaints;
he loves to hear our praiſe.

4 Eternal Father! who ſhall look
into thy ſecret will?
Who, but the Son, ſhall take that book,
and open ev'ry ſeal?

5 Now to the Lamb, that once was ſlain,
be endleſs bleſſings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
for ever on thy head!

6 From every kindred, every tongue,
thou brought'ſt thy choſen race;
And diſtant lands and iſles have felt
the riches of thy grace.

7 Thou haſt redeem'd us with thy blood,
haſt ſet the priſ'ners free;
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to God:
and we ſhall reign with thee.

8 Hark! how th' adoring hoſts above
with ſongs ſurround the throne:
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
but all their hearts are one.

9 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
to be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb! let us reply;
for he was ſlain for us.

10 Jeſus is worthy to receive
honour and pow'r divine:
And bleſſings more than we can give,
O Lord! be ever thine.

11 Let all that dwell above the ſky,
Let air, and earth, and ſeas,
Conſpire to lift thy glories high,
and ſpeak thine endleſs praiſe!

12 The whole creation join in one,
to bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
and to adore the Lamb!

10. The LORD's PRAYER.

MATTH. vi. 9,---14.

FAther of all! we bow to thee,
who dwell'ſt in heav'n ador'd;
But preſent ſtill through all thy works,
the univerſal Lord.

2 All hallow'd be thy ſacred name,
o'er all the nations known:
Advance the kingdom of thy grace;
and let thy glory come.

3 A grateful homage may we yield,
with hearts reſign'd to thee:
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
on earth ſo let it be.

4 From day to day we humbly own
the hand that feeds us ſtill:
Give us our bread; and may we reſt
contented in thy will.

5 Our ſins and treſpaſſes we own;
O may they be forgiv'n!
That mercy we to others ſhow,
we pray the like from heav'n.

6 Our life let ſtill thy grace direct;
from evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path
permit us not to ſtray.

7 For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine;
all glory's due to thee:
Thine from eternity they were,
and thine ſhall ever be!

11. 1 COR. xiii.

THo' all mens eloquence adorn'd
my ſweet perſuading tongue;
Tho' I could ſpeak in higher ſtrains
than ever angel ſung;

2 Tho' prophecy my ſoul inſpir'd,
and made all myſt'ries plain;
Yet, were I void of Chriſtian love,
theſe gifts were all in vain.

3 Nay, tho' my faith, with boundleſs pow'r,
ev'n mountains could remove;
I ſtill am nothing, if I'm void
of charity and love.

4 Tho' with my goods the poor I fed;
my body to the flame,
In queſt of martyrdom, I gave;
ev'n this were all in vain.

5 Love suffers long; love envies not;
but love is ever kind:
She never boasteth of herself
nor proudly lifts the mind.

6 Love no unseemly carriage shows;
she bears no selfish view:
But lays her own advantage by,
her neighbour's to pursue.

7 Love harbours no suspicious thought;
is patient to the bad:
Griev'd when she hears of sins and crimes;
and in the truth is glad.

8 Love beareth much, much she believes;
she hopes still for the best:
Love still with meekness doth endure,
tho' much with hardship prest.

9 Love still shall hold an endless reign
on earth, and heav'n above,
When tongues shall cease, and prophets fail,
and every gift but love.

10 Here all our gifts imperfect are;
but better days draw nigh,
When full perfection's reign shall come,
and all these shadows fly.

11 Like children here we speak and think,
whom childish toys amuse:
Our souls when they to manhood come,
will slight their present views.

12 Here dark and dim, as through a veil,
is God and truth beheld:
Then shall we see as face to face,
and God shall be unveil'd.

13 Faith, hope, and love, now dwell on earth,
and earth by them is blest;
But faith and hope must yield to love,
of ev'ry grace the best.

14 Hope shall to full fruition rise,
and faith be sight, above:
These are the means, but this the end:
for saints for ever love.

12. HEB. xii. 1,---13.

BEhold, what witnesses unseen
encompass us around;
Men, once like us, with suff'ring try'd,
but now with glory crown'd.

2 Like them inspir'd with patient heart,
your Christian race begin;
Be each incumb'rance laid aside,
and ev'ry fav'rite sin.

3 A pattern nobler far than theirs,
demands our first regard;
Jesus, who leads us in our faith,
and crowns it with reward.

4 To him, your glorious chief, look up,
whom future joy could move
To bear the cross, despise the shame;
and now he reigns above.

5 If he the scorn of sinners vile
with patience could sustain;
Becomes it us, with hearts oppress,
to murmur or complain?

6 Have you, like him, to blood, to death,
with all temptations strove?
And is the word divine forgot,
which speaks a father's love?

7 My son, saith he, with patient mind,
endure the chast'ning rod;
Believe, when by affliction try'd,
that thou art lov'd of God.

8 His children thus, most dear to him,
their heav'nly Father trains,
Through all the hard experience led
of sorrows and of pains.

9 'Tis thus we know he owns us his,
when we correction share;
Nor wander, as a bastard race,
without our father's care.

10 A father's voice with rev'rence we
on earth have often heard;
The Father of our spirits, then,
how much should we regard?

11 Our fathers here, with erring hand,
may sometimes deal the rod:
But heav'n's wise chastisements are sent,
to raise our souls to God.

12 Tho' harsh and grievous now they seem,
and spread a field of wo;
Yet, planted there, the peaceful fruits
of righteousness shall grow.

13 Then let our hearts no more despond,
our hands be weak no more:
Still trust your heav'nly Father's love,
and still his ways adore.

13. JOB i. 21.

NAked as from the earth we came,
and enter'd life at first,
We to the earth return again,
and mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
and fondly call our own,
Are but short favours lent us now,
to be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and takes, (blest be his name!)
he takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then;
let each rebellious sigh
Be silent, at his sov'reign will,
and every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
its praises shall be spread:
And we'll adore the justice too
that strikes our comforts dead.

14. JOHN xiv. 1,---5.

LEt not your hearts with anxious thoughts
be troubled or dismay'd;
But trust to providence divine,
and trust my gracious aid.

2 I to my Father's house return:
there num'rous mansions stand;
And glory manifold abounds
through all the happy land.

3 If no such happy land there were,
the truth I'd have declar'd;
And not with vain delusive hopes
your easy minds ensnar'd.

4 Now, in your name, I go before,
to take possession there;
And, in the land of promis'd rest,
your mansion to prepare.

5 But thence I shall return again,
and take you home with me:
Then shall we meet, to part no more,
and still together be!

6 Thus, whither I am bound you know;
and I have shewn the road:
For I'm the true and living way
that leads the soul to God.

15. JOHN xv. 25,---29.

YOu now must hear my voice no more;
my Father calls me home:
But soon from heav'n the Holy Ghost,
your Comforter, shall come.

2 Him God the Father, in my name,
will send, your guide to be;
Reviving ev'ry sacred truth
that you have heard from me.

3 Peace to your souls I, parting, give;
my peace to you bequeath:
I brought the precious gift from heav'n,
and seal it with my death.

4 I give not like this world, whose hopes
with vain pretence impose:
Seek ye my peace, and trust my words,
and ye shall find repose.

5 I know you're griev'd, because I said,
that you and I must part;
But when you hear I'm to return,
how should it cheer your heart?

6 If, with a pure and grateful love,
to me your bosoms glow,
You'll share my joy, since I have said,
I to my Father go.

16. ISAIAH xl. 27,---31.

WHY pour'st thou forth thine anxious plaint,
despairing of relief;
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cause,
and did not heed thy grief?

2 Hast thou forgot th' almighty name
that form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
grow weary or decay?

3 Supreme in wisdom, as in pow'r,
that Rock of ages stands;
Tho' him thou canst not see, nor trace
the working of his hands.

4 He gives the conquest to the weak,
supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
his strength'ning aids impart.

5 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
and youthful vigour cease:
But they that wait upon the Lord,
shall feel their strength increase.

6 They, with unweary'd feet, shall tread
the path of life divine;
They still with growing ardour move,
with growing brightness shine.

7 On eagles wings they mount, they soar;
their wings are faith and love:
Till past the cloudy regions here,
they rise to heaven above.

17. ISAIAH xlix. 13,---17.

YE heav'ns, send forth your praising song!
earth, raise thy voice below!
Let hills and mountains join the hymn;
and joy through nature flow!

2 Behold, how gracious is our God!
with what comforting strains
He cheers the sorrows of our heart,
and banishes our pains!

3 Cease ye, when days of darkness fall,
with troubled hearts to mourn;
As if the Lord could leave a saint
forsaken or forlorn.

4 Can a fond mother e'er forget
the infant of her womb?
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
her suckling have no room?

5 Yet, saith the Lord, should nature change,
and mothers monsters prove;
Sion still dwells upon the heart
of everlasting love.

6 Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engrav'd her name:
My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
and build her broken frame.

18. JOB ix. 2,---10.

HOW should the sons of Adam's race
be pure before their God!
If he contend in righteousness,
we fall beneath his rod.

2 If he should scan my words and thoughts,
with strict inquiring eyes;
Could I, for one of thousand faults,
the least excuse devise?

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;

what vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
or 'tempt th' unequal war?

4 He makes the mountains feel his wrath,
and their old seats forsake;
The trembling earth desert her place,
and all her pillars shake.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
th' obedient sun forbears:
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
and seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the raging sea,
flies on the stormy wind:
There's none can trace his wondrous way,
or his dark footsteps find.

19. TITUS iii. 3,---9.

LOrd, we confess our num'rous faults;
how great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
and all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul! for ever praise,
for ever love his name;
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
which we ourselves have done:
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
that all our hopes begin:
His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
and wash'd our souls from sin.

5 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
its sacred fire imparts;
Refines our dross; and love divine
does kindle in our hearts.

6 Thence, rais'd from death, we live anew,
and justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
and see our Father's face.

7 Let all who hold this faith and hope,
in holy deeds abound;
Thus only faith is genuine prov'd;
by active virtue crown'd.

20. JOHN iii. 14,--19.

AS, when the Hebrew prophet rais'd
the brazen serpent high,
The wounded look'd, and straight were cur'd;
the people ceas'd to die:

2 Look upward in the dying hour,
and live, the prophet cries:
So Christ performs a nobler cure,
when faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung;
high in the heav'ns he reigns:
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
look and forget their pains.

4 Such was the pity of our God,
mankind he lov'd so well,
He sent his Son to bear our sins,
and save our souls from hell.

5 Not to condemn the sons of men
the Son of God appear'd;
But that salvation's joyful sound
might from his lips be heard.

6 Let sinners hearken to his voice,
believe on him and live;
He'll guide them in the paths of bliss,
and peace and pardon give.

7 But vengeance just for ever lies
on all the rebel race,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
and scorn his offer'd grace.

21. ROM. iii. 19,---22.

VAin are the hopes the sons of men
on their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
and all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
guilty before the Lord.

3 No hope can on the law be built
of justifying grace;
The law, that shows the sinner's guilt,
condemns him to his face.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
when in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
that makes the sinner just.

22. ROM. vi. 1, 2, 6.

AND shall we then go on to sin
because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
and open all his wounds?

2 Great God! forbid the impious thought;
nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucify'd,
should raise them from the dead.

3 Nay, now we will be slaves no more,
since Christ hath made us free;
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
and bought our liberty.

23. ROM. ii. 4, 5.

UNgrateful sinner! whence this scorn
of God's long-suff'ring grace?
And whence this madness, that insults
th' Almighty to his face?

2 Is it because his patience waits,
and pitying bowels move,
You multiply transgressions more,
and spurn his richest love?

3 Dost thou not know, self-blinded man!

his goodneſs is deſign'd,
To move repentance in thy ſoul,
and melt thy harden'd mind?

4 Is all the treaſur'd wrath ſo ſmall,
you treaſure up ſtill more?
Tho' not eternal rolling years
can e'er exhauſt the ſtore.

5 Swift doth the day of vengeance come
that muſt your ſentence ſeal,
And righteous judgments, now unknown,
in awful pomp reveal.

6 Alarm'd and melted at the thought,
our conquer'd hearts ſhould bow;
And, to eſcape th' avenger then,
embrace the Saviour now.

24. JOB viii. 11,---22.

SAY, grows the ruſh without the mire?
the flag without the ſtream?
Green and uncut, it quickly fades;
the wicked's fate's the ſame.

2 Slight is his hope, cut off and broke;
or if entire it riſe,
Yet, as the ſpider's web, when try'd,
it yieldeth, breaks, and flies.

3 Fix'd on his houſe he leans; his houſe
and all its props decay:
He holds it faſt, but faſter ſtill
the tott'ring frame gives way.

4 Tho' in his garden to the ſun
his boughs with verdure ſmile;
Tho', deeply fix'd, his ſpreading roots
unſhaken ſtand a while:

5 Yet, when from heav'n his ſentence flies
he's hurry'd from his place;
It then denies him for its lord,
nor owns it knew his face.

6 Lo, this the joy of wicked men,
who heav'n's juſt laws deſpiſe;
They quickly fall, and in their room
as quickly others riſe.

7 But God his pow'r will for the juſt,
with tender care, employ:
He'll fill their mouths with ſongs of praiſe,
and fill their hearts with joy.

25. LUKE xv. 13,---25.

BEhold the wretch, whoſe luſt and wine
had waſted his eſtate;
He begs a ſhare amongſt the ſwine,
to taſte the huſks they eat.

2 Whilſt I with hunger die, he cries,
and ſtarve in foreign land,
The meaneſt in my father's houſe
is fed with bounteous hand.

3 I'll go, and, with a mournful tongue,
fall down before his face:
Father, I've ſinn'd 'gainſt heav'n and thee,
nor can deſerve thy grace.

4 He ſaid, and haſten'd to his home,
to ſeek his father's love;
The father ſaw him from afar,
and all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
embrac'd and kiſs'd his ſon:
The grieving prodigal bewail'd
the follies he had done.

6 Bring forth the faireſt robe for him,
the joyful father ſaid;
To him each mark of grace be ſhown,
and ev'ry honour paid.

7 A day of feaſting I ordain;
let mirth and joy abound:
My ſon was dead, and lives again;
was loſt, and now is found.

26. MATTH. xi. 25, *to the end.*

WIth ſolemn thankſgiving, our Lord
his Father thus addreſs'd:
For ever may the Sov'reign Lord
of heav'n and earth be bleſs'd;

2 Who from the wiſe and prudent haſt
thy heav'nly truths conceal'd,
Which yet to weak and ſimple babes
thou plainly haſt reveal'd.

3 Ev'n ſo thou, Father! haſt ordain'd
thy wiſe decree to ſtand;
Nor men, nor angels may preſume
the reaſon to demand.

4 All pow'r my Father me hath giv'n;
for me he knows and loves:
Him none can know, but they to whom
the Son a Saviour proves.

5 Come then, all weary lab'ring ſouls,
with guilt and fears oppreſt;
By faith your burdens on me caſt,
and I will give you reſt.

6 Your willing necks bend to my yoke,
and own my rightful ſway:
My pattern learn to imitate,
and all my laws obey.

7 Learn from your meek and humble Lord,
a meek and humble mind:
And thus your weary troubled hearts
ſhall reſt and quiet find.

8 Gentle and eaſy is my yoke,
my yoke the ſinner frees:
And the light burden I impoſe,
a heavier load doth eaſe.

27. ISAIAH lv.

HO! ye that thirſt, approach the ſpring
of ever-flowing bliſs;
Free to the poor, life's waters flow,
and bought without a price.

2 Why bargain ye for earthly goods,
where fruitleſs is the coſt?

In vanity you waſte your days,
and all your labour's loſt?

3 To me incline your willing ear,
ſo ſhall your ſouls be bleſt;
And, fed with truth and real good,
attain their native reſt.

4 Hear ye, and live for evermore;
my mercy ſhall renew
The hope that gladden'd David's heart,
in covenant with you.

5 Him for my witneſs have I rais'd,
your leader and your chief:
The nations he ſhall call, and they
be bleſs'd in his belief.

6 Behold, great Prophet! lands unknown,
and lands that knew not thee,
Shall haſten to thy call, and God
in thee exalted be.

7 Seek ye the Lord, whilſt yet his ear
is open to your call;
Whilſt offer'd mercy yet is near,
before his footſtool fall.

8 Now let the ſons of vice repent;
from ſin the ſinner ceaſe:
To God returning, they ſhall meet
their God's returning grace.

9 He pardons with o'erflowing love:
for hear the voice divine;
My nature, as 'tis not like yours,
ſo nor my ways as thine.

10 But far as heav'n's reſplendent orbs
beyond earth's ſpot extend;
So far my nature, thoughts, and ways,
your ways and thoughts tranſcend.

11 For as the rains from heav'n diſtil,
nor thither tend again;
But ſwell the earth with fruitful juice,
and all its tribes ſuſtain:

12 So not a word that flows from me
ſhall ineffectual fall;
But univerſal nature prove
obſequious to my call.

13 With joy and peace then ſhall be led
the glad converted lands;
The mountains then ſhall ſeem to ſing,
the trees to clap their hands.

14 For briers then and thorny wilds,
ſhall firs and myrtles ſpring:
Thus ſhall it ever laſt; and all
to God ſhall praiſes ſing.

28. ISAIAH ii. 1,---6.

IN latter days, the mount of God,
his ſacred houſe, ſhall riſe
Above the mountains and the hills,
and ſtrike the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
all tribes and tongues ſhall flow;
Up to the houſe of God, they'll ſay,
to Jacob's God, we'll go.

3 To us he'll point the ways of truth;
the ſacred path we'll tread:
From Salem and from Zion hill,
his law ſhall then proceed.

4 Among the nations and the iſles,
as judge ſupreme he'll ſit:
And veſted with unbounded pow'r,
will puniſh or acquit.

5 No ſtrife ſhall rage, nor angry feuds
diſturb theſe peaceful years; (ſwords,
To ploughſhares then they'll beat their
to pruning-hooks their ſpears.

6 Then nation ſhan't 'gainſt nation riſe,
and ſlaughter'd hoſts deplore:
They'll lay the uſeleſs trumpet by,
and ſtudy war no more.

7 O come ye then of Jacob's houſe,
our hearts now let us join;
And, walking in the light of God,
with holy beauties ſhine.

29. ISAIAH xxvi. 1,---6.

HOw honourable is the place,
where we, adoring, ſtand;
Zion, the glory of the earth,
and beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
the city where we dwell;
The walls of ſtrong ſalvation made,
defy th' aſſaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlaſting gates!
the doors wide open fling!
Enter, ye nations that obey
the ſtatutes of our King.

4 Here ſhall you taſte unmingled joys,
and live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
and truſted in his grace.

5 Truſt in the Lord, for ever truſt,
and baniſh all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
eternal as his years.

6 What tho' the rebels dwell on high,
his arm ſhall bring them low:
Low as the caverns of the grave,
their lofty heads ſhall bow.

7 On Babylon our feet ſhall tread,
in that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls ſhall ſpread
a pavement for the poor.

30. 1 JOHN iii. 1,---4.

BEhold th' amazing height of love
the Father hath beſtow'd
On us, the ſinful ſons of men,
to call us ſons of God!

2 Conceal'd as yet his honour lies,

by this dark world unknown;
So the world knew not, when he came,
God's everlasting Son.

3 High is the character we bear,
but higher we shall rise;
Tho' what we'll be in future worlds,
is hid from mortal eyes.

4 But this we know, when he whom now
heav'n veils from mortal eyes,
Shall in his Father's glory come,
and call the dead to rise;

5 At that bless'd day we shall transform'd
into his likeness be;
Because our raptur'd souls shall then
unveil'd their Saviour see.

6 A hope so great, and so divine,
may trials well endure;
Refine the soul from sense and sin,
as Christ himself is pure.

31. HAB. iii. 17, 18.

WHat tho' no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
tho' vines their fruit deny?
The labours of the olive fail,
and fields no meat supply?

2 Tho' from the fold, with sad surprise,
my flocks cut off I see;
Tho' famine pines in empty stalls,
where cattle us'd to be:

3 Yet in the Lord I will be glad,
and glory in his love;
In him I'll joy who will the God
of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
a source of sacred joy;
Which no afflictions can controul,
nor death itself destroy.

32. 2 TIM. i. 12.

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
or to defend his cause;
Maintain the glory of his cross,
and honour of his laws.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
his name is all my trust:
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands;
and he can well secure,
What I've committed to his hands,
till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
before his Father's face;
And in the new Jerusalem
appoint my soul a place.

33. 2 TIM. iv. 6, 7, 8, and 18.

MY race is run; my warfare's o'er;
the solemn hour is nigh,
When, offer'd up to God, my soul
shall wing its flight on high.

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
the battles of the Lord;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
and wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
a crown which cannot fade.
The righteous Judge, at the great day,
shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
this prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to see
th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard my steps
from ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom safe
preserve this soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid;
and hell shall rage in vain.
To him be highest glory paid,
and endless praise. Amen.

34. HEB. xiii. 20, 21.

FAther of peace, and God of love!
we own thy pow'r to save;
By which our mighty Shepherd rose
victorious o'er the grave.

2 Him from the dead thou brought'st again
when by his sacred blood,
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore
th' eternal cov'nant stood.

3 O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
and mould them to thy will;
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
but keep thy precepts still.

4 Work in us all thy holy will
to man by Jesus shown;
Till we through him, improving still,
at last approach thy throne.

35. ROM. viii. 31, *to the end.*

NOw let our souls ascend above
the fears of guilt and wo.
God is for us our friend declar'd;
who then can be our foe?

2 He who his Son most dear and lov'd,
for us gave up to die,
Will he with-hold a lesser gift,
or ought that's good deny?

3 Behold all blessings seal'd in this,
the highest pledge of love;
All grace and peace on earth below,
and endless life above!

4 Who now shall dare to charge with guilt
whom God hath justify'd?
Or who is he that shall condemn,
since Christ the Saviour dy'd?

5 He dy'd;---but he is ris'n again,

triumphant from the grave;
And pleads for us at God's right hand,
omnipotent to save.

6 Then, who can e'er divide us more
from Christ and love divine?
Or what dissolve the sacred band
that joins our souls to him?

7 Let troubles rise and dangers roar,
and days of darkness fall;
Through him, all terrors we'll defy,
and more than conquer all.

8 Nor death, nor life, nor heav'n, nor hell,
nor time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
or make his love decay.

9 Each future period this will bless,
as it has bless'd the past:
He lov'd us from the first of time,
and loves us to the last.

36. PROV. viii. 1, 22,---36.

SHall heav'nly Wisdom cry aloud,
and not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal Word,
deserves it no regard?

2 I was th' Almighty's chief delight,
his everlasting Son:
Before the first of all his works,
creation, was begun.

3 Before the skies and flying clouds,
before the solid land;
Before the fields, before the flood,
I dwelt at his right hand.

4 When he adorn'd the arch of heav'n,
and built it, I was there;
To order when the sun should rise,
and marshal ev'ry star.

5 When ocean's bed he measur'd out,
and spread the flowing deep;
I gave the flood a firm decree,
in its own bounds to keep.

6 When, hung amidst the empty space,
the earth was balanc'd well,
With joy I saw the mansion where
the sons of men should dwell.

7 My thoughts from everlasting days,
on their salvation ran;
Ere sin was known, or Adam's dust
was fashion'd into man.

8 Now, therefore, hearken to my words,
ye children, and be wise:
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
the man that shuns them dies.

9 'Tis I that point the path of life,
and give the best reward:
Life shall be his that follows me,
and favour from the Lord.

10 Surely they to themselves are foes,
who 'gainst my word rebel:
And they who my instructions hate,
do count the road to hell.

37. GENESIS i.

NOw, let the spacious world arise,
said the Creator Lord:
At once th' obedient earth and skies
rose at his sov'reign word.

2 Dark was the deep, the waters lay
confus'd, and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light; the new-born day
attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;
the clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
and float on softer air.

4 The liquid element below,
was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
and leave the solid land.

5 With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
the naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies:
behold, the sun appears;
The moon and stars in order rise,
to mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' Almighty King
did vital beings frame;
And painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
and fish of ev'ry name.

8 He gave the lion and the worm
at once their wond'rous birth:
And grazing beasts, of various form,
rose from the teeming earth.

9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
at last was Adam made:
His Maker's image bless'd his soul,
and glory crown'd his head.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
the young creation stood:
He saw the building from on high;
his word pronounc'd it good.

38. REV. xxi. 1,---9.

LO, what a glorious sight appears
to our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
and the old rolling skies.

2 From heav'n the new Jerus'lem comes,
all worthy of its Lord:
See, all things now at last renew'd,
and paradise restor'd.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
and the bright armies sing:
Mortals! behold the sacred seat
of your descending King.

4 The God of glory down to men

removes his bleſs'd abode:
He dwells with men; his people they,
and he his people's God.

5 His gracious hands ſhall wipe the tears
from ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
and death itſelf, ſhall die.

6 Behold, I change all human things!
thus ſpeaks th' eternal One;
The world ſhall vaniſh from its place,
and time ſhall ceaſe to run.

7 I am the firſt, and I the laſt,
through endleſs years the ſame;
I AM, is my memorial ſtill
and my eternal name.

8 Such favours as a God can give,
my royal grace beſtows:
Ho! ye that thirſt, come taſte the ſtream
where life and pleaſure flows.

9 The ſaint that triumphs o'er his ſins,
I'll own him for a ſon;
The whole creation ſhall reward
the conqueſts he has won.

10 But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
and all the lying race;
The faithleſs and the ſcoffing crew,
that ſpurn at offer'd grace;

11 They ſhall be taken from my ſight,
bound faſt in iron chains;
And headlong plung'd into the lake
where fire, and darkneſs, reigns.

12 O may I ſtand before the Lamb,
when earth and ſeas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my name,
with bleſſings on my head!

13 How long, dear Saviour, O how long,
ſhall this bright hour delay?
Fly ſwifter round, ye wheels of time,
and bring the promis'd day.

39. JOB iii. 17,---20.

HOW ſtill and peaceful is the grave!
that ſilent bed how bleſt!
The wicked there from troubling ceaſe,
and there the weary reſt.

2 There the freed priſ'ner groans no more
beneath life's galling load;
Mute is th' oppreſſor's cruel voice,
and broke the tyrant's rod.

3 There ſlaves and maſters equal lie,
and ſhare the ſame repoſe:
The ſmall and great are there; and friends
now mingle with their foes.

40. 1 PET. i. 3,---5.

BLeſs'd be the everlaſting God,
the Father of our Lord:
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
his Majeſty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
and call'd him to the ſky,
He gave our ſouls a lively hope
that they ſhould never die.

3 What tho' our inbred ſins require
our fleſh ſhould ſee the duſt;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour roſe,
ſo all his foll'wers muſt.

4 There's an inheritance divine
reſerv'd againſt that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
and cannot waſte away.

5 Saints, by the pow'r of God, are kept
till the ſalvation come:
We walk by faith, as ſtrangers here,
till Chriſt ſhall call us home.

41. 1 COR. xv. 52, *to the end.*

WHen the laſt trumpet's awful voice
this rending earth ſhall ſhake,
The op'ning graves ſhall yield their charge,
and duſt to life awake.

2 Theſe bodies, then, ſo corrupt now,
ſhall uncorrupted riſe:
Mortal they fell, but riſe to life
immortal in the ſkies.

3 Behold, what heav'nly prophets ſung,
is now at laſt fulfill'd;
That death ſhould yield its ancient reign,
and, vanquiſh'd, quit the field.

4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
and thus begin to ſing:
O grave! where be thy triumphs now?
and where, O death! thy ſting?

5 Thy ſting was ſin, and conſcious guilt;
'twas this that arm'd thy dart:
The law gave that its ſtrength and force
to pierce the ſinner's heart.

6 But God, whoſe name be ever bleſs'd!
diſarms that foe we dread;
And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
through Chriſt our living head.

7 Then fix'd and conſtant be your hearts,
and in his grace abound:
Thro' him, your labour's not in vain,
with ſuch an iſſue crown'd.

42. 2 COR. v. 1,---11.

SOon ſhall this earthly frame, diſſolv'd,
in death and ruins lie:
But better manſions wait our ſoul,
prepar'd above the ſky.

2 An houſe eternal, built by God,
ſhall clothe a purer mind,
When once theſe priſon-walls ſhall fall
in which 'tis now confin'd.

3 Hence, burden'd with this load of clay,
our weary'd ſpirits groan;
Till death's kind hand ſhall ſet them free;

and God shall bring them home.

4 Not that we wish the soul, uncloth'd,
might from this body fly;
But animate a purer frame,
with life that cannot die.

5 Such are the hopes that wait the just;
these hopes their God hath giv'n:
His Spirit is the earnest now,
and seals their souls for heav'n.

6 We walk by faith of joys to come;
faith lives upon his word:
But while this body is our home,
we mourn an absent Lord.

7 What faith rejoices to believe,
we long and pant to see:
We would be absent from the flesh,
and present, Lord, with thee.

8 But still, or here, or going hence,
to this our labours tend,
That in his service spent, our life
may in his favour end.

9 For, lo! before the Son, as Judge,
th' assembled world shall stand,
To take the punishment, or prize,
from his impartial hand.

10 Impartial retributions then
our different lives await:
Our present actions, good or bad,
shall fix our future fate.

43. REV. vii. 13,---17.

THese glorious minds, how bright they shine
whence all their white array? (shine,
How came they to the happy seats
of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they, to endless joy,
from suff'rings great, who came;
And wash'd their raiment white in blood,
the blood of Christ the Lamb.

3 Now they approach a holy God,
and bow before his throne,
With hearts enlarg'd to serve him still,
and make his glory known.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
tunes ev'ry mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the bless'd abodes
with glad hosanna's ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
nor suns with scorching ray:
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock,
where living fountains rise:
And love divine shall wipe away
all sorrows off their eyes.

44. GEN. xxviii. 20, 21, 22.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
thine Isr'el still is fed!
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
hast all our fathers led.

2 To thee our humble vows we raise;
to thee address our pray'r;
And in thy kind and faithful breast
deposite all our care.

3 If thou, through each perplexing path,
wilt be our constant guide;
If thou wilt daily bread supply,
and raiment wilt provide;

4 If thou wilt spread thy wings around
till these our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
our souls arrive in peace:

5 To thee, as to our cov'nant-God,
we'll our whole selves resign;
And count that not our tenth alone,
but all we have is thine.

45. REV. i. 5,---9.

TO him that lov'd the souls of men,
and wash'd us in his blood;
To royal honours rais'd our head,
and made us priests to God:

2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
and ev'ry heart be love!
All grateful honours paid on earth,
and nobler songs above!

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
his saints shall bless the day;
Whilst they that pierc'd him sadly mourn,
in anguish and dismay.

4 I am the first, and I the last;
time centres all in me,
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
and evermore shall be!

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